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By Charles C. Mann — and — Mark L. Plummer

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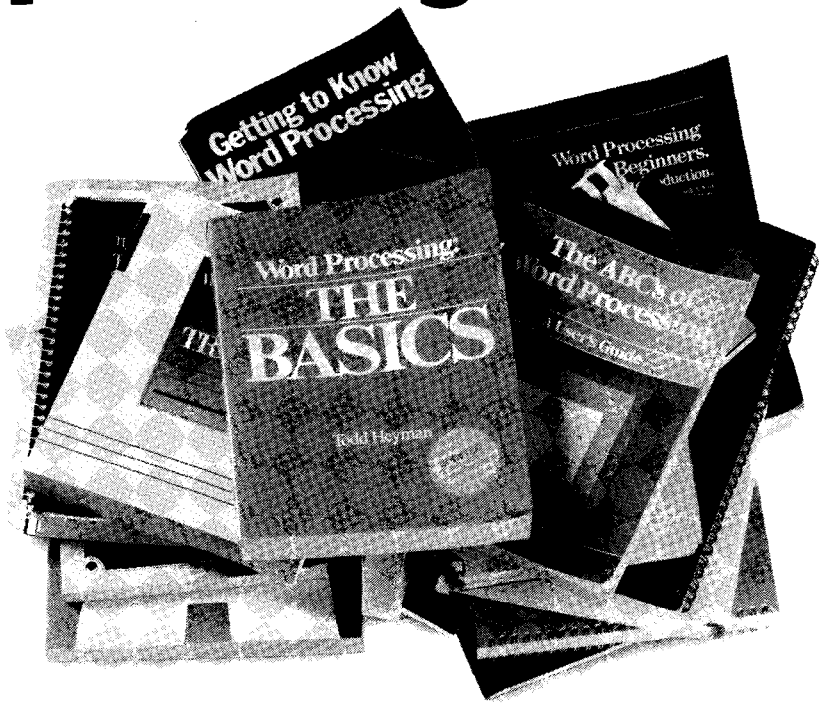

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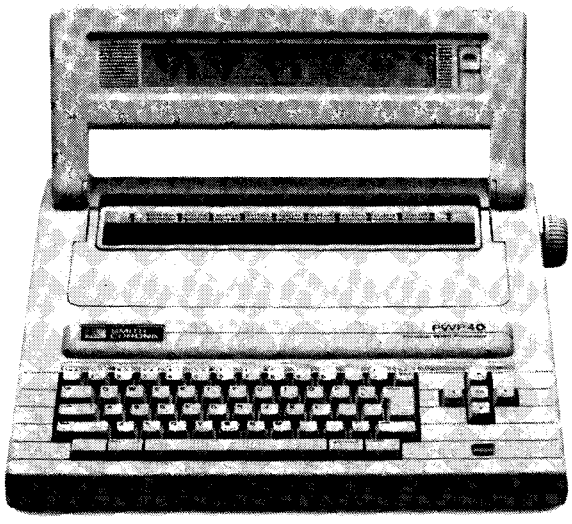

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VOLUME 262 NO. 4

The Atlantic

OCTOBER 1988

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Subscriptions: 1 Year $14.95, 2 Years $27.95, 3 Years $39.95 in the United States and its possessions; $4.00 additional per year in Canada; $6.00 additional per year elsewhere. Address all subscription correspondence to Atlantic Subscription Processing Center Box 52661, Boulder, Colorado 80322 (800) 525-0643 In Colorado 1-447-9330

Printed in the U.S.A.
Copyright © 1988, by The Atlantic Monthly Company
(ISSN 0276-9077)
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Advertising sales:

599 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10022
(212) 326-5350

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Richard L. Plepler, RLP Incorporated
(212) 688-4058
445 Park Avenue
New York, New York 10022

The Atlantic October 1988
Volume 262 No. 4
Published monthly by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Second-class postage paid at Boston, Toronto, and additional mailing offices

For back issues, send $4.00 per copy to *The Atlantic*, Back Issues, 200 North 12th Street, Newark, New Jersey 07107

Unsolicited manuscripts will be returned *only* if accompanied by a return envelope and adequate postage

Postmaster: Send address changes to The Atlantic, Box 52648, Boulder, Colorado 80322

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The October Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere and the staff of the U.S. Naval Observatory; Neil Spitzer, of *The Wilson Quarterly*; Claire Vanderbeek, of the National Fisheries Institute; and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RACIAL RESENTMENT

I am writing in reply to "An Insiders' View of the Election," by William Schneider (July *Atlantic*).

Schneider writes, "Edward Koch has been elected and re-elected mayor of New York by appealing to racial resentment." I am incensed that he would make such a false and outrageous statement. Don't the principles of journalistic fairness require Schneider to have interviewed me at least once in the course of writing this article? To the best of my knowledge, I have never spoken with him.

Isn't it possible that voters—blacks, whites, Hispanics—respond to me because I tell them the truth? In the November, 1985, election I carried every black and Hispanic assembly district in this city. Exit polls showed that my vote among Hispanics was 81 percent and among blacks 73 percent. In the earlier primary, when Denny Farrell, a black assemblyman, was running against me, he got 40 percent of the black vote and I got 38 percent. In that primary I carried the Bedford-Stuyvesant district of Assemblyman Al Vann, who is one of my most outspoken opponents in the black community. Did blacks somehow or other mistakenly vote for me in both the primary and the general election?

If my appeal were only to the white middle class, why would I risk alienating a large bloc of such voters by refusing to give in to their demands at a June 23 town-hall meeting on Staten Island, the 127th town-hall meeting I've held in various communities around the city, and the most raucous. The audience consisted of hundreds of white voters from a borough that normally gives me 81 percent of the vote and in some parts 92 percent. These are the voters that Schneider says I pander to. The audience wanted to talk about only two issues. One was the 4,000-bed prison that is being built on Staten Island at my behest and that is furiously opposed by the overwhelming majority of Staten Islanders. The other issue, also adamantly opposed by most Staten Island residents, is a shelter on the island for homeless women and their children, the vast majority of whom are black or Hispanic.

If I were concerned about political support in Staten Island, why would I locate both of those very unpopular facilities in the borough where I get my largest percent of white votes?

I make decisions not on the basis of racial or religious appeal but on the basis of what's best for the city. Yes, lots of people disagreed with my statements on Jesse Jackson. My position is that the substance of what I said was correct. But I am sure I could have and should have said the same things in a less strident way. Also, I should have done a better job of acknowledging Jackson's qualifications in other areas—for example, his opposition to drug addiction and sales, his support for family structure, and his efforts to strengthen education. Because my opposition was expressed at a time when other critical voices were silent, my words sounded more strident than they actually were. I believe that my criticism of Jackson's foreign policy can be better understood in the context of Jackson's attempt to change long-held positions of the Democratic Party with respect to Israel and the PLO.

If I have problems with some black voters—particularly with the leadership, but with others as well—it is in part because I speak my mind in a frank and open way. I do not shape my policies to fit special groups or neighborhoods, in Staten Island or anywhere else.

EDWARD I. KOCH
Mayor
New York, N.Y.

William Schneider may be a lot of things, but he is not plural possessive. Or am I missing something?

BARBARA REYNOLDS
Charlestown, W. Va.

William Schneider replies:

My article was not primarily about New York politics. It was about the 1988 presidential election in New York. I explained how three New York Democrats, Governor Mario M. Cuomo, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and Mayor Edward I. Koch, had found different solutions to the national party's principal problem—namely, winning the support of white middle-class voters.

I reported that Mayor Koch is perceived as the voice of New York's aggrieved white middle class. Racial re-

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sentment is one of that constituency's major grievances. My sources agreed that Koch appeals to racial resentment, although no one I spoke to called Koch a racist. I was careful to report one informant's view that Koch has won some respect in the black community ("He'll fight with them, and they like it, because they figure it's not pandering").

I also reported that Koch carried the black vote in the 1985 general election. In fact, the same pattern occurred in his 1981 and 1985 re-election campaigns: Koch lost the black vote in the Democratic primaries and then carried the black vote as the Democratic candidate in the subsequent general elections. As *The New York Times* wrote in a 1981 editorial, "Minorities don't dislike him so much that they are willing to abandon the Democratic party." In his first campaign for mayor, in 1977, Koch led Cuomo 5 to 4 among black voters in the Democratic runoff, according to the *Times*. When Koch and Cuomo squared off again in the 1982 Democratic primary for governor, the *Times* reported that Cuomo led Koch in black districts by margins of up to 2 to 1.

I am not alone in my assessment of Mayor Koch. In January of 1985 the executive director of the American Jewish Committee urged the mayor to "modify his confrontational rhetoric." The Union of American Hebrew Congregations called on Koch to proclaim "a moratorium on racial rhetoric and polarization, beginning with himself." This was after Mayor Koch made remarks critical of black leaders and refused to accept a unanimous resolution of the city council declaring the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr., a city holiday.

In endorsing him for renomination in 1981, *The New York Times* wrote, "It is one thing to be outspoken and candid. It is quite another, whether carelessly or tauntingly, to offend racial and other minorities." In endorsing him for governor in the 1982 primary, the *Times* said, "The Mayor has been demagogic, . . . insensitive to minorities."

Jonathan Rieder, a Yale sociologist and the author of the widely acclaimed book *Canarsie: The Jews and Italians of Brooklyn Against Liberalism*, wrote last year in *The New Republic*, "Koch . . . has built an electoral base by playing to the grievances of the white middle classes. . . . Koch hectored black leaders for their anti-Semitism and seemed to relish a combative posture toward them that went down awfully well in the white neighborhoods."

In response to Ms. Reynolds: The insiders referred to in the title are not myselves. They are the people I interviewed.

More on Picasso

I quite enjoyed Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington's article "Creator and Destroyer" (June *Atlantic*), on the life of Picasso, although I was at times alarmed by the matter-of-factness of some of her liberal and seemingly speculative psychological interpretations. For example, Carl Jung did not declare Picasso a "schizophrenic" in the November 13, 1932, article in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*. Indeed, in a 1934 reprint of the article Jung added a footnote wherein he made the following clarification:

> In the case under discussion, the designation "schizophrenic" does not

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> therefore signify a diagnosis of the mental illness schizophrenia, but merely refers to a disposition or habitus on the basis of which a serious psychological disturbance could produce schizophrenia.

An important distinction, I think.

ALEX I. DEVER, M.D.
Department of Psychiatry
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Philadelphia, Pa.

Why is it that when Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington assumes the role of art critic, I fail to recognize the artist whose life is the subject of her biography? If "great art" signifies the achievement of "harmony, order, and peace," as typified in *The Tempest*, then should Shakespeare's tragedies be considered lesser works?

When Macbeth says that life is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury and signifying nothing, hasn't Shakespeare already departed from a harmonious and ordered universe, to meet "the modernist world" halfway? And isn't the meaning, beauty, and human nobility we find in Shakespeare more in the telling than in the tale? If so, perhaps the greatness in Picasso, the meaning and extraordinary affirmation in his work, is also to be found in his "complete mastery of the language of painting." That Huffington sees in this a sign of mere craft, and not art, is astonishing.

She plainly does not love the work of Picasso. But has she taken the time to see it, or to understand what she has seen? There is good, and there is beauty, and there is "love of life" in much of Picasso's work. But a theory of art that maintains that "all great art" must show the triumph of light over darkness, good over evil, beauty over ugliness, and so forth, is not only a theory that would prescribe a divorce between art and reality, or art and nature, but also downright scary.

Theories of this type have, unfortunately, had much more currency than many of us may realize. One need only recall "Arno Becker, Hitler's favorite sculptor," whom Huffington mentions in a different context, to see where that road leads.

JOE GOLDIAMOND
Paris, France

However much Huffington encourages me to see the roué and manipulator in Picasso, I cannot put from my mind one salient fact: Picasso knew what he was about and lived accordingly. How often he may have wished the cup would pass him by we do not know but may suspect. He drank from it nonetheless. Picasso took life straight up and not lukewarm.

I can think of at least one old and still much esteemed model for this approach to living: Christ. For those counseling the easy path, one neither hot nor cold, he saved his most stinging rebukes: "Get thee behind me" and "I vomit you out."

JOHN K. MCDONALD
New York, N.Y.

I will always be indebted to you and Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington for enlightening me as to a fuller meaning engendered in Picasso's *Guernica*: the realization that some human beings achieve profound pleasure by creating death, destruction, and emotionally pulverized victims.

"Creator and Destroyer" has given

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new meaning to the Latin aphorism *Ars est celare artem* ("The art is to conceal the art").

ALAN RICHES
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington replies:

Here are Carl Jung's exact words regarding Picasso and schizophrenia:

> Among patients, two groups may be distinguished: the *neurotics* and the *schizophrenics*. The first group produces pictures of synthetic character, with a pervasive and unified feeling-tone. . . . The second group, on the other hand, produces pictures which immediately reveal their alienation from feeling. . . . From a purely formal point of view, the main characteristic is one of fragmentation, which expresses itself in the so-called "lines of fracture"—that is, a series of psychic "faults" (in the geological sense) which run right through the picture. The picture leaves one cold, or disturbs one by its paradoxical, unfeeling, and grotesque unconcern for the beholder. This is the group to which Picasso belongs.

This seems to me an unequivocal conclusion, and Jung's subsequent footnote clarified only his use of the term "schizophrenic"; it did not amend its application to Picasso.

Mr. Goldiamond has fallen prey to one of the oldest fallacies about Shakespeare, according to which because his tragedies do not have a happy ending, they imply meaninglessness and nihilism. He must make a distinction between happy endings and the achievement of a resolution beyond all the pain and horror present in a work of art. Like Rembrandt's self-portraits, Shakespeare's tragedies are affirmative but not in a simple, obvious way. After all the bloodbaths, the deaths, and the disintegration, a new order arises: Albany and Edgar in *King Lear*, the reign of Malcolm in *Macbeth*, the reconciliation of the warring families in *Romeo and Juliet*. Even in *Othello*, a man brought down by the thing that made him great does in his last moments recognize the truth about Desdemona and about himself. This is not the superficial beauty extolled by the likes of Arno Becker but the harmony and order that are at the heart of creation and of the greatest art.

What Shakespeare, and all great artists, affirm has been brilliantly analyzed by John Vyvyan in *The Shakespearean Ethic*, published in 1959, a book that I would highly recommend to Mr. Goldiamond.

Mr. McDonald's apparent inability to see the absurdity of comparing Picasso to Jesus Christ provides a remarkable example of the preposterous lengths to which the Picasso cult has been taken.

BANANA DIPLOMACY

In his review of Roy Gutman's *Banana Diplomacy* (July *Atlantic*) Robert Pastor essentially blames the Reagan Administration's failed diplomacy and aggressiveness for causing the Nicaraguan crisis but avoids describing equally important decisions and actions on the part of the Sandinista regime. Just two examples will suffice.

First, Pastor asserts, without explanation or context, that "after three months the Administration ended aid to the Nicaraguan government."

In fact President Carter originally suspended aid to the Sandinistas, in response to their continued and blatant material support of the Salvadoran FMLN guerrillas. Moreover, Carter had previously labored to convince Congress that the Sandinistas were not supporting external insurgencies, despite his own suspicions to the contrary. The Reagan Administration merely extended the aid suspension, and justifiably so—the Sandinistas curtailed but never really ended their aid to the FMLN. (By the way, questioning the extent of the Sandinistas' external subversion only sidesteps the issue: as polemical and controversial as the State Department's white paper might have been, virtually no one, not even critics of Reagan's Central America policy, doubts that arms were funneled to the FMLN through the Sandinistas. For example, captured documents from the FMLN'S failed 1981 offensive pointed conclusively to the Sandinistas' prime role in the arms flow.)

Second, Pastor blames the Reagan Administration by stating, once again without explanation or context, that "the President [authorized] the Central Intelligence Agency to organize and direct a counter-insurgency group [sic] that attacked the Nicaraguan government." He neglects to mention that this decision (to support an *insurgency* group—namely, the Nicaraguan resistance) came only after the Sandinistas had rejected an opportunity for compromise. They had previously turned down Assistant Secretary of State Enders's offer of a resumption of U.S. aid and a pledge not to support Nicaraguan exiles

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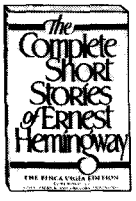

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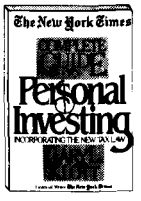

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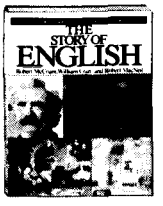

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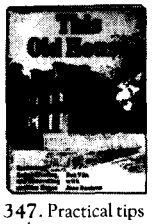

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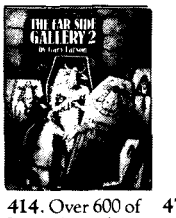

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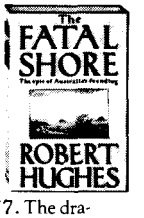

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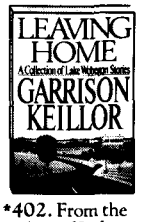

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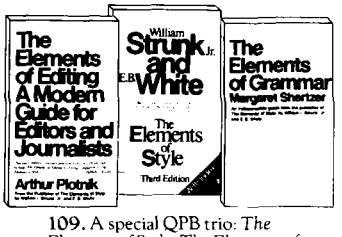

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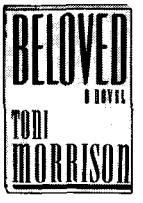

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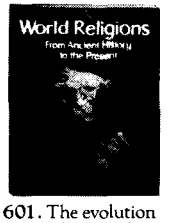

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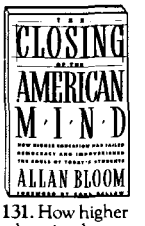

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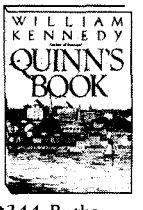

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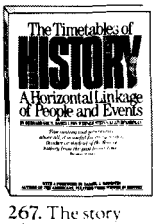

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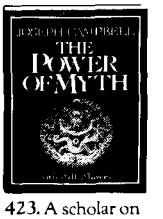

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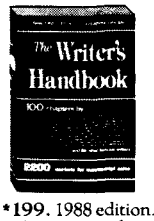

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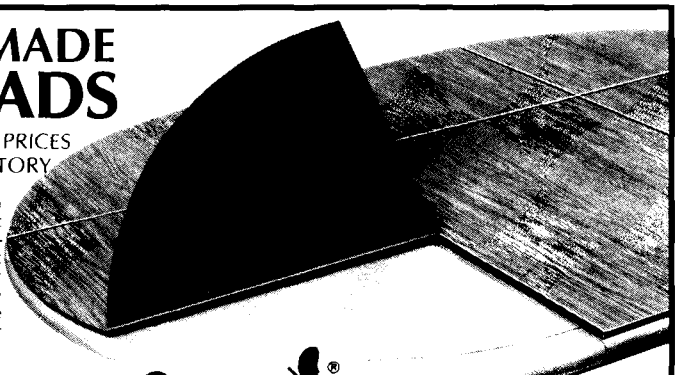

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in exchange for an end to the Sandinistas' aid of the FMLN. Moreover, Daniel Ortega later bragged about his regime's pivotal decision, stating that "support for the Salvadorans would be the shield with which to guard the Nicaraguan Revolution." Needless to say, had the Sandinistas accepted this entirely reasonable offer, perhaps much of what followed could have been avoided; certainly, they deserve some blame for their decision.

The Reagan Administration's policy toward Nicaragua has generated its share of errors: for example, the foolhardy CIA mining of the Nicaraguan harbor. However, the continuing crisis in Nicaragua should be attributed to the Sandinistas and their heavy-handed attempts to exert totalitarian control and to export their Marxist-Leninist revolution and ideology. In other words, had they kept their 1979 pledge to the Organization of American States, that Nicaragua would be a free, open, nonaligned, and implicitly nonaggressive nation, then perhaps the tragic events that followed might not have happened. Unfortunately, by seizing a monopoly of power, supporting external subversion, and building a huge and destabilizing army, the Sandinistas set *themselves* on the road to tragedy even before the cutoff of U.S. aid, and well before the Reagan Administration started supporting the Nicaraguan resistance.

RAPHAEL CUNG
Alexandria, Va.

Robert Pastor replies:

My review examines Gutman's book, which is mostly about U.S. policy. The book and the review argue that Reagan's policy failed, but neither attribute responsibility for the Nicaraguan crisis solely to the Reagan Administration; the Sandinistas do indeed deserve a good portion of the blame.

The review was too brief to discuss the background of the two decisions that Mr. Cung mentions but gets only half right. Congress approved aid for Nicaragua in the summer of 1980 because conclusive proof that the Sandinistas were supporting the FMLN did not then exist. When such proof was found, Carter suspended aid. Ironically, Reagan ended the aid program even while announcing that Nicaragua had stopped sending arms to the FMLN. The Sandinistas did miss an opportunity in the summer of 1981 to negotiate with Enders, but there is a question whether the rest of the Ad-

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ministration would have accepted Enders's proposal, because the CIA was then making a commitment to the contras. The background to the two decisions is more complex than Mr. Cung suggests or my brief review could relate. A fuller description of these points and my views can be found in my book, *Condemned to Repetition: The United States and Nicaragua* (Princeton University Press, 1988). My conclusion is that the easy but wrong way to explain the dismal state of U.S.-Nicaraguan relations is to identify a villain—for President Reagan and the Sandinistas, each other. History shows that each government has consistently adopted policies that failed because they brought out the worst rather than the best in the other.

Shanghai Shoes

Concerning James Fallows's article "Shanghai Surprise" (July *Atlantic*), I found an appalling inaccuracy. The author quotes a U.S. State Department official, one Larry Robinson, as follows: "It is impossible to fit 12 pairs of shoes into one square meter, so. . . ."

After a brief but penetrating survey of the dimensions of the shoes of my family and all the neighbors, I discovered that, contrary to Robinson's statement, not just twelve but fifteen (and five eighths) pairs of shoes can be fit into a square meter.

I spent the winter in Central America and observed that in spite of the best intentions, the U.S. government tends to make the odd error in diplomatic relationships. I take the recent history of Nicaragua as an example. Could it be that officials of the U.S. Department of State make inaccurate estimates? Or do they, perhaps, have abnormally big feet?

LEIGH CROSS
Vancouver, B.C.

James Fallows (size 12) replies:

My question is, how do people in Vancouver keep their balance on those tiny little feet?

Fall of the Dollar

James Fallows's report on Kenichi Ohmae's theory of the dollar ("The World According to Ohmae," June *Atlantic*) contains a fundamental error that mars the analysis. According to Fallows and Ohmae, the trade deficit cannot be the cause of the dollar's decline because it is small relative to currency flows between the United States and Japan, which, according to Fallows and Ohmae, is $200 billion a day. The error results from Fallows and Ohmae's confusion of gross and net; they are, in effect, counting the same dollars many (hundreds of) times.

They also mislead by focusing on the "political paradigm" as the dominant force moving the dollar down. Against this must be put the mighty intervention of the German and Japanese central banks to prop the dollar up. This support—upwards of $100 billion last year—is perhaps minuscule compared with the multiple counting of Fallows and Ohmae. But compared with the actual net flows it is a huge amount (and involves a large transfer of wealth from central bankers to speculators), and last year the dollar continued to fall. The reason is simply that at the current rate the United States cannot balance its current account. Add to this the fact that U.S. inflation is higher than that in Germany or Japan, and any investor will expect the dollar to continue to depreciate.

Japanese economic policy continues to prevent Japan's citizens from fully enjoying the fruits of their wealth. Clearly, the Japanese would be better off with a freer market. But the dollar's slide has nothing to do with that and everything to do with the excess of our current spending, both public and private, over our current production. The only "political paradigm" that can change this is one that ends our domestic spending binge.

BARRY W. ICKES
State College, Pa.

James Fallows's June article made a great deal of sense to me. Having had three sojourns in Japan at three different dollar-yen exchange rates, I agree that the yen was absurdly undervalued at 250 to the dollar and absurdly overvalued at 125 to the dollar. Japan's domestic price structure is quite different from that of the United States, so that meat, fruit, and prerecorded cassette tapes, to name a few items, are expensive at any exchange rate, while vegetables, local phone calls, and *minshuku*-style inns were quite reasonable until the dollar took its dive.

The strategy of trying to reduce the trade deficit by committing monetary hara-kiri has two undesirable side effects not mentioned in the article. The first is that as Japan gains the reputation for be-

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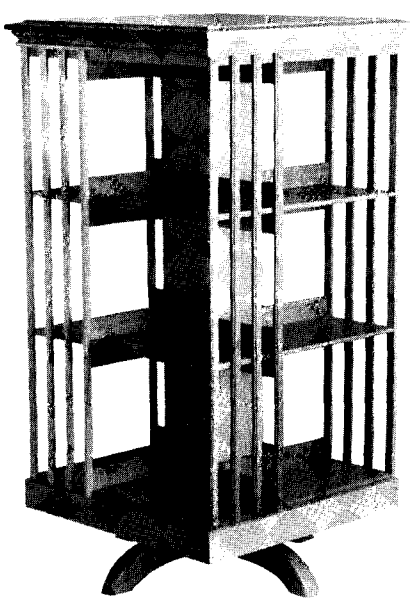

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ing an impossibly expensive country, fewer people will want to go there and experience its culture and society for themselves. This country needs more people knowledgeable and at ease in Japan, not fewer. The second problem has to do with the practice of stating the trade deficit in fluctuating dollars. With sharp drops in the dollar, a flat rate of imports from Japan looks like a rise, and the magnitude of decreases in imports is disguised. For example, a shipment of 100 units at 10,000 yen each is worth $5,000 when the rate is 200 yen to the dollar, $6,667 when the rate is 150 to the dollar, and $8,000 when the rate is 125 to the dollar. It would be less misleading for financial reporters either to state the trade figures in constant dollars or to give both the yen and the dollar figures. The trade picture might not look so bleak.

KAREN SANDNESS
McMinnville, Oreg.

James Fallows replies:

Of course there's a difference between net and gross. The net demand for dollars is indeed affected by many factors other than the trade flows Mr. Ickes mentions. These include investment, "invisible" trade, pure speculation, and so on. Ohmae's point was not simply that the trade deficit couldn't explain why the dollar went down. It was that *none* of the purely economic factors—production costs, standard of living, trade flows, financial fundamentals—could, singly or together, explain why the dollar lost half its value in two years. The first stage of the dollar's descent, from about 250 yen in 1985 to 180 yen in 1986, makes economic sense, Ohmae said. It's the second stage, from the 180s to the 120s by late last year, that requires some further explanation. This is why he suggested the "political paradigm." This did not refer to the Bank of Japan's intervention, which was almost immediately canceled out by speculative (net) demand for the yen. Instead, it meant the U.S. government's clear change of course in late 1985. Before that the United States had wanted a strong dollar—and despite huge trade deficits, the dollar soared. After that, the United States obviously wanted a weaker dollar. At that point, Ohmae argues, it became safe for speculators to bet against the dollar, and this change in "net demand" was much more important than the trade imbalance. After all, the U.S. trade deficit with Japan has been fairly steady, at about $5 billion a month, over several years—but during that same period the dollar's value has bobbed wildly up and down.

I completely agree with Mr. Ickes that Japan would be better off with a freer market, and that the main source of America's problems is its debt. I completely disagree with his saying that Japan's closed market has "nothing to do" with the dollar's decline. As anyone who has been in Japan could tell him, imported American food, clothes, machinery, and cars are just as expensive in Japan as they were two years ago, even though the currency changes should have cut their prices in half. My favorite illustration is a pack of normal dental floss, which was 1,000 yen ($5.20) early in 1986 and is 1,000 yen ($7.80) in 1988. The difference gets soaked up by Japan's antiquated wholesale and retail system. Since the price doesn't change, Japan's consumers have no incentive to

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buy more imports. The trade deficit remains, and the world keeps trying to solve it by pushing the dollar down.

Ms. Sandness is right: if trade figures were stated in yen, or in volume terms, the picture would look much brighter.

ADVICE & CONSENT

I read with interest and concern Thomas Levenson's article "Restoring Kew Gardens" (July *Atlantic*). Kew's curators, now planning the gardens' restoration after the devastating storm of 1987, are turning their backs on rare and endangered species in favor of plants "of economic importance."

Their decision, based on socioeconomic values rather than valid scientific judgments, is a critical error from which conservationists will suffer well into the next century. Plants that are of economic importance as "firewood and fodder" have sufficient champions. Botanical gardens, like zoos, must fill a special role in preserving the planet's precious living resources, regardless of economic value. Extinction is irreversible. A species of little value today may, owing to advances in science, be of incalculable value tomorrow. If the directors of the world's zoos shared the views of Kew's curators, our zoos would be filled with cows and chickens rather than pandas and condors.

MEL HUNTER
Atascadero, Calif.

I was a little surprised that you printed a letter in response to the letter responding to Peter Peterson's article "The Morning After" (letters, April and January, 1988; article, October, 1987) so uninformed about federal budgetary history over the past seven years.

The budgetary history is easy to summarize. Congress has enacted budgets that directed an increase in annual military spending from $157.5 billion to $294 billion from 1981 to 1988. Congress has enacted budgets that resulted in increases in annual "discretionary" domestic spending from only $168 billion to $185 billion over that time span. Congress has enacted budgets mandating entitlement programs, which it has steadfastly refused to cut, and these, along with interest payments on the federal debt, account for the rest of the spending increases.

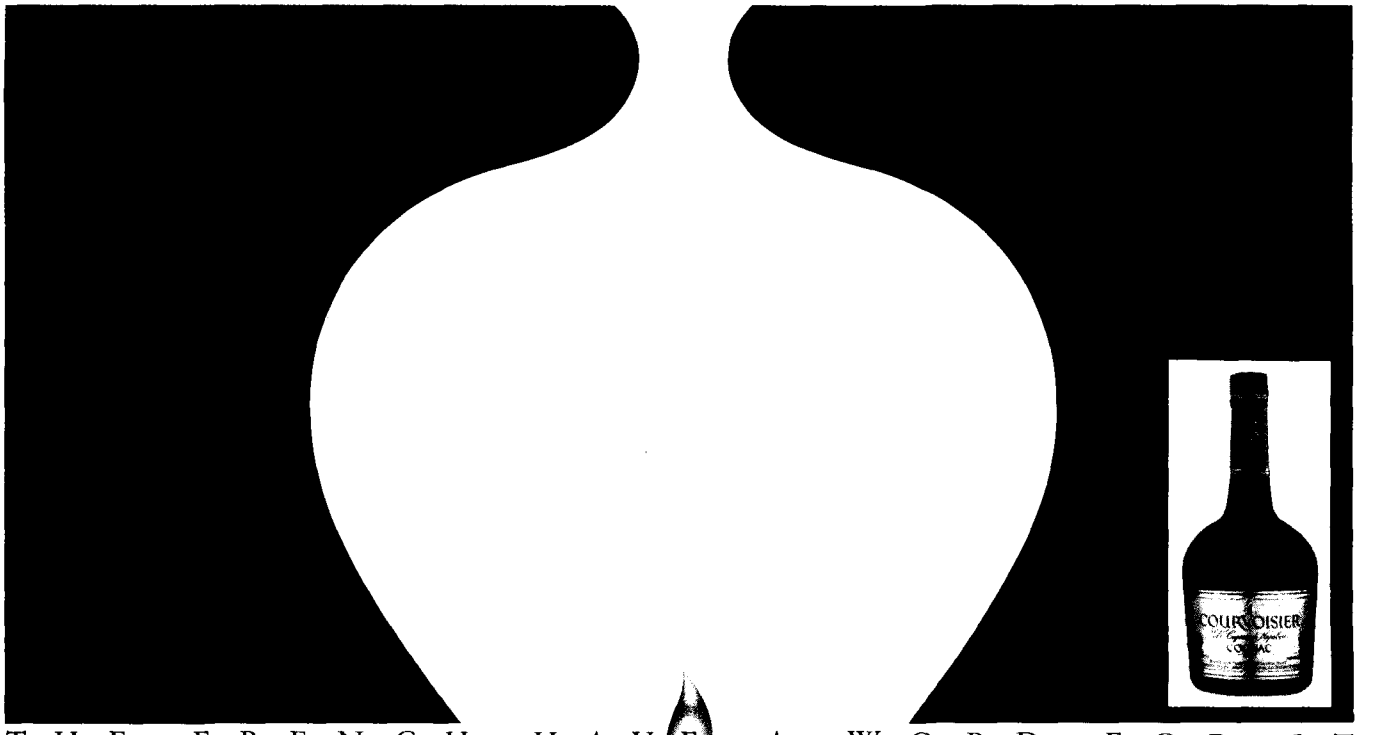
In view of the fact that only Congress can vote for budgets and for taxes and fees, and given the fact that Congress can override (and has overridden) budget vetoes by President Reagan, and in view of the further fact that Congress refuses to start the process of amending the federal Constitution to provide for a line-item veto, how can you print a letter such as that from Raymond C. Togtman suggesting that *Congress* is not to blame for the deficits?

CHAS. H. W. TALBOT
Seattle, Wash.

EDITORS' NOTE:

Owing to an editing error, a reference to Senator Orrin Hatch ("The Loneliest War," July *Atlantic*) gave him an incorrect committee assignment. Hatch is a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee, the Select Committee on Intelligence, and the Labor and Human Resources Committee. He is also the vice chairman for foreign policy of the Senate Republican Steering Committee.

Not a drop of exaggeration.



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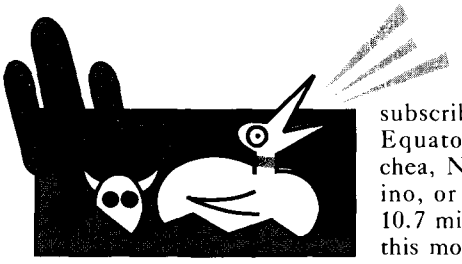
THE OCTOBER ALMANAC



ENVIRONMENT

The beginning of October is ordinarily the beginning of duck-hunting season in most northern states, but this year hunters will have less time to shoot at fewer ducks. The severe drought in the northern plains this spring and summer dried up nearly a million—or about a third—of the prairie potholes, or rain-filled ponds, that some waterfowl use as nesting sites. As a result, many fewer mallards, pintails, canvasbacks, and teal have joined the flocks migrating south this fall, and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has restricted the hunting seasons for all ducks. Meanwhile, farmers have taken the opportunity to cultivate and graze many of the dried-up potholes, so even if next spring is a wet one, the ducks may not find the plains to be nearly as hospitable a place. Nor may people: mallards are among nature's most enthusiastic eaters of mosquito larvae.

ARTS & LETTERS

October **2–8**, National Newspaper Week. **5–10**, Frankfurt Book Fair. **30**, the fiftieth anniversary of Orson Welles's radio broadcast of *War of the Worlds*. One hundred years ago this month the National Geographic Society published the first issue of its magazine. The editorial policy for many years was summed up as follows: "Only what is of a kindly nature is printed about any country or people, everything unpleasant or unduly critical being avoided"; nevertheless, the National Geographic Society has been unable to attract even a single subscriber in Albania, Chad, Equatorial Guinea, Kampuchea, North Korea, San Marino, or Swaziland. Were the 10.7 million printed copies of this month's issue of *National Geographic* stood side by side, as if on a bookshelf, they would cover 52 miles. If all of the pages were spread out end to end, they would stretch from This Fabulous Living Planet to past The Moon: Our Shining Neighbor.

DEMOGRAPHICS

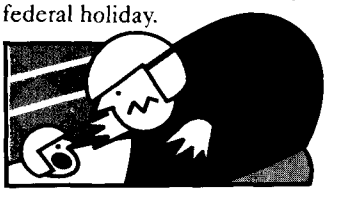
October **22**, some 1,250 striking exceptions to the rule will participate in the Ironman Triathlon, in Kailua-Kona, Hawaii—the premier event in one of the nation's fastest-growing sports. Unlike triathletes, however, the great majority of Americans get little or no regular exercise: national studies of leisure activities have shown that some 40 percent of the U.S. population is "totally sedentary." Only five percent of Americans get the amount of cardiovascular stimulation—three vigorous, 20-minute workouts a week—that most health experts recommend. This may help to explain why one quarter of all Americans are overweight.

FOOD

October is National Apple Month, National Pasta Month, and National Pizza Month. More significant, it is also the peak month for bay scallops, the smallest and sweetest variety of scallop. Scallop production tends to be cyclical, with years of scarcity alternating with years of plenty. Right now, happily, the American scallop harvest is at a cyclical high, which means that prices are at their lowest. U.S. fisheries officials expect the scallop market "to maintain an even keel" at least through next spring.

GOVERNMENT

October **1**, the federal government's fiscal year 1989 begins; the House of Representatives adjourns. This is also the first day of a federal program to provide free influenza vaccinations to Medicare patients in certain regions. Also on this day a provision of California's Proposition 65 takes effect, requiring that alcoholic-beverage manufacturers and distributors with 10 or more employees furnish their customers with signs, which must be prominently displayed, warning that alcohol consumption can cause birth defects. Next year the signs will have to warn about the risks of cancer as well. The signs must be not less than ten inches square. Similar warnings are already required in three states (Georgia, South Dakota, Utah) and in a few cities (New York, Washington, D.C.). October **3**, the Supreme Court reconvenes, for its fall session. **8**, the Senate adjourns. **10**, the observance of Columbus Day, a federal holiday.



HEALTH & SAFETY

Football season is under way, and according to the National Athletic Trainers' Association, about 40 percent of the nation's million or so high school football players will suffer injuries in the game this year that will "require the player to suspend activity for at least the remainder of the day the injury occurred." The knees of some 9,300 high school football players will require surgery. About two dozen football-related injuries will be fatal or "catastrophic." Overall, the incidence of minor football injuries in high school has been declining but the incidence of major injuries—injuries that sideline players for at least three weeks—increased by five percent in the past year alone.

EXPIRING PATENT

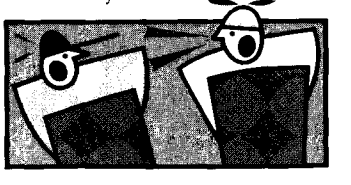
No. 3,609,905. Hunter's blind. "A portable hunter's blind which completely encompasses the upper torso of the hunter and is strapped to his body so as to be carried easily. . . . The blind includes a drop front which can be lowered when shooting, and is arranged with the hunter in a seated position with the blind giving the appearance of a stump or other nonhuman form."

SKIES

October **10**, New Moon. **20–21**, peak night of the Orionid meteor shower. **25**, Full Moon, also known this month as the Hunter's Moon. **30**, at 2:00 A.M., Daylight Savings Time ends; except in Arizona, Hawaii, and part of Indiana, clocks should be turned back one hour. **31**, Halloween, and a cross-quarter day marking the midpoint between the Autumn Equinox and the Winter Solstice.

50 YEARS AGO

Bertrand Russell, writing in the October, 1938, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "If I had control of education, I should expose children to the most vehement and eloquent advocates on all sides of every topical question, who should speak to the schools from the B.B.C. The teacher should afterwards invite the children to summarize the arguments used, and should gently insinuate the view that eloquence is inversely proportional to solid reason. To acquire immunity to eloquence is of the utmost importance to the citizens of a democracy."



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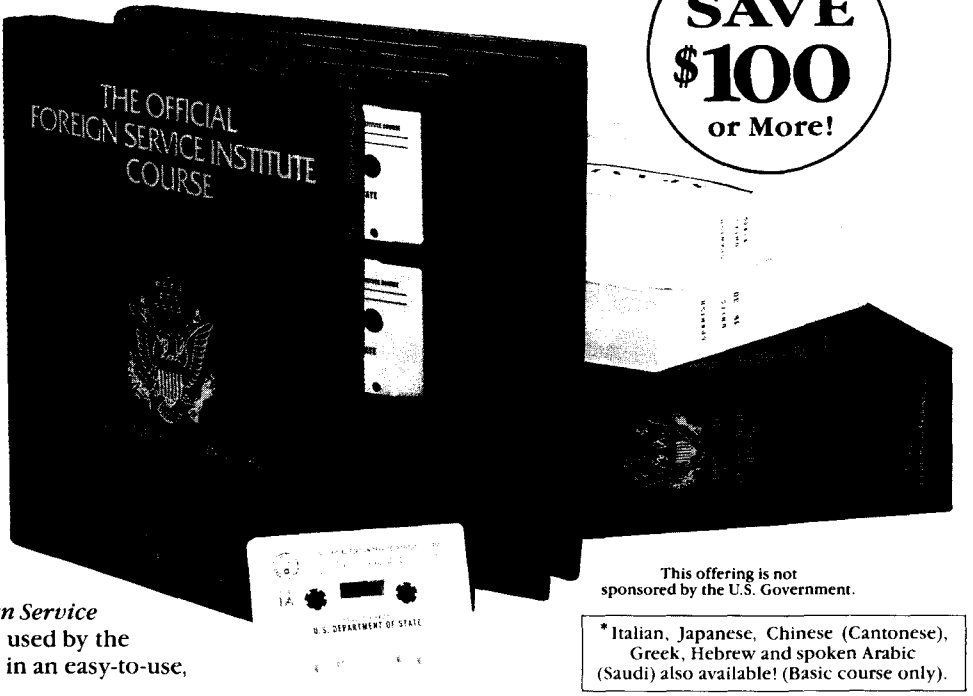

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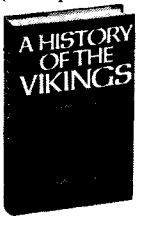

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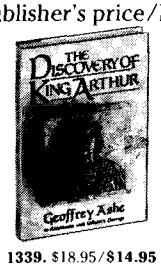

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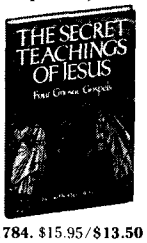

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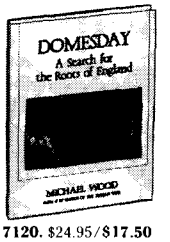

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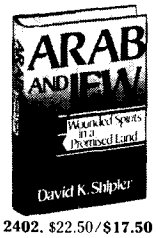

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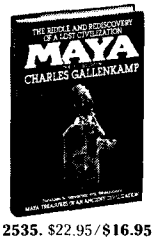

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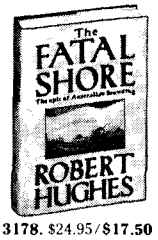

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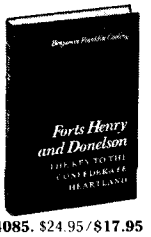

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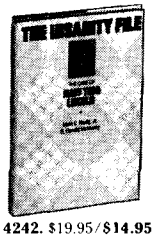

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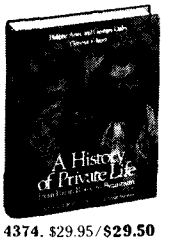

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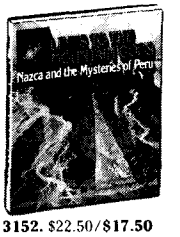

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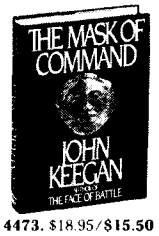

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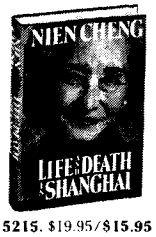

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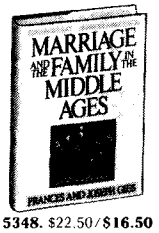

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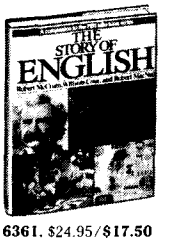

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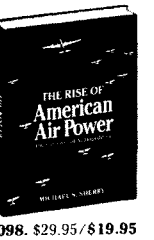

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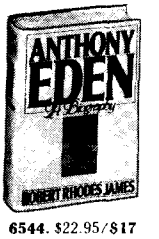

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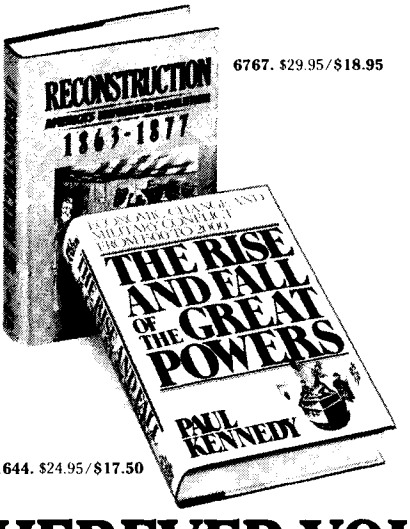

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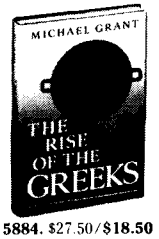

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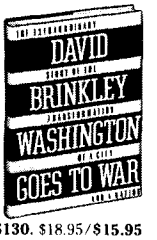

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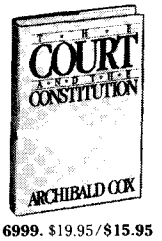

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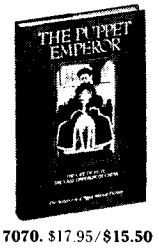

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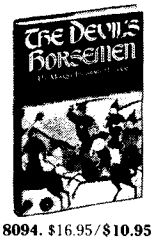

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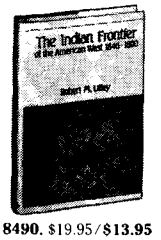

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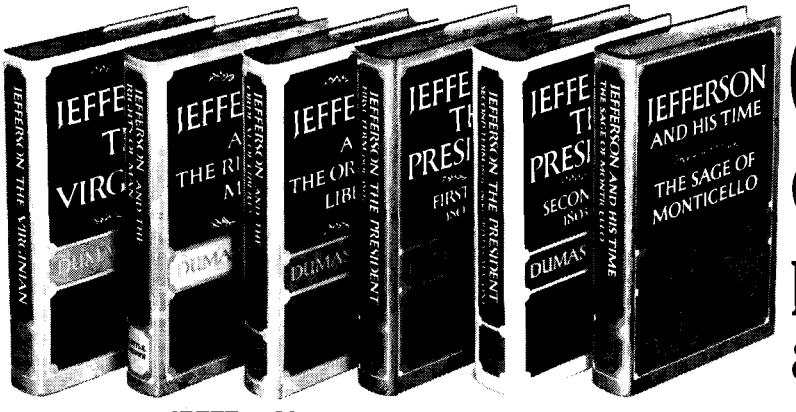

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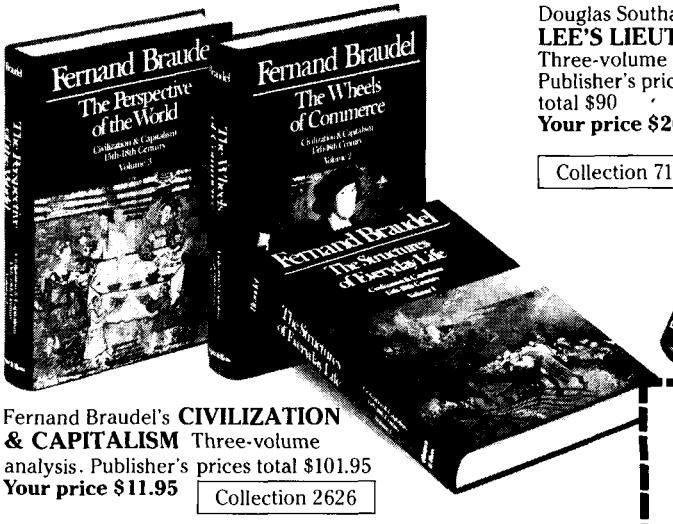

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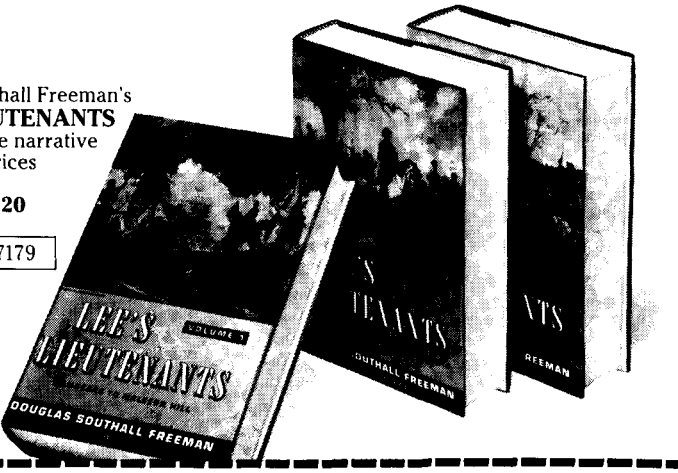

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

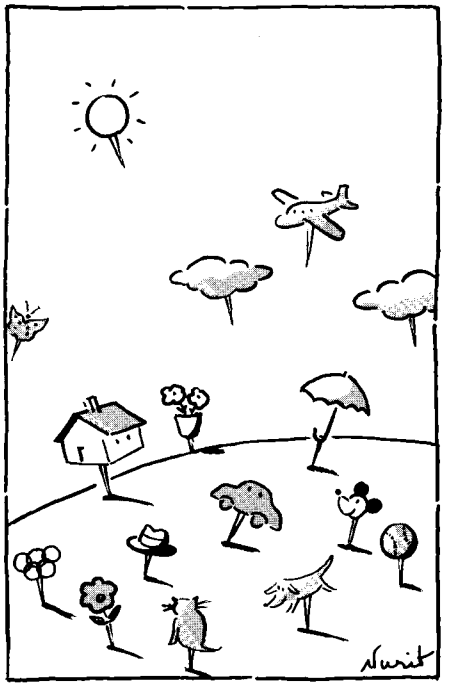
AN ACRE OF PINS

HOARDS ARE MYTHIC, turning up in everything from Milton ("The unsunn'd heaps / Of miser's treasure") to *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. They are also quite real. Nabonidus, the last king of Babylonia, was a passionate collector of valuable artifacts, and he put them on display. Nabonidus was surely not the first to yield to such impulses, and he was obviously not the last. Scholars have dug up hoards in unlikely places all over the world and have learned about everything from traditional trade patterns to ancient notables and events, but they have rarely discovered why the objects were collected and deposited where they were.

All of this came to mind not long ago when I met two latter-day Naboniduses, a couple named Bill and Julie Nelson, of Tucson, Arizona, and saw their enormous hoard-in-progress, which, if it were suddenly to be buried by some frightful cataclysm, would no doubt delight and baffle a future Carnarvon or Carter. I had happened on, and been strangely taken with, a copy of *The Other Newsletter*, one of three publications, each part newsletter and part mail-order catalogue, that Bill Nelson publishes for collectors of lapel pins. Sets of twelve miniature Los Angeles Police Department badges are selling for $96, I learned. Write a friendly letter to Zenith Electronics or Pepsi or the mayor of Boston and you'll get back a free pin. Most of the items in the newsletter were introduced by a silly bit of trivia or maxim: "Happiness is having a scratch for every itch. That's how Ogden Nash described the happy position of the rich and famous. Here's two Olympic pins that you don't have to be rich to afford. . . . "

Soon afterward I visited Tucson and, curious, took the opportunity to look the Nelsons up. As I discovered later, their mail-order business, founded three years ago, is the nation's—maybe the planet's—largest pin distributorship.

"PIN COLLECTING IS the fastest-growing hobby in the world," Bill Nelson told me. "More than two hundred and fifty million pins are in circulation in the world today." That's one pin for every twenty human beings. "People like three kinds of pins," Nelson said. "Olympics are the best, Disney is next, and Coke is next. And it's nice if you can get two of them together"—as on pins showing Sam, the mascot of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, holding a bottle of Coke. Having been rejected by the committee as too commercial, these pins have gone on to prove the committee right: recently they were valued at up to $1,700 apiece.



It was apparently the 1984 Olympics that got many people, notably the Nelsons, thinking about pins the way Vladimir Nabokov thought about butterflies, the way Jay Gatsby thought about shirts. The official pin licensee for those Games, a Los Angeles company named Ooh La La!, produced some 30 million Olympic pins and was richly rewarded for its vision when as many as 20,000 people a day jammed the tents that had been set up in a parking lot near the L.A. Coliseum to accommodate pin swapping and selling. Among the throng in the pin tents were the Nelsons, who appeared with $65 worth of pins that they'd bought at the UCLA bookstore—their very first pins. They started to swap. After they returned home, they continued to swap, by mail.

Bill Nelson, who ten years ago, at the age of thirty-seven, retired for health reasons as a professor of marketing, told me, "I was just having a good time. The last thing I ever wanted to do was go to work, let alone start a business." But one thing led to another, and pretty soon he and Julie had the newsletters (P.O. Box 41630, Tucson, Ariz. 85717), whose readership is now 50,000; a trademark on the phrase "Fellow Collectors"; and enough pin-guide booklets, pin carrying cases, and pin frames, not to mention pins, to fill a large workroom and two small warehouses. Lay out the Nelsons' pins a few inches apart and they'd cover an acre.

Most of the duplicates are, naturally, inventory. But the Nelsons also have their private stock, as Bill hints coyly in the newsletters. "I just showed this pin

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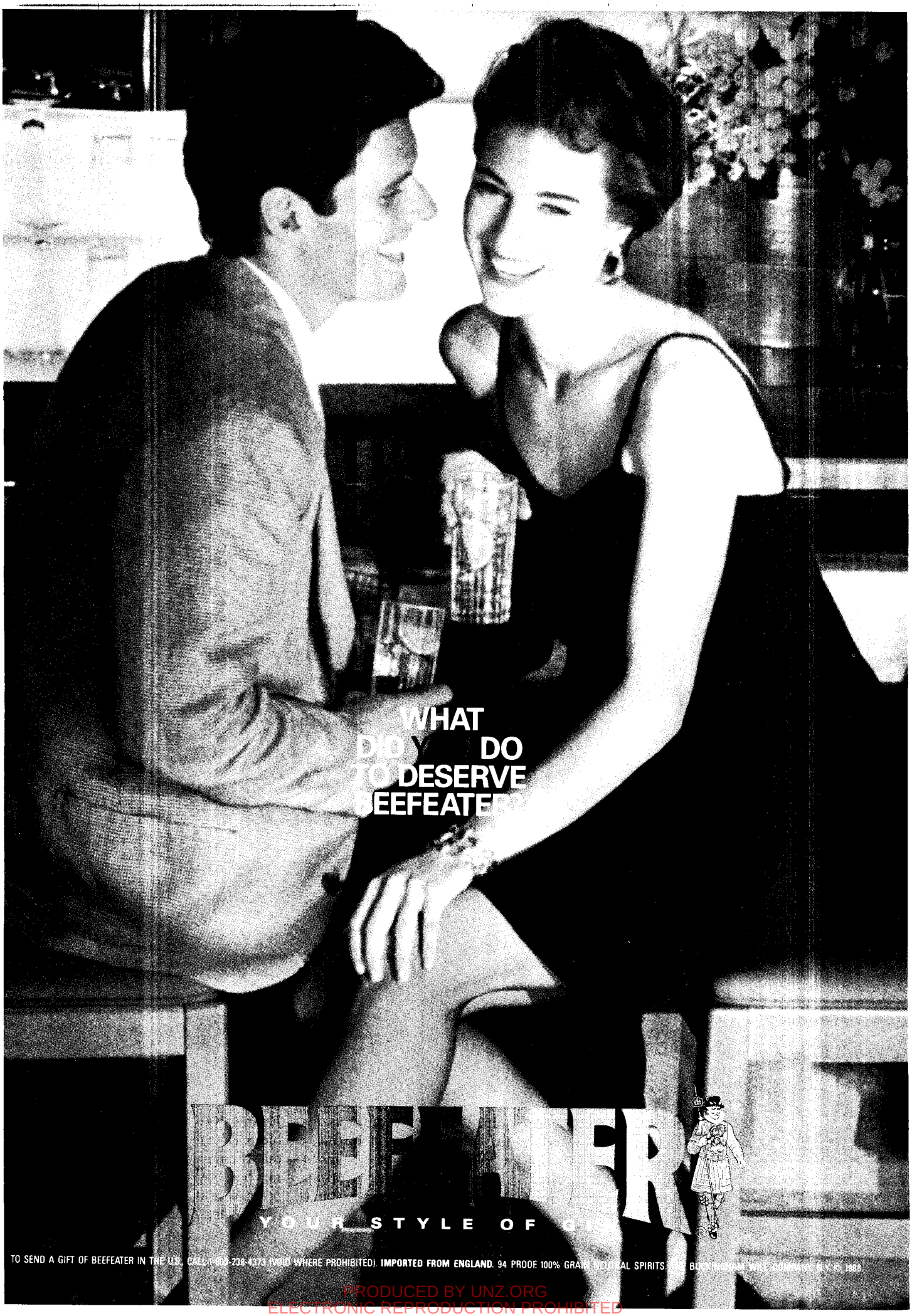

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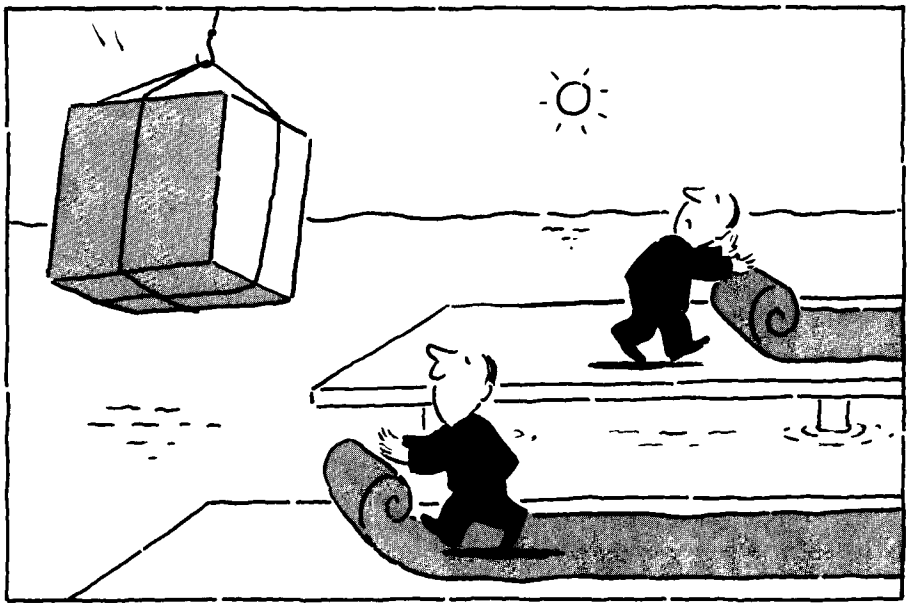
to Julie," he writes, "and I don't think I'll get it back." It may well be characteristic of people in the pin business that they hoard pins. The wife of the man who won the Canadian pin franchise for the Calgary Olympics has a collection of 7,000 pins pertaining to the sport of curling.

WHY PINS? ONE might as well ask, Why any hoard? Why is the hall closet full to bursting with shopping bags? Why have elderly cousins, according to press reports that appear from time to time, turned their house into a catacomb of newspapers? "I don't understand why people do a lot of the things they do," Nelson said when I put the question to him. "People like to collect things, and pins are so logical. What else can you buy for five or six dollars that's as nice as this?" He gestured across his desk toward a brightly colored pin of a cartoon tiger—Hodori, the mascot of the Seoul Olympics—playing table tennis.

What else indeed? In a more perfect world, of course, there would be lots of things as nice. But in this world, where for many the means to hoard are as modest as the urge is compelling, the Nelsons' solution to the problem is a sound one, I think. Nabonidus, whose extravagance in his hoarding—among other bad habits—ultimately cost him his kingdom, could have taken a lesson.

—Barbara Wallraff



TRADE

KOREA IS NOT JAPAN

The $48,000 K-car is not a portent: We can do business with Korea

KOREANS HATE THIS question, but it's the obvious one for outsiders to ask: Now that South Korea is coming up in the world, making cars and computers, doubling its trade surplus in a single year, is it going to be another Japan? Suppose Japan should decide to ease off its export drive and open more of its markets to imports. Will hungrier, harder-working Koreans hide behind tariffs and become the new Japanese?

Koreans resent the very idea of this comparison, because so much of their national identity is profoundly tied up with being not-Japan. The country has spent nearly all of the past century either as Japan's colony or in Japan's shadow. The visual focus of Seoul's main boulevard is a heroic statue of Admiral Yi Sun-Sin, who defeated the Japanese invaders with his fleet of "turtle boats," the world's first ironclads, in 1592. What *would* have been the focus is the main palace of Korea's former emperors, at the head of the boulevard. That vista, however, no longer exists. The Japanese, for spite, built their squat gray colonial administrative headquarters directly in front of the palace, blocking it from view. The descriptive plaques at Korean shrines or historic buildings characteristically follow a three-part narrative pattern: they explain when the structure was built, when the Japanese burned it to the ground or desecrated it, and when liberated Korea lovingly restored it.

I was having dinner in Seoul with a Korean novelist last year and asked her about relations between the two countries. She sat silent for a minute and then spat out, in Japanese, "*Watashi no namae wa Matsuda Yoshiko desu*"— "My name is Yoshiko Matsuda." She had been a schoolgirl under the Japanese occupation in the early forties, when it was against the law to speak Korean *even at home* and everyone was assigned a Japanese name. In some Asian cultures, such as those of Indonesia and Burma, the new names might have been only a mild trauma, since most people don't even have a family name. (Did you think that U Thant, of Burma, the former secretary general of the United Nations, and U Nu, Burma's former Prime Minister, might have been somehow related? In fact *U* is an honorific version of "Mister," and they were no more related than the TV characters Mister Ed and Mister Bill.) Korea's naming system, however, is more precise and emotionally important than those in the Western world. Families assign names in twelve-generation cycles, and many can trace their clan's name back for a thousand years. The family names are important even though they are often the same: nearly half the population is named Kim, Lee, or Park. I asked the novelist how long it took to switch schools and businesses back to Korean-language operation once the Japanese had left. "About five minutes," she said.

When I interviewed businessmen and politicians in Seoul recently and asked them to distinguish their economic policy from Japan's, the reaction was as if I were a Martian who had said, "Tell me, are there any important differences between the human species and the apes?" The Korean attitude toward Japan does have its complicated subcurrents. Even while resenting Japan's ascendancy, many Koreans seem to admire the way these fellow Asians have beaten the West. Most older Koreans are also aware of the widespread collaboration with the Japanese that took place during the colonial period and the war—the guards at Japan's POW camps, for instance, were often Korean. Still, the most conspicuous theme in Korea's view of Japan is raw hostility.

Apart from their own dislike of Japan, many Koreans correctly deduce that the idea of "another Japan" is not a compliment. Of course, it has a complimentary

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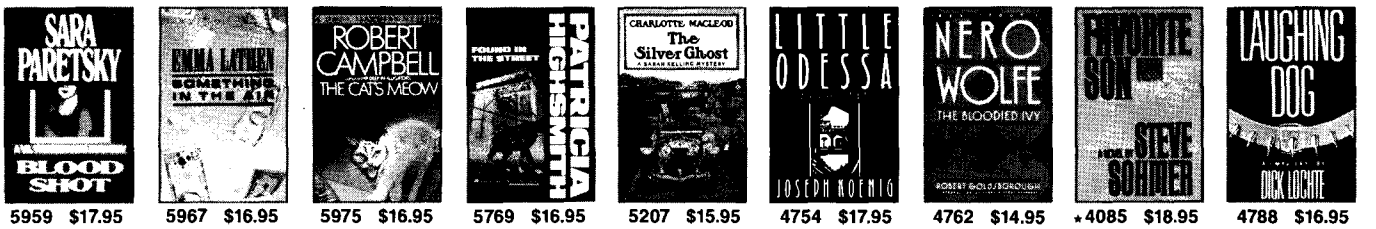

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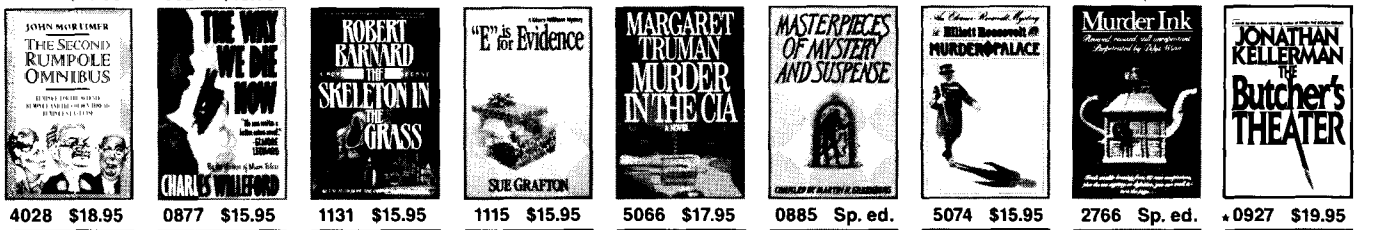

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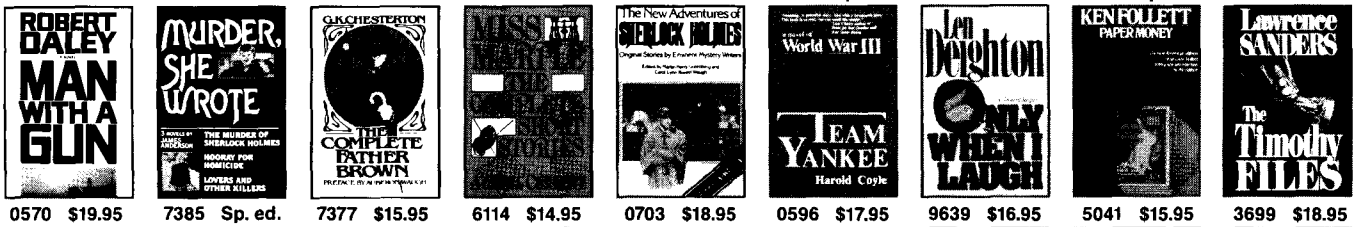

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element: the recognition that some societies can make a lot out of a little. Japan is the world's leading example of what well-educated, highly motivated people can do even though they lack space, resources, and other natural advantages. Korea has not yet come close to Japan's level of development—its per capita income is about one sixth of Japan's, and its level of technology is much lower—but it is working against more-formidable odds. South Korea is even more densely populated than Japan, and it was more recently and more thoroughly pulverized by the Korean War than Japan was by the Second World War. If Koreans can succeed when the naturally rich Argentines, Russians, and Americans are having difficulties, they will be proud to be considered "another Japan" in that sense.

The uncomplimentary part of the comparison concerns *why* a country succeeds. According to normal capitalist theory, one country's development is good for other countries, not any kind of threat to them. Better factories and more-efficient production in one place simply mean more wealth for customers everywhere to enjoy. If Koreans can make cars or TVs more cheaply than Americans can, then in theory everyone is better off. Americans can buy the products for less, they can invest the resulting savings in factories making something the Koreans need, and they can then sell to newly prosperous customers in Korea.

THAT'S THE THEORY. But over the past twenty-five years Japan has illustrated certain imperfections in the way the theory describes the real world. Japan is not the only country that chronically exports more than it imports. Taiwan has, proportionally, a larger trade surplus and more of its wealth sitting in foreign bank accounts. But Taiwan's Chinese still behave like a refugee society, with the refugee's instinct to sock money away in the proverbial mattress. Japan is the one modern economy that, as a matter of consistent policy, has held down its standard of living in order to build huge trade surpluses. (To make the connection clear: If Japan allowed more imports, its people would be better off, because prices would come down. Instead, it has kept imports out, which raises its domestic prices and increases its trade surplus. This is not the place for a long demonstration that Japan's economy really is closed. The simplest prima facie evidence is that although the Japanese are theoretically richer than Americans or Europeans, their real standard of living is a good deal lower. This simply could not happen if theirs was an open economy—people would use their riches to buy cheaper imported goods and raise their standard of living.)

The word that describes this approach to economic life is *mercantilism*. This is an unfortunate term, since to most people it sounds like *mercantile*, which sounds like normal, healthy business activity. To economists, though, *mercantilism* means something abnormal and unhealthy: it describes a doctrine in which the ultimate goal is not to make people more comfortable but to pile up trade surpluses for their own sake. The world can, perhaps, get along with one major mercantilist power—but not easily or happily, as the complaints about Japan from all its trading partners illustrate. The world would be hard pressed to deal with two.

The question, then, is whether Korea's rise means trouble for the rest of the world or whether things will work as the textbooks say they should, so that what's good for Korea will also be good for everyone else. Man-on-the-street opinion in America seems to be lumping Korea into the menace category. The Democratic presidential contender Richard Gephardt seemed to be making Americans face hard truths about Korea when, last winter, he talked about the enormous taxes that Korea imposes on imported American cars.

I think that this judgment of Korea's intentions is a mistake and that Americans are wrong to engage in Korea-bashing. I think the Koreans are right when they say that their role will be different from Japan's. The country could be another Switzerland, even another West Germany: a medium-sized country whose economic victories do not mean defeats for anybody else. It is not likely to be another Japan.

IT'S UNDERSTANDABLE that Westerners are suspicious of Korea. Despite the Koreans' protests, their culture is in many ways similar to Japan's. They are immediate neighbors; they have interacted in peace and war for centuries; they put a similar emphasis on study, discipline, and hard work. Each thinks of itself as a small country in constant danger of being lost or crushed in a big, hostile world.

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By Bob Bergland

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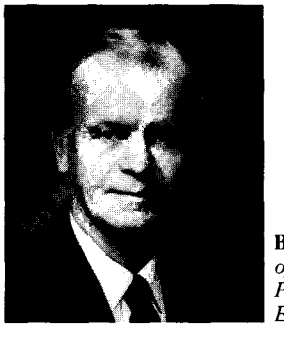

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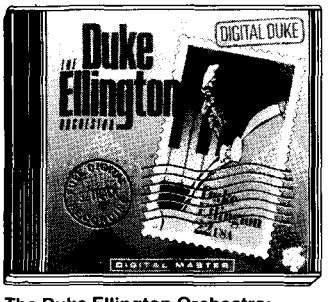

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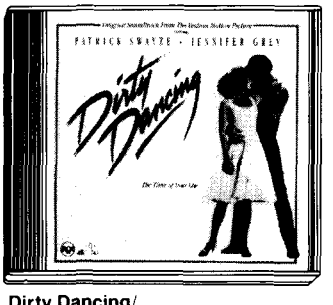

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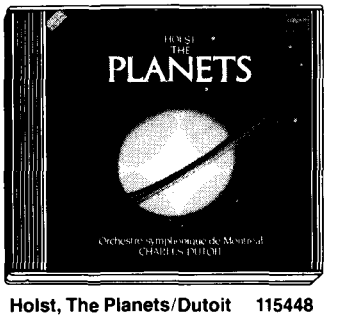

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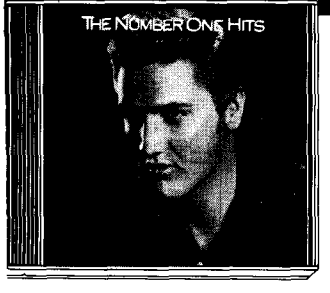

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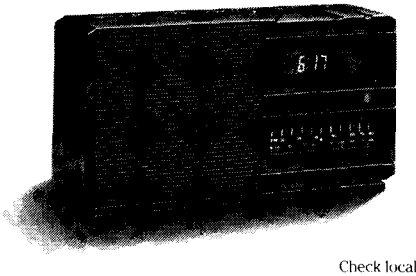

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NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO NEWS

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The two economies also have a strong family resemblance to each other. Korea's steady growth in the 1980s has been like Japan's in the 1960s—rapid, centrally planned, and based on low costs and overseas sales. Many Koreans see the Seoul Olympics as a coming-of-age and victory party for the country, as the Tokyo Olympics were for Japan in 1964. Certain districts in Seoul look the way that parts of Tokyo or Osaka did twenty years ago. One shop is full of gears, the next is full of flywheels, people are sitting on sidewalks taking engines apart and rewinding electric motors. You walk down the street and think, This is the workshop of the world.

At the moment, Korea's economy is more closed and mercantilist-seeming than Japan's. As the value of the yen has gone up, Japan's trade surplus has leveled off and, by some measures, declined. Korea's has skyrocketed. According to U.S. government statistics, Korea had no trade surplus in 1985, a surplus of $3.1 billion in 1986, and a surplus of $6.3 billion in 1987. The government's control of industrial strategy is, if anything, tighter in Korea than in Japan, and the formal barriers to imports are higher. Korean officials deny the accuracy of Richard Gephardt's claim that an American car worth $10,000 would cost $48,000 by the time it got to a showroom in Korea. U.S. officials agree that tariffs have been reduced, and estimate that the cost would be closer to $38,000—and that a Korean-made model with a base price of $10,000 would itself cost $28,000, because of heavy domestic taxes. The Koreans are grateful that Gephardt didn't point out that until about a year ago the cost comparisons would have been purely theoretical: Korea flatly prohibited the import of any cars.

The emotional politics of trade is xenophobic in both countries. Korean economists stress that opening their market to imports will be good for Korean consumers—but in conversations with Korean factory workers, farmers, and students I've often heard imports described in the same terms Japanese protectionists use, as "attacks" on the country or "punishment" for its hard work and success. This summer Korea finally reduced the tariffs and increased the quotas on American cigarettes, allowing Winston and Marlboro to be sold for prices competitive with those of Pine Tree and other local brands. A nationwide boycott movement immediately sprang up. Significantly, it was led not just by farmers, who feared the American competition, but also by nationalist groups (notably the YWCA), who said they were sick of the United States' pushing them around. The cigarette showdown generated ill will in every conceivable way. At the same time that it progressively outlaws smoking at home, the United States relies on cigarettes as one of its most "attractive" and competitive exports in Asia. American cigarettes are particularly galling symbols to Koreans, who can remember the days when GIs used cigarettes as currency. The price of a woman was two packs.

Korea could never hope to match Japan's across-the-board industrial dominance, even if that were its goal. South Korea has only a third as many people as Japan, and its entire economy is about a twentieth as large. Therefore, it lacks the big domestic market that Japan has used as a hothouse for many of the products it later sells overseas. "If we were located in Europe, everybody would be talking about giving foreign aid to poor Korea," Dr. Park Sung-Kyou, the president of the Daewoo subsidiary that makes Leading Edge computers, told me. "It's only because we're in Asia that people are impressed by our 'riches' and 'success.'" Japan began industrializing shortly after the American Civil War and was a major economic power by the time of the Second World War; until the mid-sixties Korea was on a par with the Philippines and other countries that it has now outstripped. Korea has many very large companies—Samsung, Daewoo, Hyundai, Lucky Gold Star—that have been nursed along by the government, but relatively few of the medium-size firms that abound in Japan and the United States. It has a well-trained elite "technocrat" class and an indefatigable class of blue-collar workers, but it is thin in the middle ranks of managers and professionals. Its factories are low-cost and efficient, but it has not developed much original technology, and its most valuable products—cars, electronics—are often full of components made in Japan. Japan's economy benefits from its famous "free ride" on defense spending, but Korea spends about as much of its GNP on defense as the United States does, and faces a more obvious and immediate military threat.

STILL, KOREA'S tariffs and swelling trade surplus make it now look very much like another, smaller Japan. The question is which way the country will

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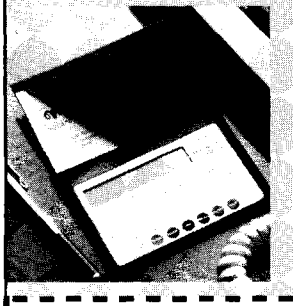

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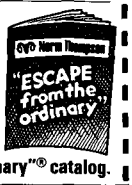

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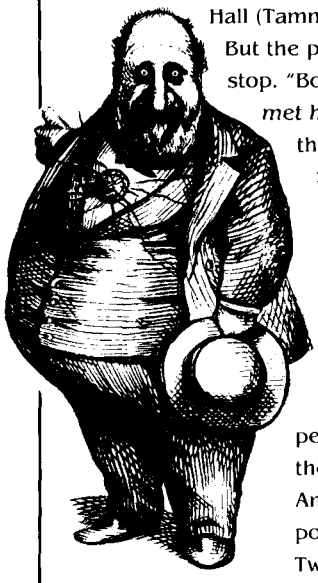

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evolve. I think Korea's course is going to be different from Japan's, and good for the rest of the world. The difference turns on two basic points: Korea's culture, while similar to Japan's, is fundamentally more open and international-minded. And Korea's government, while steering the country's economic development, will steer a course closer to that of "normal" capitalism.

Openness is the most important cultural difference between the two societies. Japan is famous for being open to new techniques but closed to any deeper kind of change. Korea seems more willing to adopt practices and beliefs that originated elsewhere and to think of itself as connected to the outside world.

Religion is one example. Korea is Christianity's major success story in modern Asia. (Vietnam and the Philippines are heavily Catholic, but they were converted long ago.) Japan is one of its most spectacular failures. The reason for the success in Korea is largely political: Korea is the only place in Asia where Christian missionaries were an anti-colonialist, pro-nationalist force, rather than being part of the package brought by European colonialism. Protestant missionaries built schools that became centers of advanced education and nationalist activity. Christianity seems to affect Korea's view of the outside world. Christianity is of course a universal faith, which teaches that people of all nations are basically the same. "Christianity has made a difference, because it promotes the idea of equality and respect for some authority independent of the state," said a Korean professor at Yonsei University, in Seoul.

Language is another example. The grammatical structures of Korean and Japanese are very different from those of Western languages but are practically identical to each other. I have frequently heard Koreans make this point but have rarely heard it in Japan, where people are likelier to say that their language is unique in the world. Koreans speak of themselves as a "peninsular" people, affected by and affecting the cultures that surround them. Japanese people often acknowledge their cultural debt to China but still like to think of their society as an island on its own. The debt to Korean culture—in architecture, arts, and religion—is rarely acknowledged at all.

"You just don't find the Japanese notions that nobody can understand us, nobody can speak our language, our snow is different, we're different from everybody else," says an American businessman who has lived in Korea for twenty years and speaks the language fluently. (The "snow" comment refers to a famous skirmish in Japan's trade wars. A Japanese official once said that it would not be proper to import European or American skis, since they were unsuited to the "unique" snow of Japan.) "Koreans seem to have a high degree of racial consciousness and the usual Asian distaste for the half-blood, but somehow it's not such a big deal as in Japan. People can easily say, Well, this influence came from China and this went to Japan and this started out someplace else. There is not the weird obsession with figuring out how everything is ancestrally and uniquely their own, which you find so often in Japan." Another longtime foreign resident told me, "No one has ever complained that it's hard to make true friends with Koreans. This is the most familiar complaint about Japan."

Modern Korean society also seems fluid in a way that group-bound Japan is not. In part this is the aftermath of the partition of the country, the Korean War, and the wrenching change from backward, agricultural life to industrialism within a single generation. "Everyone was almost even at the starting line just after the war," Park Won-Am, of the Korea Development Institute, told me. Many of the leading business successes started out as refugees from the North or as members of unimpressive farming families. Although Korea's economy is dominated by big companies, the "Korean dream" is to break off and start a company of one's own—the very opposite of the Japanese lifetime-loyalty ethic. Last year Daewoo's in-house newsletter contained updates on people who've quit to start their own businesses, offering tips to others who hope to do the same. Of the dozen senior executives I met at Daewoo, four had come to the company midway in their careers. For comparison's sake, in Japan I asked a personnel officer of the world's largest bank, the Dai-Ichi Kangyo, how many of its professionals had started outside the firm. He pondered the question thoughtfully for a while and then said, Well, there probably had been someone.

I'm making these contrasts seem more cut and dried than they may really be, in order to establish that there *is* a

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cultural contrast. Like Japan, Korea is to some extent xenophobic, racially proud, and determined to protect its own way of life. When Commodore Perry's warships showed up in Edo Bay, in 1853, the Japanese of the shogun era observed the cannons and soon concluded that it was prudent to compromise with the Americans. When the American merchant ship *General Sherman* steamed up the Taedong River to P'yongyang, almost fifteen years later, the Koreans burned it to the waterline, and their batteries along the shore bombarded the American warships sent to Korea five years afterward. Through the late nineteenth century Korea tried to seal itself off from Western influence, just when Japan was trying to catch up with the West. Nonetheless, in the late twentieth century the attitude of us-against-the-world seems weaker in Korea, and this should reduce the friction caused by Korea's rise. It is notoriously difficult to convince Japanese officials that logic that applies to the rest of the world should apply equally to Japan. Farmers and steelworkers in the United States may lose their jobs because of economic changes—but rice farmers in Japan must be sheltered from the market, because rice occupies a place in the country's culture which is "unique."

THE OTHER, TANGIBLE difference between the two countries is in government policy. Both economies have been centrally guided; both have seen exports as the secret of success; both are led by government ministries containing some of the best talent in the society. The difference is that Korea's economists think and act like—well, like normal economists.

By "normal" I do not mean American, even though virtually every member of Korea's powerful technocrat class was trained at an American graduate school and speaks English with a quasi-American accent. I mean, instead, that they use the tools of Western economic analysis, speak in terms that Westerners can understand, and—most important—share with us a basic belief about the goal of economic life.

According to capitalist reasoning, a big, chronic, Japanese-style trade surplus is nothing to brag about. It means only that your economy is imbalanced, that your people have been prevented from buying as much and living as well as they could. A permanent trade surplus looks like a victory only if you're thinking of trade as war, or as a contest of belt-tightening ability.

From the top to the bottom of Japanese society, people do seem to see Japan's mighty surpluses as a victory. Is Japan the most capable nation? Of course—look at what we can sell. Similarly, many ordinary Koreans feel proud of their nation's new trade surpluses; a generation ago foreign experts were telling them that they'd always be poor. But Korea's technocrats, at the Economic Planning Board and the Korea Development Institute, are different from their counterparts in the Japanese Ministry of International Trade and Industry and Ministry of Finance. They say that Korea shouldn't run big surpluses, that it needs to keep reducing its tariffs and opening its markets, that its goal is to be a normal capitalist country.

Even though Korea's trade surplus doubled from 1986 to 1987 and shows no signs of diminishing this year, the tech-

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nocrats say that it's crazy for the United States to be upset. The first year Korea ever had a surplus was 1986. Before that the world's main worry about Korea was its debt, and the question was whether it would be another Mexico or Brazil, not another Japan. The remaining debt, almost $35 billion, is still a big worry for the Koreans. During the Japanese colonial era Korea was enfeebled by its debt to Japan. Partly as a result of those bad memories, today's debt is seen as shameful to the country. There is a broadly shared desire to pay it off. The only way to do so is to run trade surpluses, at least for a while.

Koo Bon Ho, the president of the all-powerful Korea Development Institute, told me last year, "In our forty-year history we have had exactly one year of surplus, and Americans instantly conclude that we're behaving like Japan. Even in 1985 bankers were very worried about the extent of Korea's debt. People can't remember even that long ago! We have *no* intention of running a permanent surplus. We need to reduce our debt—it's fifty-four percent of our gross national product, which is too high for any country. So we need about five billion dollars' surplus for the next few years. After that we want balance, not any surplus at all!" I heard the same thing, repeatedly, from other technocrats: modest surpluses for a few years, after so many years of deficit. After that, further surpluses would be bad. Steadily over the past ten years, and more rapidly in the past five, Korea has lowered tariffs and removed import barriers. The tariffs are still high, but the technocrats say that they'll keep coming down, for Korea's own good.

Why should Korea want to follow the mercantilist path? Koo Bon Ho asked. What has it done for people in Japan? "Their per capita income is the highest in the world, but to us they live like ants. Small houses, compact cars, crowded classrooms. They work like ants and they live like ants. We want to take a more balanced approach. If you ignore housing, roads, recreation, public facilities, you can get a big surplus—but so what? We have no intention of following that model."

The point that Koo was making—that mercantilism is self-defeating—would sound unexceptionable in an American economics classroom. So would countless other remarks I heard from Korean executives and government officials. One manager at Daewoo said that it made sense for United States companies to contract out some of their production to Korea: lower wages would lead to lower prices, and because of the "worldwide welfare function" there would be more abundance for everyone to share. Another corporate official said that shipbuilding had maybe a ten-year future in Korea, after which rising wages would price the country out of the market—and that would be a sign of Korea's success, not its decline. Koo Bon Ho said that import quotas were bad for Korean businesses because the quotas sheltered them from competition and let them become inefficient. Koo Bohn Young, a young economist who has become an influential presidential adviser, said that Korea could not *afford* to run a surplus for very long. Its people were still poor, and so Korea needed to invest its money in a better life for Koreans, rather than lending or investing it abroad. Yet another technocrat, Kim Kihwan, the president of the Ilhae Institute (a research center that was established during the Chun regime), said as a throwaway line in a recent speech, "We all know that opening markets to foreign goods and services is good for any economy."

Perhaps "we all know that" in economics class. These are normal, even obvious parts of capitalist economic logic. But I have almost never heard such views expressed by a government official or a major corporate manager in Japan. Even the Maekawa report issued in the spring of 1986, an earth-shattering (for Japan) proposal that the country stop exporting as much as it does and take it easy for a while, did not leap all the way over to such economic thinking. A lower trade surplus would be useful because it would reduce "frictions," the Maekawa report said; it was a matter of taking pity on the floundering trade partners, not of doing something that made economic sense for Japan.

EVEN WITH THE technocrats in place, dealing with Korea will have its rough patches. The brightest hour in Korea's postwar history—the end of the Chun dictatorship and the beginning of real democracy—will, perversely, make U.S.-Korean relations more difficult. A democracy naturally gives more weight to public opinion than dictators do, and Korea's public hasn't gotten the message about free trade quite as clearly as the technocrats have. When Young Soo-Gil, of the Korea Development Institute, gave a speech in Seoul last spring in

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which he argued that Korea would be richer if it lowered its trade barriers, a group of farmers pelted him with manure.

As news stories over the past year have indicated, anti-American passions are running very high in Korea. There are many hypotheses about why so many young Koreans suddenly feel so bitter toward the United States. It's been a generation since the United States defended South Korea against the North. Koreans resent the United States precisely because they depend on it. They blame the United States for propping up Chun's regime. They hark back to the Taft-Katsura agreement at the turn of the century, in which the United States essentially blessed Japan's takeover of Korea, in return for Japan's blessing on U.S. control over the Philippines. Employing strained but increasingly popular revisionist reasoning, many Korean students now hold the United States responsible for dividing the peninsula into North and South.

All these feelings may, for a while, make Korean politicians dig in their heels on trade. Already the legislature has rung with speeches denouncing further "concessions" to the United States and complaining about American "bullying" on behalf of U.S. beef exporters, insurance firms, advertising agencies, pharmaceutical companies, and so on. "Non-tariff barriers" keep cropping up. After Korea agreed, reluctantly, to permit imports of Stroh's beer, the government limited the company to using distributors of local beer—and these distributors said they were too busy to handle Stroh's.

Despite these irritations, the longer trend of Korean development is healthy. The technocrats are democratically accountable now, which is good, but they remain highly influential, and firm in their capitalist faith. A number of them have been commissioned by the government to prepare a major report on long-term economic strategy, which will be released this fall. The commission is taking public testimony from farmers, businessmen, and other members of interest groups. Its plan is to build public support for the increasingly free-market policy the technocrats have been advocating all along. The United States may have to prod to keep the Koreans on course, but wounded-sounding, Gephardt-style frontal attacks aren't necessary and won't help.

— *James Fallows*

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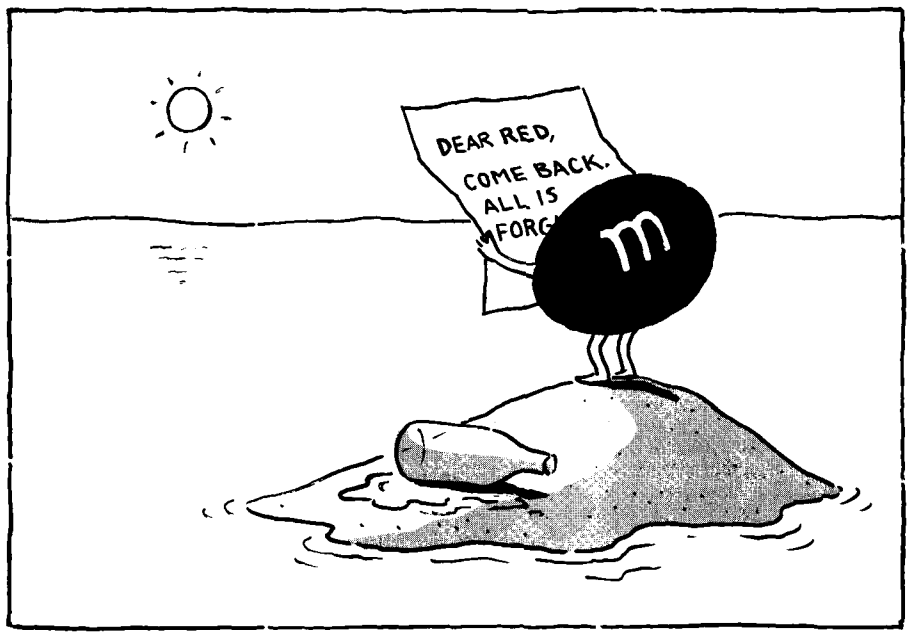

BUSINESS

SEEING RED

The mysterious moves of a nationally prominent candy manufacturer

ENIGMATIC AND seemingly chicken-hearted actions by major confectioners really burn me up. This accounts for my sudden mood shift twelve years ago, when M&M/Mars, a division of Mars, Incorporated, stopped making red M&M's. It also explains why I am somewhat less than ebullient now that red M&M's are back.

M&M's are the favorite candy of most Americans, according to M&M/Mars. This may or may not be true. They are not my favorite candy. But red M&M's are my favorite M&M's. As far as I know, they are everyone's favorite M&M's. And red, in whatever form, is the favorite color of 64 percent of all Americans, I would guess.

Why would a large, privately held candy manufacturer embark on a policy guaranteed to anger, vex, and disappoint the vast and economically powerful red-preferring majority? To find out, let's go back in time (just a simulation—don't try this yourself) to 1976.

Okay, we're in 1976. It is a year like any other. But suddenly from the Toxicology Advisory Committee of the United States Food and Drug Administration comes alarming news: a statistically significant number of malignant neoplasms have been observed in a group of female Osborne-Mendel rats that have ingested large quantities of amaranth for 131 weeks. These results lend weight to an earlier, Russian study in which non-inbred male rats had also developed neoplasms, after being fed amaranth for 143 weeks. Neoplasms are tumors. Amaranth is a water-soluble rust-colored powder (derived from the stems and leaves of certain plants related to bachelor's buttons and cockscombs) better known as Red Dye No. 2. The FDA announces its intention to remove the dye from the list of colors provisionally approved for use.

Almost immediately, representatives of the cosmetics, toiletry, food, fragrance, and coloring industries descend on Washington, D.C. *"Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo*—we want Red Dye No. 2," they seem to cry. But their imagined sobs are unavailing. On February 12—the 167th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln—the FDA bans the dye.

One can only imagine the maelstrom of grumbling this ruling engenders in many sectors of the country. Still, there is one sector where one expects to hear no grumbling at all but, rather, exultant merrymaking. This sector is Hackettstown, New Jersey, the home of M&M/Mars. For while M&M/Mars does indeed manufacture a red-dyed food product—red M&M's—the redness of red M&M's is produced not by Red Dye No. 2 but by Red Dye Nos. 3 and 40, colorants enjoying the official blessing and protection of the United States government.

Nonetheless, shortly after the FDA ruling M&M/Mars decides to cease production of red M&M's. According to the company, this decision is made "to avoid any consumer confusion and concern." Disinterested observers can only shake their heads and wonder whether it is not someone other than consumers who is confused.

GETTING TO THE bottom of the missing-M&M mystery is a task that, although it has not consumed the past dozen years of my life, has kept me pretty busy for a couple of weeks. My investigation has not been easy. For a company that doesn't make rockets or cater to movie stars, M&M/Mars is remarkably secretive. If you try to arrange an interview with one of the company's coloring researchers, your request will be denied. If you ask if someone might take you on a tour of the M&M manufacturing facility, where well over 20 million red and 80 million other M&M's are produced daily, the answer will be no. Regardless of what sort of inquiry you make, your call will be routed to Hans Fiuczynski, the company's director of external relations. Fiuczynski's voice is lightly accented. He refers to a single M&M as "an M&M's." If you ask him how the small white *M* is applied to the surface of each candy, he will direct you to *A Little Illustrated Encyclopedia of M&M/Mars*, which the company sends to people who ask questions. It says that the process is "similar to that of offset printing," revealing nothing.

Perhaps there is no one at the company except Fiuczynski and a handful of assistants. Perhaps Fiuczynski makes all the M&M's himself, or buys them in bulk from Asia. Perhaps it was he who made the decision to stop manufacturing "the red piece," as he calls it. There is no way to know. One cannot pursue these matters without falling once again into his hands.

Denied access to the company's interior, I went to the grocery store and bought a half-pound bag of plain M&M's and a half-pound bag of peanut M&M's. I took these back to my office and sorted each bag by color, something I used to do as a child. (In those days I would often pick two M&M's at random and press them together until one of them cracked. This M&M I would eat, advancing the uncracked M&M to the next round, and so on, through the bag. The idea was to find the "strongest" M&M—invariably a red one—which I ate last.)

But the sorting I did in my office was not mere child's play. I wanted to check

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some figures that Fiuczynski had given me concerning the average distribution of colors in bags of M&M's. M&M/Mars uses focus groups of consumers as part of an elaborate and secret process to arrive at what it believes to be the most pleasing of all possible color assortments. (Don't bother asking to sit in on one of these sessions.) For plain M&M's, according to Fiuczynski, the optimum assortment is 30 percent browns, 20 percent each reds and yellows, and 10 percent each oranges, greens, and tans; for peanut M&M's, the breakdown is 30 percent browns, 20 percent each reds, yellows, and greens, and 10 percent oranges. There are no tan peanut M&M's, for some reason.

All right, the numbers checked out. This left me with the task of consuming a pound of what Fiuczynski calls "that delicious snack product." As it turns out, there is something curiously unpleasant about eating handful after handful of M&M's that are all the same color, even though color supposedly makes no difference in the taste of an M&M. About halfway through the pound I mixed my remaining M&M's into a rough approximation of the intended palette. This made them easier to eat.

Then, while I sat ill and immobilized in my chair, I thought of something. I dug up a copy of a magazine advertisement M&M/Mars had run at Christmastime (the dreadful slogan: "Grab on to that M&M's feeling") and tallied up the numerous M&M's in the picture. Roughly 20 percent were red, as expected. But only about 15 percent were brown. Why?

FRANKLIN C. "FRANK" Mars began selling candy in 1902. He was nineteen years old. Twenty years later he formed the Mar-O-Bar Company, which immediately lost $6,000. In 1923 Mar-O-Bar introduced Snickers and Milky Way, candy bars that made the company's fortune and that retain their popularity to this day. (Snickers would not receive its familiar chocolate coating until 1930.)

In 1932 Frank's son, Forrest E. Mars, moved to England and established a candy company called Mars Limited. If you buy a Milky Way in Great Britain today, you will bite into what you are accustomed to thinking of as a 3 Musketeers. This is Forrest's doing. He also dabbled in canned pet food. In 1940 he returned to the United States and estab-

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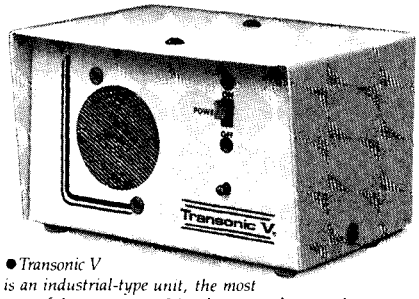

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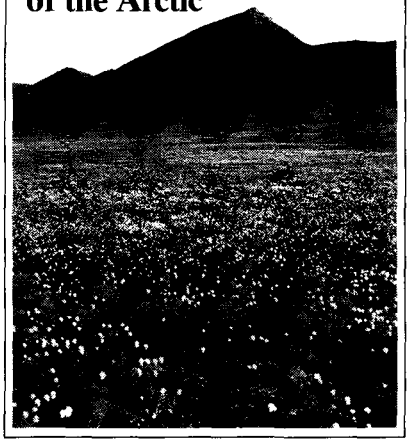

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lished M&M Limited, in Newark, New Jersey. The second *M* in the company's name belonged to Bruce Murrie, Mars's associate. Because there is room for only one *M* on an M&M, Murrie's name has been cruelly neglected.

Among the first people to eat M&M's (or, as the *Encyclopedia* says, "what we now know as M&M's Plain Chocolate Candies") were American soldiers. This was during the Second World War. The colorful treats, packaged in small tubes, lifted the spirits of our fighting men and contributed in some small way, perhaps, to their ultimate triumph. There were purple M&M's in those days, but they were soon eliminated, eerily foreshadowing the red purge to come. Peanut M&M's were introduced in 1954.

You may remember the famous M&M's television commercials that began airing in the mid-1950s. In them characters named Plain and Peanut jumped into a swimming pool filled with liquid chocolate. I used to dream that I, too, would one day jump into such a swimming pool. Then Plain and Peanut took showers in a stream of liquid candy. By doing this they became M&M's.

These commercials were extremely effective as marketing tools, but we now know that chocolate swimming pools and candy-coating showers play no part in the manufacture of real M&M's. Instead, the ellipsoid chocolate centers of plain M&M's are formed by machines. Any seams or rough edges resulting from this mechanical process are eliminated by "tumbling" the centers in other machines. The centers of peanut M&M's are formed by coating peanuts with chocolate. All the centers are then subjected to a process known as "panning." In panning, the centers are "color-coated by rotating them in a revolving pan, while corn and sugar syrup are added," according to the *Encyclopedia*.

If you opened a bag of plain M&M's between 1976 and 1987, you know what you found there: excessive brownness. Fiuczynski speaks of "the tan piece," but of course "tan" is merely an external-relations euphemism for light brown. What was one to make of a bag of candy containing no red pieces but two shades of brown ones? Members of the rock group Van Halen knew what to make of it. Upon discovering that the brown M&M's had not been removed, as Van Halen had instructed, from two pounds of M&M's provided for their refreshment at a concert in 1980, the musicians wrecked the stage and dressing room.

Most grieving M&M consumers took the less drastic step of writing to the company. "I am writing in regards to inquiring as to why your M&M's candies doesn't contain the color red?" said (asked?) one of these letters, edited excerpts from which were made available to me by Fiuczynski. Another correspondent wrote:

> My kids and my husband love the little critters but I just can't help feeling the emptiness inside when I open a bag of *that* candy and pour it into my hand and there lie those blah! dull! naked looking little candies melting and sweating in the palm of my hand.

In 1982 a University of Tennessee student named Paul S. Hethmon founded The Society for the Restoration and Preservation of Red M&M's. Hethmon conducted a letter-writing campaign and gave interviews to the media. "There wasn't that much to do at college," he later explained to a reporter.

Without warning, M&M/Mars apparently shifted its stance on the red question. The year was 1985. As Christmas approached, the company introduced a new product, called Holidays Chocolates. M&M/Mars officially treated Holidays as a distinct kind of candy, but anyone else could see them for what they were: off-the-shelf M&M's with little bells, candles, sleighs, and Christmas trees printed on them instead of little *M*s. Also, unlike normal M&M's, Holidays came in just two colors: green and . . . *red*.

But wait. If it was possible to sell red Holidays without "confusing" consumers, why was it impossible to sell red M&M's? I wasn't the only person who wanted to know this. "I cannot comment on speculations," Fiuczynski said at the time.

The appearance of Holidays rekindled a number of questions that had been smoldering for a decade. Hadn't eliminating red M&M's created exactly the impression the company had wanted to avoid (namely, that red M&M's were indeed crimson pellets of death)? Hadn't other candy manufacturers managed to survive—nay, prosper—without banishing red-dyed items from their product lines? Even if M&M/Mars's initial anxiety about consumers had been justified, hadn't the nation's concern about red

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dyes long since passed? And, finally, why so many browns?

While these and no doubt a few other questions swirled in their minds, some consumers bought vast quantities of Holidays, ate or discarded the greens, and mixed the reds into bags of ordinary M&M's. Then they waited. Perhaps Holidays were a trial balloon, these people hoped. Christmas came and went. Easter came—bringing pastel-colored Holidays—and went. Christmas came and went again.

THEN, LAST YEAR, it finally happened. Eleven years after their disappearance red M&M's came back. Fiuczynski marked their return in a lengthy press release. "We have talked about reintroducing red 'M&M's' Chocolate Candies for years," he said without irony, "and now we feel the timing is right to bring them back and satisfy consumer wants."

Press release in hand, I called Fiuczynski recently to ask him what he had meant. Why, I asked him, had so many red-free years been allowed to pass? What exactly had it been about 1987 that had made it seem like the "right" time to undo something that should never have been done?

"I can only venture to say that after reading all the fan mail that kept pouring in—particularly after '85, when we introduced the Christmas edition of the Holidays Chocolates—we decided that there was such a large popular demand for it that we ought to bring it back," Fiuczynski said.

But hadn't that popular demand been around for a very long time? "I believe the company had looked at the matter every now and then. It wasn't exactly the number-one priority, quite frankly."

While he was talking, I had a flash of insight into the questions that had been bothering me. Why so many browns? Because brown is the favorite color of someone important at M&M/Mars. I won't go so far as to say that this important person is Fiuczynski. Why the ban on reds? Because for complicated psychological reasons red is repellent to this extremely important person, who may be resentful of the color's popularity. Why have reds returned? Because for more than a decade there has been some sort of sinister and dangerous power struggle going on at M&M/Mars, and now, finally, the good guys seem to be winning.

—David Owen

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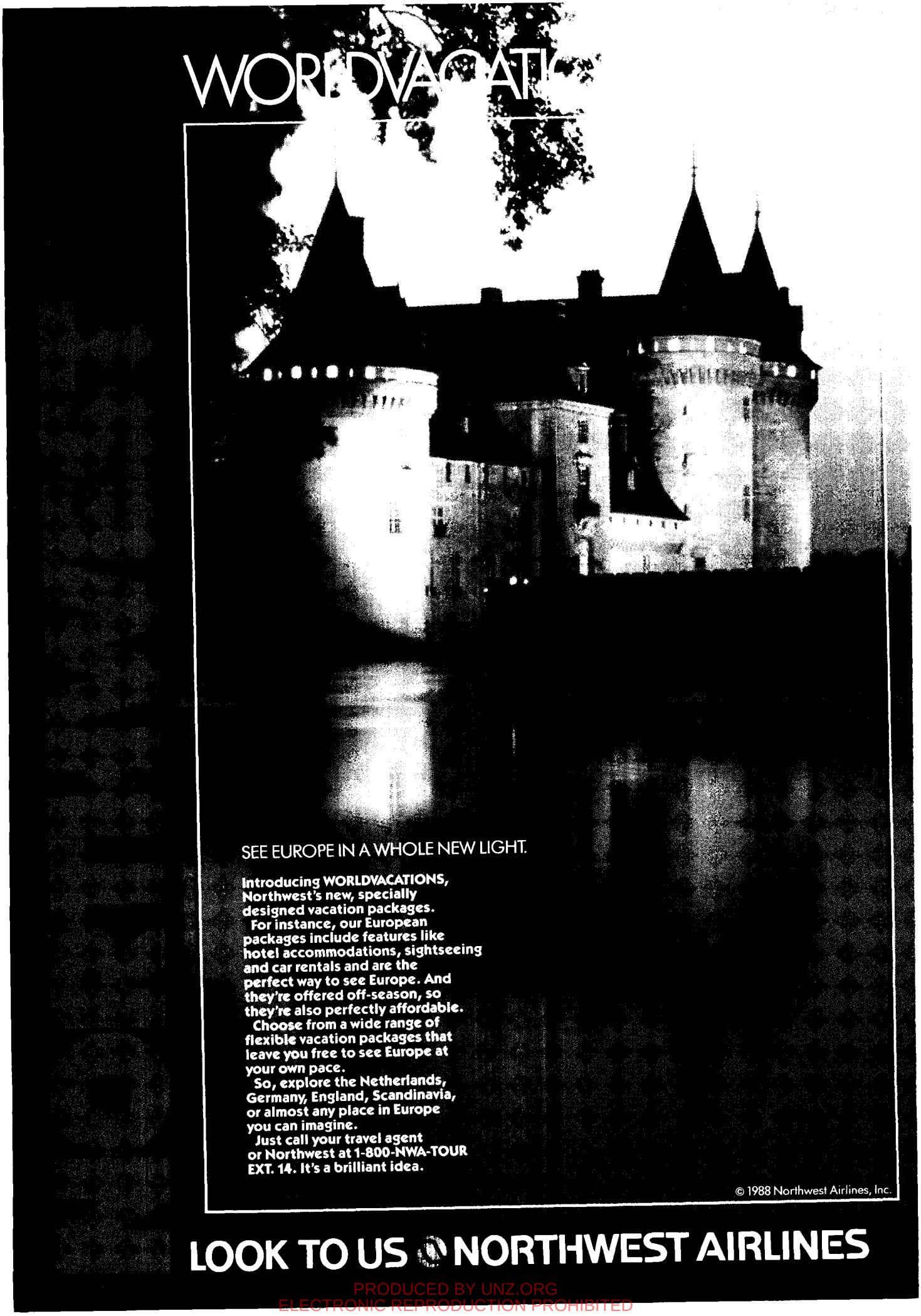

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The profits to be made from nearly identical pills have inspired some of America's most creative advertising and some of its longest-running lawsuits

THE BIG HEADACHE

BY CHARLES C. MANN
AND MARK L. PLUMMER

ON A RECENT MONDAY EVENING DAN RATHER FINished summarizing the day's outpouring of horror and tragedy and was replaced in viewers' eyes by a man of journalistic aspect standing before a newspaper printing press. "I've been writing a lot of stories about aspirin lately," the man said in a confident voice. "But if you think you've heard all about it, think again." He flourished a newspaper with a story headlined "A BETTER ASPIRIN FORMULA." Then came a graph. A white line indicating the Pain Relief Level of regular-strength aspirin crawled along the bottom. Then, rising majestically above it, came the yellow line of Anacin. "Anacin," an announcer said, while teletypes clattered in the background. "A better aspirin formula."

From a cursory viewing one would not learn that Anacin's "aspirin formula" is simply aspirin plus caffeine—about as much caffeine in each tablet as is in a third of a cup of coffee. Or that the Food and Drug Administration has for ten years refused to confirm that caffeine enhances the power of aspirin, which suggests that the "aspirin formula" is in effect just aspirin. Or that the difference in Pain Relief Level may simply reflect the fact that each Anacin has 23 percent more aspirin than a regular-strength aspirin tablet. Or that similar claims for its products have given Anacin's manufacturer, the large and secretive American Home Products Corporation, of New York City, a history of trouble over claims of false advertising that is unsurpassed, as ad people might say, for length and complexity.

Since its invention, by a Minneapolis pharmacist in 1916, Anacin has made millions upon millions upon millions of dollars by the simple but ingenious practice of pretending that it is made not of aspirin but of something else—say, "the pain reliever doctors recommend most."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES WHITE III

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Now, the illusion that Anacin is substantially different from other aspirin products can be fostered only through the use of what Mark Twain called "stretchers"—stories which, while not being untrue, do not tell the whole truth. American Home has over the years paid for more than half a billion dollars' worth of advertising, much of it falling in the category of stretchers. The sum seems enormous until one considers the profit to be made from relieving pain.

Headaches are not subject to fashion. Year after year people stock their medicine cabinets with headache remedies, and year after year companies tell stretchers to get their brands in those medicine cabinets. Last year Americans bought $2.1 billion worth of non-prescription pain relievers. This is fully a quarter of the over-the-counter drug market, and more than the total for shampoos, deodorants, toothpastes, or any other single category of health and beauty products. (The sales of prescription drugs last year amounted to $16.5 billion, a total divided among many types of drugs other than pain relievers.)

Americans take more than 80 million aspirin tablets a day, and that figure doesn't include the other two non-prescription pain relievers: acetaminophen, of which Tylenol is the most popular brand in this country, and ibuprofen, of which Advil and Nuprin are the most popular brands. All three are known as analgesics. The price of an analgesic tablet is roughly ten times the cost of its active ingredients, which leaves a hefty margin for packaging, distribution, advertising, and, of course, profit.

For the overwhelming majority of buyers, these many fine products are identical in terms of treating headaches. "They all make your basic headache go away equally well," Stanley Wallenstein, an analgesics researcher at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, recently told us. "It's like putting in a tack—a tack hammer and a sledgehammer do the same thing." The lessons of Econ 101 predict that companies faced with this situation will seek a competitive advantage by lowering their prices until a giant jar of aspirin sells for less than a Bic pen. But the lessons of Econ 101 alone are wrong in this case. Not until Econ 102 do they talk about marketing.

Because few companies have run successful advertising campaigns whose theme is that their products are exactly the same as their competitors', the makers of analgesics have long sought differences, and have sometimes found them in the most unlikely places. And because firms that run unduly creative advertising put their competition at a disadvantage, the analgesic companies tend to sue and be sued over their claims—a situation that brings us back to Anacin and American Home Products.

A remarkably prosperous enterprise, American Home was run for decades by a man named William F. Laporte, who has cut a wide swath through the world of consumer-products marketing. Laporte joined American Home in 1938 and became the president of the company in 1960, running it with legendary frugality until 1981, when he retired to the board, from which he is said still to exert considerable authority. During Laporte's years at the helm, according to various published reports, American Home's corporate fleet consisted of one used bus; Laporte personally authorized all non-budget expenditures over $500; and the executive restrooms were equipped with narrow-width toilet paper that saved the firm many pennies. Another hallmark of Laporte's tenure was the firm's endless legal difficulties. As it happens, 1960, the year of Laporte's ascension to the presidency, was the last year one bunch of lawyers or another was not investigating Anacin for or charging it with false advertising.

The following year the Federal Trade Commission brought charges of false advertising against American Home, Sterling Drug (which makes Bayer), Bristol-Myers (which makes Bufferin and Excedrin), and Plough (a smaller player, which makes St. Joseph's aspirin), all of which claimed to make aspirin that was somehow better than other aspirin. One lump of aspirin being chemically identical to any other lump, the FTC thought that such claims must be untrue. The aspirin companies fought, and the FTC withdrew the complaints—only to try again, with more complaints. And again, with more. And again. The FTC and some of the parties were still sending reams of photocopied documents to the Supreme Court well into the 1980s, when the first replacements for the first lawyers had long since been replaced and few indeed could recall exactly why and how the first complaints had been brought.

But even as the FTC cases contributed to the growth in Xerox's stock, the focus of attention switched to another American Home battle, this one a decade-long series of suits involving Johnson & Johnson, the makers of Tylenol, in which each company accused the other of deceiving the public through false advertising. One of the suits is so grandiose in scale that it has been split into three separate subsuits, merely one of which involved an attempt by Johnson & Johnson to collect $1.1 billion from American Home for its allegedly pernicious actions—such actions, of course, being mainly the sale and advertising of Anacin in ways that made Johnson & Johnson unhappy.

We were amazed by the records of these multiple battles when we stumbled across them a while ago. Indeed, we came to realize that the tale of the analgesic wars provides a pocket history of advertising in America, a case study in government regulation which should be dispiriting to those who believe in its efficiency, and a picture of entrepreneurial drive that should give pause to those who want to see more of it. When we called American Home to elicit Laporte's reaction to our enthusiasm, the switchboard operator said she would put us right through. A man with a growly voice picked up the phone.

GROWLY VOICE: Yeah?

ASPIRIN REPORTERS: (startled) Mr. Laporte? Hello, we're doing a story for—

G.V.: I don't talk to press-titutes.

A.R.: (slow on uptake) Huh? Prostitutes?

G.V.: *Press*-titutes! Get it? *Press*-titutes! [*Click.*]

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The Empire Built of Headaches

TO COPE WITH THEIR headaches our ancestors tried a variety of remedies, ranging from mudpacks to the ministrations of a spiritually inclined person who chanted and threw colored dust on the fire. Even in the eighteenth century treatment remained primitive. If you were unlucky, your splitting headache might be treated by the application of a leech to lessen the "pressure" on your brain. One folk remedy, however, did work: the bark of the white willow tree, *Salix alba*. Since Hippocrates people have been championing the virtues of chewing willow bark, the most widely noted such incident having occurred in 1763, when one Edward Stone, a clergyman in Chipping-Norton, Oxfordshire, reported that he had persuaded fifty feverish people to take some powdered willow bark in water, tea, or beer, to what is now called antipyretic effect—their fevers went away. The pace of scientific research being more leisurely then than now, some six decades passed before chemists managed to isolate the active ingredient. It became clear that willow bark is chockablock with salicin, which is not far, chemically speaking, from salicylic acid, which in turn is closely related to acetylsalicylic acid, $CH_3COOC_6H_4COOH$, also known as the pain reliever doctors recommend most.

As the name indicates, salicylic acid is an acid—and, it happens, a fairly strong one. European users who bought bottles of it in the late nineteenth century had to wash it down with something else to avoid burning their mouths and throats, and once down the hatch the drug gave people the impression that their bellies were "crawling with ants." By the standards of our era, salicylic acid was an unsatisfactory means of pain relief: it cured your headache, lowered your fever, and eased the aches of your arthritic fingers, but it also made you violently sick to your stomach.

Despite its unpleasant side effects, salicylic acid was sufficiently popular that in the 1890s a fertilizer, dye, and explosives firm, Friedrich Bayer & Company, assigned several researchers to look for a more palatable version of it. (This was not the American Bayer, which did not yet exist, but a German firm, pronounced *By*-er.) One of the Bayer researchers was a dye chemist named Felix Hoffmann, whose father, according to legend, was cruelly afflicted with rheumatism. The old man is said to have taken so much salicylic acid that he developed horrible ulcers; he begged young Felix to find him some relief. Hoffmann searched the literature and discovered that, years before, an Alsatian chemist had "acetylated" salicylic acid, which process rendered it much less acidic. After making up his own acetylsalicylic acid, he found that first he and then his father could take the stuff without harm.

THE ILLUSION THAT ANACIN IS SUBSTANTIALLY DIFFERENT FROM OTHER ASPIRIN PRODUCTS CAN BE FOSTERED ONLY THROUGH THE USE OF WHAT MARK TWAIN CALLED "STRETCHERS"

Excited, young Hoffmann passed the discovery on to his supervisor, Heinrich Dreser, the head of Bayer's industrial pharmacological laboratory, for further testing. Dreser had previously developed a substitute for morphine, the potent anesthetic, which was regarded as undesirable because it was addictive. Dreser called his new product Heroin. Heroin proved fabulously popular among doctors, many of whose patients came back for repeat doses, and pharmaceutical houses distributed thousands of free samples. Dreser studied acetylsalicylic acid and published his results in 1899, without so much as a word about Hoffmann. The drug was christened "aspirin."

The simplest explanation for aspirin's huge and immediate worldwide success is that it was one of the first patent medicines that worked and did not have a host of nasty side effects. Within a decade aspirin was being stocked by pharmacies from Moscow to Minneapolis, and the Bayer family had become rich beyond measure. Dreser received a royalty from Bayer for any new product that he developed. His royalty for aspirin grew so large that he was able to retire early. Hoffmann was apparently less fortunate. His contract with Bayer provided him with a royalty on any invention of his that was patented, but the failure of aspirin to win a patent in Germany seems to have blocked him from getting rich on it.

Bayer was part of the Dreibund, a big German chemical cartel. To stay competitive in the U.S. chemical market, most cartel members manufactured chemicals in German factories and staffed their small American offices with salespeople only—the type of salespeople who, as one history delicately puts it, "did not shrink from unscrupulous marketing methods." In 1916 the Dreibund became part of the Interessengemeinschaft der deutschen Teerfar-

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benfabriken, an even bigger German chemical cartel then regarded in this country with the sort of warmth and approval that is today awarded to OPEC. The Bayer family had grandiose plans. With aspirin profits they built a factory complex in upstate New York, which sprawled over an astonishing seventy-five acres, the biggest such complex in the nation and the envy of rivals in the chemical industry including Herbert Dow and T. Coleman du Pont. In 1916 Bayer had sales of more than $6 million—a fortune for the time. It was the Empire Built of Headaches.

Bayer's hold on the U.S. analgesic market was ended by the First World War. In 1917 Congress passed the Trading With the Enemy Act, which allowed the government to confiscate and auction enemy-owned property. (The proceeds were to be returned to the original owners after the war; unsurprisingly, payments were slow—extremely slow.) The transfer of Bayer's ownership was supervised in December of 1918 by the newly appointed Alien-Property Custodian, A. Mitchell Palmer, who later became Attorney General and gained notoriety as the leader of the "Palmer raids," which imprisoned some 3,000 hapless aliens and "subversives" (including Emma Goldman) during the Red Scare of 1919–1921. After lively bidding from half a dozen firms, the business was bought for $5.3 million by the Sterling Products Company, of Wheeling, West Virginia. A big patent-medicine outfit that was started in 1900 to sell a now-forgotten salve called Neuralgine throughout the West Virginia countryside, Sterling was willing to pay more for Bayer—the pronunciation was Americanized in this period to *Bay*-er—than such well-known firms as Du Pont and Paine, Webber. The price was a good one, for over the years Sterling, too, made a fortune from Bayer Aspirin, despite the expiration of the original U.S. patent on the drug in 1917 and the loss of the trademark "aspirin" in 1921.

In view of the money involved, Sterling was willing to face head-on the downside of the analgesic industry: bitter competition. By the 1930s more than a thousand brands of pure aspirin were being sold, together with an unknown number of compounds of aspirin and such other drugs as quinine and caffeine. One of the most prominent competitors was Anacin, which in the 1920s was bought from its creator by some people who knew about advertising. Sales increased in that decade almost a hundredfold as An-A-Cin (its sometime name) proclaimed itself a product that could be "administered to otherwise normal children for prompt relief." Other, more fanciful claims attracted challenges from the American Dental Association and the Food and Drug Administration; Anacin survived them, and in 1930 was bought again, this time by American Home.

Created as a holding company for the makers of household, chemical, and pharmaceutical products, such as Hill's Cascara Quinine and Petrolagar, an unguent of alleged medicinal properties, American Home was comfortable with the aggressive promotional style of Anacin. Indeed, the drug ran afoul of the Federal Trade Commission in 1944 for its familiar claim that Anacin was a special "combination of highly proven and active ingredients," the implication being that Anacin was different from (and better than) aspirin. The FTC, however, dismissed the case on the curious grounds that the Anacin Company had been officially dissolved, even though its parent company, American Home, remained sufficiently intact that twenty years later the FTC would haul it into court on more or less the same charges. American Home should not be unfairly singled out, however; the FTC went after many aspirin companies, including Sterling Products, which advertised in the 1930s that "anyone can take Bayer" at any dose, for "it cannot possibly hurt you." The company also alleged that aspirin could be used as a sleeping pill.

When Laporte became the president of American Home, the company adopted the lowest of low profiles. It never marketed products under its own name (Anacin, for instance, being sold by Whitehall Laboratories), had no public-relations staff, and even had the switchboard in its headquarters answer the phone with the telephone number rather than the name of the company.

The low profile did not extend to the company's products. In 1960 American Home spent more than twelve million pre-inflationary dollars to trumpet the marvels of Anacin.

> ANNOUNCER:. . . Anacin has a combination of ingredients to relieve pain fast, calm jittery nerves fast, relax tension fast!
> WOMAN: (sigh of complete relief) What relief!
> ANNOUNCER: Anacin for fast, fast relief!

Anacin was by no means alone. That year its principal competitors, Bufferin, St. Joseph's, and Bayer, spent more than $17 million on similar advertising. Bufferin, another aspirin product, claimed that it was "twice as fast as aspirin." St. Joseph's said that it was "faster than other leading pain relief tablets." And Bayer insisted that it brought "fastest relief!" With so many mutually exclusive claims on television, it is a wonder that it took so long for any of the companies to get into serious trouble.

Philosophical Interlude

"WHAT IS TRUTH?" PILATE ASKED, AND PROVIDED grist for the mills of philosophers ever since. In our day few have wrestled harder with the devils of epistemology than the people charged with figuring out exactly when an advertisement is telling the truth. Advertisements persuade and sway, impress and influence, and every now and then they use, in the words of a judge on the Second Circuit Court of Appeals, statements "acknowledged to be literally true and grammatically correct [that] nevertheless [have] a tendency to mislead, confuse or deceive." Consider, for example, a well-known commercial for Tylenol, the brand of acetaminophen made by Johnson & Johnson. The actress Susan Sullivan, of *Falcon Crest*, says, "Last year hospitals dispensed ten times as much Tylenol as the next four brands combined. If hospitals use Tylenol, shouldn't you?" The claim is per-

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fectly accurate, although the hospitals choose Tylenol not least because Johnson & Johnson supplies it to them so cheap that they are in effect paid to use it. It seems possible, however, that a viewer might gather that hospitals use Tylenol instead of the next four brands solely because it is more effective. Does that mean the advertisement is untruthful in some broader sense? If the answer is yes, this implies that truth is in the eyes and ears of the beholder. But are beholders skeptical or credulous? Is an ad false if it hoodwinks a blockhead but is transparent to brain surgeons and rocket scientists?

Such questions are by no means rhetorical; in a hermeneutic exercise worthy of Heidegger and Husserl, American Home Products decided that the Johnson & Johnson ad, though correct, was not true—and sued. At the same time, American Home was running a commercial for its product Anacin-3. The Anacin-3 commercial claimed that hospitals "recommend acetaminophen, the aspirin-free pain reliever in Anacin-3, more than any other pain reliever." Here, too, the claim was accurate. In fact, it was the same claim that Johnson & Johnson made in its commercial, for the analgesic dispensed by hospitals is, of course, Tylenol. Does that mean that the American Home ad was not true? (Johnson & Johnson thought so; it countersued.) Does it also mean that if American Home Products had won its suit, the company should have been forced to yank its own ad off the air?

The FTC Steps In (And Around)

ESTABLISHED IN THE TRUST-BUSTING ATMOSPHERE of 1914, the Federal Trade Commission is charged with preventing "unfair or deceptive acts or practices in commerce," which means, among other things, ensuring that America's advertisers—such as the analgesic companies—do not deceive the public. (Originally the FTC was supposed to protect competition, not the consumer directly. This led to aberrations like *FTC* v. *Raladam*, in which the agency sued a firm that sold an obesity cure made of "desiccated thyroid" and other substances that would, the company claimed, safely melt away excess flesh. Although the medicine was bogus and even dangerous, the FTC lost the case, because every other obesity cure was quackery too, and thus there had been no harm to competition. The entire industry was allowed to continue blithely making false claims.) Throughout most of the agency's history liberal critics have used words like "lax" and "slipshod" when describing its enforcement policies, and business executives have regularly decried the FTC as "oppressive." All of these adjectives can be used to characterize the agency's treatment of aspirin, which has ended up playing an astonishingly large role in the evolution of the FTC's regulations concerning false advertising.

An FTC advertising case today begins when staff attorneys decide that an ad is false or misleading, which may happen in any number of ways. Famously, a lawyer in the Seattle bureau attempted to charge a parka company with fraud after spending a night in the mountains wearing his parka and concluding that the company's claim that wearers could do just that without getting cold was false. The staff then presents the case to the five Commissioners of the FTC, who act as a grand jury. If the Commissioners decide the charges are well grounded, they vote to file a complaint. Most companies then give up and agree to a cease-and-desist order. But if the company decides to fight, the case then proceeds to an administrative law judge, another FTC employee, who listens to testimony, makes findings of fact, and ultimately hands down a decision. No matter what the judge's decision, the losing party invariably appeals—to the Federal Trade Commission. A company can later appeal its case in federal court, but the courts routinely defer to the commission's expertise in false-advertising matters, and the company rarely wins. If you find it peculiar that in America the same party should seem to serve as grand jury, prosecutor, judge, and appellate court, your surprise mirrors that of many businesses confronted with the FTC for the first time; you would probably not be reassured to learn that the FTC sometimes loses in its own court.

The crest of the first wave of analgesic cases occurred from 1934 to 1938, when the FTC issued complaints against no fewer than thirteen aspirin makers. To modern ears the ads have a certain familiarity. "Best's Aspirin. . . *the* Aspirin your doctor prescribes." "Lord's Aspirin . . . a speed hitherto unknown in the relief of pain." The FTC fought with these people for years, and then, what with the Second World War, all but forgot about aspirin until the end of the Eisenhower Administration, although there was still some skirmishing over Anacin.

Even by the somnambulent standards of the Reagan era the FTC of the fifties was a poky place; the volumes of *FTC Decisions* remained slim, and the agency spent much of its resources checking up on fur and textile labels. One would never have guessed that the claims for analgesics being made on television had once been the object of rigorous government scrutiny. Hammers pounded in heads as Anacin provided the best pain relief, little *a*s of aspirin and little *b*s of Bufferin chased one another through people's stomachs as Bufferin provided the best pain relief, and nine out of ten doctors recommended Bayer, which also provided the best pain relief.

Eventually the irreconcilable claims of the aspirin manufacturers stirred the FTC to act. In 1960 it commissioned two research physicians in Baltimore, Louis Lasagna and Thomas J. DeKornfeld, to evaluate the efficacy of five brands of aspirin: Anacin, Bayer, Bufferin, Excedrin, and St. Joseph's. The doctors investigated, and concluded that there was no significant difference among these types of aspirin, although all had higher "pain-relief scores" than the placebos given to some test subjects. With this data in hand, the FTC brought its 1961 suit against American Home Products, Sterling Drug, Bristol-Myers, and Plough—and quickly discovered that the case was much messier than the lawyers had initially thought.

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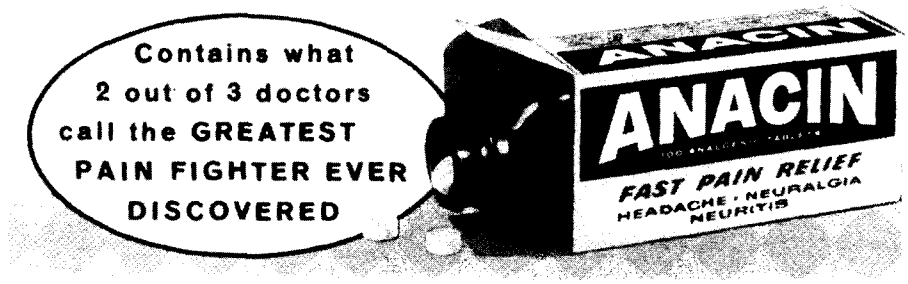
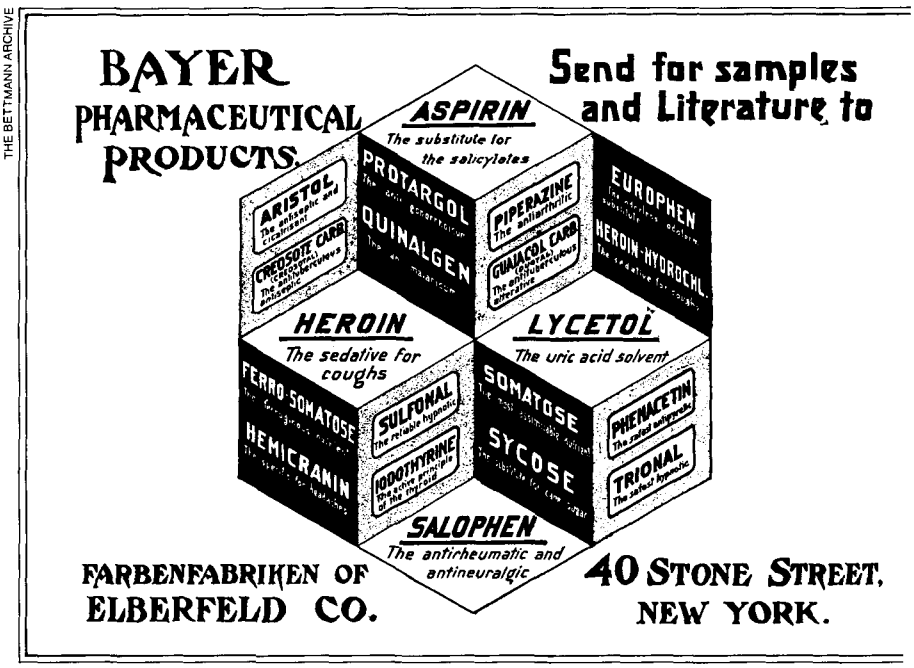


BUFFERIN®
acts twice as fast as aspirin!

The pain reliever doctors recommend most: Details from vintage aspirin advertisements dating from the First World War (Bayer Pharmaceutical Products, below) through the 1960s (Anacin, above and far right)

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



TYPICAL OF THE COMPANIES' REACTIONS WAS THAT of Bristol-Myers, the New York–based conglomerate that *Forbes* once described as living on "headaches, hair, and BO." Sued for its ad claims about Bufferin and Excedrin, the company responded to FTC subpoenas by inundating the understaffed agency with a stack of paper more than twenty-three feet tall, while its brilliant lawyer, Gilbert Weil, complained about the impossible burdens the government was imposing on it. Stunned, the FTC put the case against the four companies on "suspense" in June of 1962, and eventually withdrew it altogether before trial—one of the few times the agency had ever made such an about-face. When Lasagna and DeKornfeld published their work, that December, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Weil demanded within ten days that the FTC make the two men available for what might be called preventive depositions, in order to grill them before their memories faded. The commission denied the motion, arguing that no grounds existed for the issuance of subpoenas, there being no active case.

To the chagrin of the FTC, Sterling Drug now capitalized on the Lasagna-DeKornfeld study by proclaiming across the land that a "government-supported medical team" had revealed in a "highly authoritative journal" that "Bayer Aspirin brings relief that is as fast, as strong, and as gentle to the stomach as you can get"—in other words, that Bayer was just as good as its competitors. The FTC was outraged. The study that it had hoped would be a weapon against analgesic ads was now being used in an analgesic ad. The commission sued Sterling—and lost. Judges at the district and appellate levels turned down the agency's request for a preliminary injunction.

Humiliated by the collapse of its original complaint and the subsequent loss to Sterling in court, the commission's

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Don't Pay Twice The Price Of Bayer Aspirin For ASPIRIN "IN DISGUISE"!

What is aspirin "in disguise"?... a pain relieving product that attempts to belittle straight aspirin yet combines aspirin with such non-pain relievers as aluminum compounds, magnesium carbonate, or baking soda—and it costs *you twice the price* of Bayer Aspirin!

Why pay more for extra ingredients that can't relieve pain? Instead, get Bayer Aspirin. It's *all* pain reliever—100%—and medical science has never discovered a safer and more effective pain relieving agent!

What do DOCTORS do for TENSE, NERVOUS HEADACHES?

A SURVEY SHOWS 3 OUT OF 4 DOCTORS RECOMMEND THE INGREDIENTS IN ANACIN®

lawyers switched to a different strategy. Besides attacking individual companies, the FTC can declare particular types of advertising to be "unfair or deceptive" and then sue any company that fails to heed the "trade regulation rule." (If this sounds like an abridgement of free speech, that's because it is; false statements in advertising, unlike false statements in journalism, are given little protection by the First Amendment.) The advantage of such rules, in the eyes of the commission, is that companies can be fined immediately for their violations. Ordinarily a company is allowed "one bite of the apple"—that is, the first violation brings a cease-and-desist order but no fine. In July of 1967 the agency proposed to outlaw any advertisement that "represents that any analgesic effects resulting from the use of such product are faster, stronger, or longer lasting than those achieved by the use of a competitive product. . . ."

Bristol-Myers was the first to strike back. It attacked the constitutionality of the procedure for making trade-regulation rules, and then, after the FTC put into the record thirty-three scientific papers as evidence for its contention that the current crop of ads were bogus, Weil requested the power to subpoena the forty-four authors of the papers and "all matters relating to the contents of said articles," the latter being defined generously enough to include practically everything each scientist had seen or heard since third grade. The company also requested all files produced by the FTC staff investigation. When the agency refused to turn them over, Bristol-Myers sued under the Freedom of Information Act—and won. Bristol-Myers's victory came at the same time that the commission was rethinking its strategy yet again. It withdrew its proposed rule and declared its intent to scrutinize analgesic advertising on a company-by-company basis, putting everything back to square one.

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IN THE MIDDLE OF THESE PROCEEDINGS RALPH NADER and his associates issued their first critique of a regulatory agency. "They picked the biggest, fattest target they could find," Robert Pitofsky, formerly at the FTC and now the dean of Georgetown University Law Center, told us recently. "They picked the FTC, which may actually have had the honor then of being the worst, slowest bureaucracy on Capitol Hill." After Nader's team described the FTC's performance as "shockingly poor," President Nixon appointed an American Bar Association committee to look at the agency; the ABA report, issued in September of 1969, said much the same thing, although in more diplomatic language.

Nixon rewarded the committee head, Miles Kirkpatrick, by making him chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, in 1970. Kirkpatrick in turn hired the committee counsel, Pitofsky, to be the head of the newly created Bureau of Consumer Protection. "The incentives for advertisers to lie then were very great," Pitofsky said. "The government was doing practically nothing, effective self-regulation didn't exist, and comparative advertising wasn't allowed by the networks—the advertisements were a free-fire zone. One oil company was claiming that if you used its gasoline your car would pull a locomotive up a hill. The airwaves were full of the most blatant lies."

Kirkpatrick and Pitofsky hired a cadre of activist lawyers and told them to drag in some of the big boys. They did. America's corporations were stunned by the fury of the new, demonic Federal Trade Commission. FTC lawyers worked day and night, and scores of lawyers found themselves having to defend advertisements their clients had run for years without regulatory flak. "We did dozens of these big cases," Pitofsky said. "The last of that series was the analgesic cases. Obviously, we never dreamed what would happen with them."

What happened is that the analgesic cases were shipwrecked on the reefs of epistemology. Until 1970 the agency had declared ads false when they were proved factually untrue. This definition was too small-minded for the new-model Federal Trade Commission. That year it sued Pfizer, a pharmaceutical company, over a commercial for Un-Burn, an ointment said to "anesthetize nerves" in sunburned skin, because Pfizer lacked adequate substantiation for the claims in that commercial. In other words, the commercial's claim was deemed false not because it was untrue but because Pfizer had no evidence to support it. Bizarrely, the "Pfizer doctrine" implies that a company could be convicted for false advertising even if upon later investigation the commercial turns out to be true. Truth is no longer an absolute defense, as it is in libel cases, and the truth or falsity of an advertisement no longer depends solely on whether it is true or false.

If you think the Pfizer doctrine sounds vague, you're not alone. The FTC lawyers who had looked to the decision in the Pfizer case for a precise definition of adequate substantiation were horrified when it was handed down and failed to provide any. The lawyers had argued for a straightforward definition of appropriate support for advertising claims: adequate, well-controlled scientific studies. The commission bought the argument that commercials had to have what it called "a reasonable basis" but rejected the definition provided by the FTC lawyers and failed to give one of its own.

David Bickart, the young lawyer Pitofsky charged with writing the aspirin complaints, thus had little to go on. Abandoning the reasonable-basis standard for the nonce, he decided to go after the analgesic makers on the ground that there was a "substantial question" in the scientific community about the correctness of their claims. By failing to disclose the scientific disagreement over the comparative effectiveness of various aspirin brands, he argued, aspirin ads were deceptive. By this logic they were just as deceptive as used-car sales pitches would be if they failed to disclose defective brakes or bad paint jobs. Going on this theory, the commission served American Home, Bristol-Myers, and Sterling Drug with similar complaints early in 1973.

Of the enormous number of commercials the FTC challenged, the one we liked best came from Bristol-Myers. Called "New Housing," it shows a minor housing official about to tell an old couple that they are going to be kicked out of their condemned rental apartment in less than a week. Upset at the coming confrontation, the housing official gets a headache, the kind of headache that afflicts "sensitive people." He pops two Bufferin. In moments he is calm and smiling. He is able to give the old folks the straight poop.

HOUSING OFFICIAL: That's the way it is. So you'll have to be out by Thursday.

OLD MAN: You know, our kids were born right here.

That's their tough luck. Our man has gotten through this scene, thanks to Bufferin. The announcer says, "Bufferin. For sensitive people. It's much better than plain aspirin." (The claim in the last sentence is what irritated the FTC; there is no law against bad taste.)

AFTER MUCH SKIRMISHING, THE LAWYERS FOR ALL parties began pre-trial hearings before Administrative Law Judge William Jackson. It soon became obvious that the judge—"a relic from the fifties," Bickart said to us—didn't buy the "substantial question" approach. He seemed to delight in taunting the FTC lawyers about the vagueness of their new standard. In addition, Jackson slapped each of the three proceedings with an order protecting trade secrets which prevented any of the agency lawyers working on one case from talking to those working on the others. The order split the small office into three malfunctioning parts and brought work on the case to a standstill. Furious, Bickart and his subordinates decided to wait until Jackson's retirement and hope for a more supportive jurist. "We played four-corners for eighteen months," he recalled. "It was galling."

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In 1975 the case was assigned to Administrative Law Judge Montgomery K. Hyun, who quickly lifted Jackson's protective order and allowed the FTC lawyers to proceed as planned, which didn't get them very far. "Gil Weil, at Bristol-Myers, was the most litigious lawyer I ever met," one FTC lawyer told us. "He was a master of the collateral suit." With the FTC using a novel legal standard, Weil had a field day; some of the FTC legal staff members even worried that he would be able to get the case thrown out of court. "The odd thing," a lawyer involved in the case said, "was that Bristol-Myers did more research than anybody else. They were fighting on procedural grounds, but they actually had some—but, the FTC thought, not enough—basis for their claims. Excedrin had one very well controlled clinical study that for years nobody could figure out how to crack." Great was the glee of the agency staff when after great effort they discovered in Bristol-Myers's files a big, expensive clinical study that, Judge Hyun concluded, could not "reject the hypothesis that aspirin is *more* potent than Excedrin. . . ." (our emphasis). Further, the study was, the judge wrote, "more precise and reliable" than the studies that supposedly provided substantiation for some of Bristol-Myers's advertising.

"American Home," the lawyer told us, "didn't have a thing. They had a study comparing Anacin with Darvon, which supposedly was the grounds for their ad that Anacin was as strong as the 'leading prescription pain reliever.' It was ridiculous—they gave the drugs right out of the box. 'Here's some stupid Darvon. You think it's as good as good old reliable Anacin? Ten bucks for your answer.' Plus they gave people Anacin in capsule form and Darvon in pill form. Well, there's a well-known placebo effect in that people think capsules are stronger than pills, and they constructed the whole study to take advantage of that. We killed it in ten minutes.

"And Sterling, which had a little bit of substantiation, was out there saying that nothing was better than Bayer aspirin, but it was also making Vanquish to compete with Excedrin and saying that Vanquish was better than aspirin." One of the two claims had to be incorrect, and the FTC team thought that the company must be aware of it. "Incredibly, we lost," the lawyer said. In theory, two companies with similar products can have substantiation for inconsistent claims about the relative merits of those products. The commission argued that to disallow a third firm, which sells two products, from making the same kind of claims with the same kind of substantiation would produce "an anomalous result." And so Bayer won.

By 1977, when the first joint hearings on the analgesic cases took place, Michael Pertschuk had become the chief commissioner and the FTC had entered what people now call its radical phase. Pertschuk had been the staff director for the Senate Commerce Committee when most consumer-protection legislation had been passed. He pressed for sweeping changes in the conduct of American business, especially in the part of the economy that sold sugar-coated cereals and other sweets to kids.

The aspirin cases were lost in the hoopla. Hangovers from the Nixon Administration, they trudged through the Ford and Carter Administrations in a morass of hearings, motions, countermotions, filings, briefs, appeals, subpoenas, depositions, and lectures on medical evidence, until they finally came under the aegis of Reagan's first chief commissioner, James C. Miller III, a celebrator of the free market who stood in relation to Pertschuk as matter stands to anti-matter. By that time successive waves of false-advertising cases had led the FTC to clarify its "reasonable-basis" standard. The agency's lawyers decided that maybe the analgesic cases should be tried under the Pfizer doctrine after all.

The first case to come before the commission, American Home, ended in 1981 with one of the last decisions written by Pertschuk, and it sent chills down the company's spine. American Home's order required it to reveal at last that Anacin's active ingredient was aspirin whenever the firm made a claim about the product's performance. By the time the other two cases were to be decided, Miller was firmly in charge, and the cases were in the hands of a man who often wore a tie adorned with small portraits of Adam Smith. The final orders imposed on Bristol-Myers and Sterling, in February of 1983, were considerably less onerous than the one given to American Home. American Home naturally sought to modify its order. It succeeded—three times. The last modification, in June of 1984, made its order equivalent to those given the other two companies. Twenty-three years after Lasagna and DeKornfeld, American Home had at great expense affirmed its basic right not to reveal its principal ingredient.

The companies were less than delighted by their victory. The war had been draining, and they had shuffled paper through the 1970s and 1980s with rising bitterness. "Here we were fighting this endless *thing*," one former Sterling Drug lawyer told us. "And the whole business was getting increasingly removed from reality, because Tylenol suddenly started beating the pants off aspirin in the market, and nobody gave a hoot anymore about aspirin anyway." The era of the really big lawsuits was just getting under way.

Tylenol Rises

IN LATE 1976 WAYNE NELSON, THE PRESIDENT OF McNeil Consumer Products, the subsidiary of Johnson & Johnson that makes Tylenol, saw an Anacin commercial and became unsurpassingly annoyed.

> SQUARE-JAWED SPOKESMAN: Your body knows the difference between these pain relievers [brandishes bottles of Tylenol and other acetaminophen products] and Adult Strength Anacin [brandishes Anacin]. For pain other than headache Anacin reduces the inflammation that often comes with pain. These [points to acetaminophen bottles] do not. . . . Anacin reduces that inflammation as Anacin relieves pain fast. These do not. Take Adult Strength Anacin.

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The ordinary listener might have been struck by the near-incomprehensible syntax; one can read the sentence "For pain other than headache Anacin reduces the inflammation that often comes with pain" several times without causing it to discharge its precise informational content. But Wayne Nelson's attention, and subsequently that of the federal judiciary, was drawn less to the content of the advertisement than to what it did not contain. "Anacin reduces that inflammation as Anacin relieves pain fast," said American Home Products. "These [the acetaminophen products] do not." Do not *what*? To Nelson, it sounded as if American Home Products was saying that Tylenol did not relieve pain fast. And that, Nelson said later, "was just plain false, and they *knew* it." American Home Products, in Nelson's considered opinion, would "say or do *anything* to get an extra buck."

ELEVEN YEARS, DOZENS OF MARKET-RESEARCH REPORTS, HUNDREDS OF WITNESSES, AND THOUSANDS OF PAGES OF TRANSCRIPT LATER, THE PARTIES ARE STILL BATTLING

A silver-haired, strikingly handsome man, Nelson is often described by the term "marketing genius." He began his adult life in journalism school but decided he'd rather do things himself than write about other people doing things, and went into business. He joined Johnson & Johnson in 1971, sixteen years after McNeil became the first American company to sell acetaminophen, under the name of Tylenol, and twelve years after Johnson & Johnson acquired McNeil. By that time acetaminophen, like aspirin, had a long and inglorious history. The analgesic properties of acetaminophen had been discovered in 1886, before the synthesis of aspirin, when an Alsatian pharmacist mistakenly filled a prescription for two doctors with acetanilide, a substance made by mixing vinegar and aniline. The two doctors noticed that their patients' fevers went down. Three years later a German chemist named Karl Morner discovered that the body converts acetanilide to acetaminophen, which, we now know, is what actually made the fevers go down and headaches go away. Morner's discovery was ignored, and pharmacists sold acetanilide mixtures as cure-alls, despite their occasional inducement of an unpleasant side effect—death. In the early years of this century acetanilide fought aspirin on store shelves under dozens of peculiar sobriquets: U-Re-Ka Headache Powders, Telephone Headache Tablets, Falck's One-Minute Headache Cure, "Funny-how-quick" Headache and Neuralgia Cure ("Does Not Stupefy, But Braces One Up"), and The Infallible Headache Tablet, a mixture of acetanilide and caffeine that styled itself an "infallible cure" for something called "bighead." One acetanilide brand, the whimsically named Harper's CUFORHEDAKE BRANEFUDE, won the honor of being the subject of the first drug case brought under the 1906 Food and Drug Act. Word seems to have eventually got around that aspirin was easier on the system than acetanilide, and sales of acetanilide products dropped steadily.

There the matter remained until 1951, when scientists at McNeil Laboratories, a small prescription-drug outfit in Fort Washington, Pennsylvania, heard of acetaminophen, which by then had been synthesized and investigated by researchers in Europe. McNeil studied the drug, realized that it was much less likely to give children an upset stomach than aspirin was, and obtained FDA approval to market Children's Tylenol Elixir in June of 1955. It was first sold in a small red plastic fire truck. (The names acetaminophen and Tylenol both come, tortuously, from the chemical name for the drug, N-acetyl-*p*-aminophenol.) Since Tylenol was McNeil's only over-the-counter product, McNeil marketed it to adults like a prescription drug, telling doctors about its properties and asking them to recommend it to aspirin-sensitive patients. Doctors apparently did as they were asked, and annual sales of Tylenol slowly rose to $50 million by 1974. The following year the brand had acquired a more than 10 percent share of the analgesic market, despite having spent just $1.1 million on national advertising over the past decade, in addition to direct mailings to doctors. (In contrast, Anacin spent $226 million in the same period.) Then came Wayne Nelson.

NELSON WAS CALLED TO MCNEIL FROM JOHNSON & Johnson's corporate headquarters after Bristol-Myers decided to go after Tylenol's market share. Although Bristol-Myers already made the pain relievers Bufferin and Excedrin, which it described as the most effective in existence, it was eager to make another. In early 1975 Tylenol was selling at $2.85 for a hundred tablets, and Bristol-Myers decided to sell the same thing at a lower

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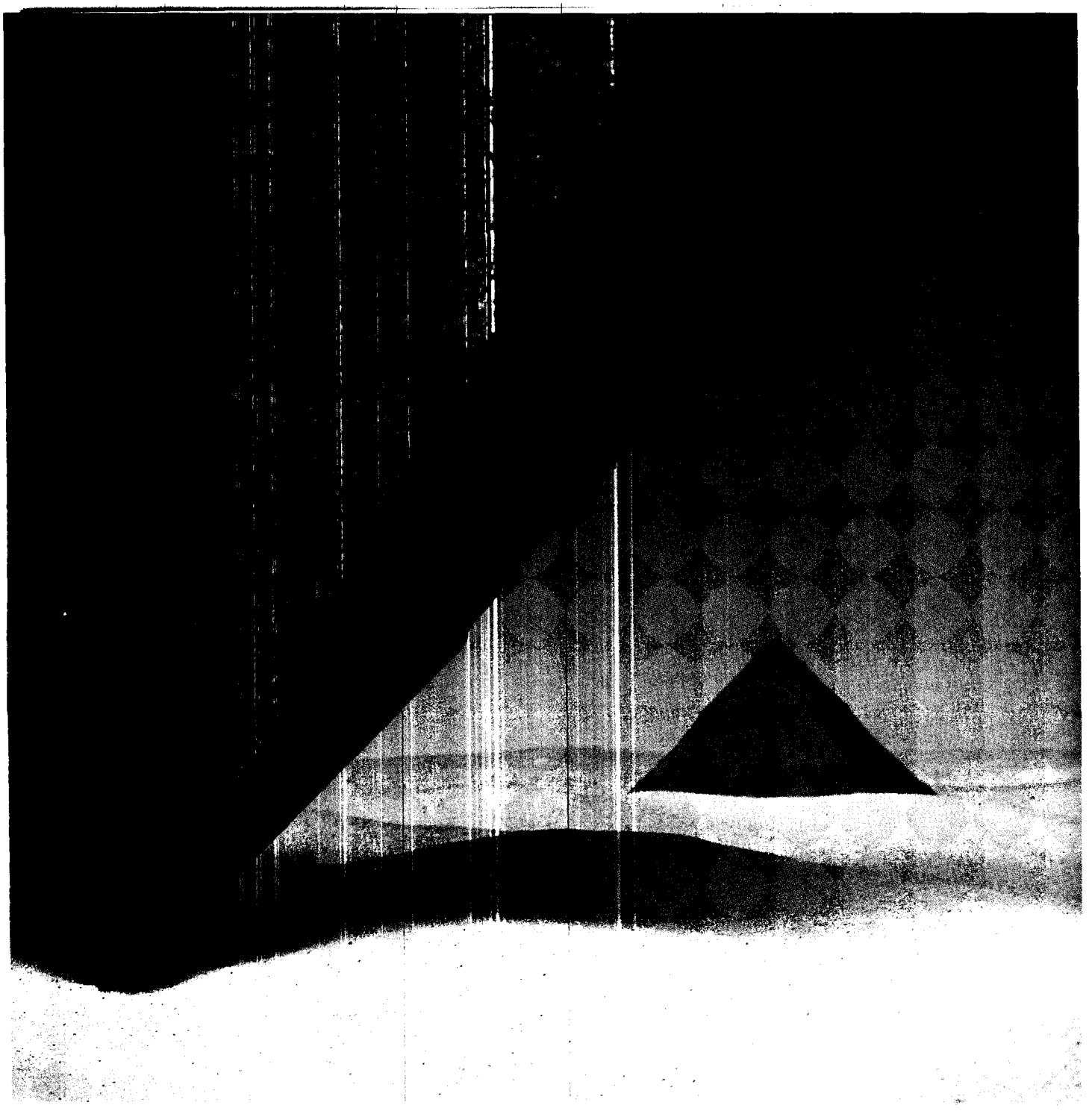

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price. Because nobody had ever heard of acetaminophen, the company introduced its new product, Datril, by explaining to TV viewers in test markets in Albany, New York, and Peoria, Illinois, that it was the same as Tylenol but cost a dollar less. In both test markets Tylenol's market share fell by half in eight months.

That June, Bristol-Myers launched Datril nationally, spending nearly a million a month on promotion for the next quarter. Nelson arrived at McNeil on July 1, and fought back the way anyone would have: he cut Tylenol's price by a dollar and complained continually to the networks. After much huffing and puffing, Bristol-Myers was forced to use a different formula: "Datril can cost less than Tylenol. A lot less," and then, after more complaints, "Depending on where you shop, Datril can cost less," and finally, "Compare prices and save money."

At the same time, Tylenol's market share soared. People who had never heard of Tylenol now saw it featured in TV advertising. That some of them were watching advertising for an imitator didn't stop them from trying the original. By the end of 1976, after Bristol-Myers had spent over $11 million on ads, Datril had two percent of the analgesic market but had helped to increase Tylenol's share by more than a third.

Most of the increase was not for regular Tylenol but for the recently introduced Extra-Strength brand, which Nelson pushed because, he told us, "people thought that since Tylenol was easy on the stomach, it wasn't as strong." Magazine advertisements proclaimed, "You can't buy a more potent pain reliever without a prescription."

For most types of pain, the claim is factually correct. Nothing is more potent than the acetaminophen in Extra-

EVERY TUB

The way some of us played cards and some drank
and some of us ran the tiny motors of talk long
into the night—so many needs and habits, don't
you know?—you'd think there'd have been at least
one of us awake at any hour of the night, but then
sometimes I'd wake at dawn and miss the idle
hum that we give off when we're awake and know
as steadily as the bus droned on and sleep
drained out of me I and the driver were the only
ones awake. Even the boss, who used to sit
like a night-light directly back of the driver,
where we couldn't see him in the rear view mirror,
had withdrawn his interest in the world.
Once in northern Oklahoma I saw a sunrise
I'd take to the grave with me if there were room.
It came out of the dark like ground fog, gray
at first, and then metallic pink soaked through
the gray as if a blotter were being saturated
from beneath, and all this time the sun itself
was under the horizon's rim. Then it was orange
and then, as if in triumph and escape,
it spun up at me like a balloon of blood
and in five minutes the sky was stained
a sweet blue every way I looked. It's as hard
to describe now as it was to look at then,
you've got to pay such fierce attention. See,
the reason I'm a musician is Language and I,
we love each other but we never got it on,
so as the saying goes, we're just good friends,
though I surely love to talk. So now it's thirty
minutes after dawn and the guys are waking up.
Their voices are furred by sleep and their joints
grate from sleeping sitting up. Next thing
you know the driver blows a turn and we're far
from the highway, blundered into a pouch
of splendid houses warmed by rich people
sleeping. Now everyone's awake, and the bus
is rife with cries. "Dig it, that house is *my* house."
"Look to your left and right, my man, we've
discovered America." Stuff like that. Then Bo
says with that *I'm crossing the street, don't*
vex me with your stoplights tone in his voice,
"You wrong about America, you have to get in line
to say so. This bus is America." This bus?
I looked around the bus and saw my world,
and smelled the chicken and whiskey and pride
and unchanged socks and bitter jokes.
"This bus don't stop till we're happy," said Bo.
He flicked a dismissive wrist at the sleeping rich:
"They quit." I guess I don't need to tell you
we didn't. I spent thirty-six years on the road
and that dawn I was twenty-four. The driver
sniffed us out of there and on our way.
We got in 2:00 P.M. or so with no gig until 8:00.
The boss meant business but he meant pleasure,
too. Maybe you know the way he told us we were
on our own till 8:00? "Every tub on its own base."

—*William Matthews*

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Strength Tylenol, because all analgesics have the same potency at over-the-counter doses. There's just more of the active ingredient: Extra-Strength Tylenol has half again more acetaminophen than regular Tylenol at half again the price per pill. The citizenry began taking two tablets of the new, bigger version of Tylenol rather than two tablets of the old, neatly restoring to McNeil much of the profit it had lost by cutting the price of regular Tylenol to match that of Datril. By the winter of 1976 Tylenol had overtaken Anacin as the nation's leading analgesic and was well on its way to becoming the biggest-selling health and beauty product in the nation—most of the growth owing to advertising, and much of it owing to someone else's advertising.

THIS, THEN, WAS THE REALM THAT WAYNE NELSON saw threatened by imprecise syntax. American Home Products had pulled out all the stops, spending almost $12 million in 1976 to spread the message that "Anacin stops inflammation as Anacin relieves pain fast."

When a company sees stretchers from the competition, it has four main options. It can protest to the networks, each of which maintains a "standards" department to review the 25,000 commercials that it airs every year. It can complain to the National Advertising Division of the Council of Better Business Bureaus, a self-regulatory group created in 1971 by the advertising industry. (In its first nine years the NAD investigated American Home more than twenty-five times—more than any other company but one.) It can alert the Federal Trade Commission. Finally, it can sue its competitor under Section 43(a) of the Lanham Trademark Act of 1946, which says that "any person who shall . . . use in connection with any goods or services . . . any false description or representation, including words or other symbols tending falsely to describe or represent the same, . . . shall be liable to a civil action . . . by any person who believes that he is or is likely to be damaged by the use of any such false description or representation."

Aggrieved firms usually work their way up the ladder from letters to lawsuits, and this is just what McNeil did, writing to the networks in late December of 1976. In response, ABC forced American Home to change the statement to "Anacin relieves both pain and inflammation fast. These [the acetaminophen products] do nothing for inflammation." CBS and NBC, however, let the original commercial stand. At the same time, Johnson & Johnson protested to the print media and filed a complaint with the National Advertising Division. True to its penchant for hanging tough, American Home saw and raised: On March 21, 1977, it sued Johnson & Johnson for complaining too loudly and too publicly. Saying that the charges hurt business, it demanded a declaratory judgment that its advertisements did not hurt Johnson & Johnson and requested the court to enjoin the other company from making further accusations. On April 6 Johnson & Johnson called and raised. It countersued under the Lanham Act, charging American Home with false advertising, and eventually, in May of 1978, it won.

American Home Products v. *Johnson & Johnson* began what one knowledgeable legal reporter has described as "one of the longest and most ridiculous corporate legal vendettas in recent American history." Half a dozen Lanham Act suits between these two companies have been tried, and several more are in the wings. To distinguish among them, lawyers use Roman numerals: Anacin I, Tylenol II, and so on. Eleven years, dozens of market-research reports, hundreds of witnesses, and thousands of pages of transcript later, the parties are still battling in the fields of the Southern District Court of New York. The court files on the cases are so voluminous that staff members sometimes refuse point-blank to carry them to inquiring reporters. The federal judge involved in the latest series of battles, the long-suffering William C. Conner, has taken to wondering aloud if he is doomed to spend the rest of his days as "the czar of over-the-counter drug advertising," forever adjudicating what one of his decisions has called "an endless war between two titans of the over-the-counter drug industry." Even some of the lawyers seem a little embarrassed, although not enough to forgo their fees.

Impartial Medical Research

IN ANY DISCUSSION OF ADVERTISING FOR OVER-THE-counter drugs a certain question inevitably crops up: To avoid this dispute, why not commission a disinterested party to perform scientific experiments to establish exactly what these drugs can and cannot do, and then say that advertisers can't make claims that have not been scientifically established? Why not, in short, put the question to the authority of impartial medical research?

Headache remedies are particularly difficult to evaluate, because most headaches have no known cause and go away on their own. There's no "headache-ometer" that you can slap on a sufferer's skull to see his pain fall from one level to another, and you can't be sure whether or not the pain would have diminished anyway. People who want to test aspirin (or any other analgesic) on headaches have two unpalatable choices: collect a batch of headache-prone people, wait for them to get headaches, give out the aspirin, and ask if they get more relief from this product on this headache than they did with the last product on the last headache; or try a different kind of pain, like the aftermath of wisdom-tooth extraction, and hope, without much evidence, that relieving wisdom-tooth-extraction pain has something to do with relieving headache pain. As a result, a great fog of uncertainty surrounds the studies concerning brands of aspirin, and one can be found to support almost every point of view.

Nonetheless, the Food and Drug Administration has been given the unenviable duty of finding out just what headache remedies do. Amendments made in 1962 to the

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Food, Drug, and Cosmetics Act charged the agency with investigating the effectiveness of all drugs, including analgesics. Panels of outside experts were to write monographs that would set down the properties of each over-the-counter drug and, by implication, what its makers could say about it.

Inundated with medical evidence supplied by companies, the agency proceeded slowly. Today, sixteen years after the panels were convened, perhaps one quarter of the monographs have been published and the others are moving through the agency at geological speed. The internal-analgesics panel, which evaluated over-the-counter pain relievers, in 1977 published a draft of its final monograph, which stated that aspirin and acetaminophen provided equivalent relief of headache and other minor pain. Analgesic-makers were given one year to present new evidence, after which the final monograph was to be published. Today, years after the internal-analgesics panel was disbanded, the data are still coming in, and the final monograph is but a gleam in regulatory eyes. Adding to the problem, FDA officials say, the present Administration has not encouraged the creation of more regulations on commerce. In the words of one FDA employee, the review of over-the-counter drugs as a whole is likely to be completed "sometime after the next return of Halley's Comet." Until then questions about analgesic advertising apparently will not be settled by recourse to impartial medical research.

The New Player: Ibuprofen

WHEN TYLENOL MADE INROADS ON ASPIRIN, THE aspirin manufacturers struck back. In 1977 W. Clark Wescoe, the chairman of Sterling, watched Bayer's share of the analgesics market slip to a thirty-year low of 10 percent—10 percent for mighty Bayer!—and saw himself faced, like Churchill, with losing battles on many fronts.

The most obvious line of attack—to release its own acetaminophen, which it called Bayer Non-Aspirin Pain Reliever—failed. After decades of hearing that Bayer was pure aspirin, not part aspirin, Americans were befuddled to learn that Bayer was now not aspirin. American Home Products took a different tack. It, too, introduced an acetaminophen product, Anacin-3. Because few consumers knew that Anacin was mostly aspirin, American Home, unlike Bayer, didn't have to worry about confusing people when it put out acetaminophen. But the company's eventual strategy was to beat acetaminophen with something else: ibuprofen, an analgesic discovered in the early 1960s by Stuart Adams, a researcher at the English pharmaceutical company Boots, and marketed in Britain in 1969 as a prescription drug to relieve the pain of arthritis.

Ibuprofen belongs to the same biochemical class as aspirin—non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs—but it has a different chemical formula. Not different enough, however, to make it safe for many people who are sensitive to aspirin. Like aspirin, ibuprofen relieves headaches and has anti-inflammatory power. It may also be more effective for severe, non-headache pain. Boots licensed ibuprofen to Upjohn, which sold it in North America as a prescription drug with the name of Motrin beginning in 1974. By 1983, when Boots began talking about selling ibuprofen over the counter in this country, more than eight billion doses had been sold and ibuprofen was the fourth biggest seller, by volume, among prescription drugs. Unfortunately, Upjohn had blundered badly in its original agreement with Boots; it did not nail down *exclusive* over-the-counter rights to ibuprofen. In the spring of 1983 Boots sold a second set of rights to American Home Products. (Discussions between Boots and Johnson & Johnson never came to fruition.) Faced with the certainty that American Home would put ibuprofen on store shelves—and airwaves—across America, Upjohn was forced to jump into the fiercely competitive world of over-the-counter analgesics.

American Home and Upjohn were in a race against time, because the patent on ibuprofen was set to expire in just two years. If either firm was to seize the over-the-counter market, it would have to placate the less than friendly FDA Arthritis Advisory Committee and win approval to sell the drug before Boots's patents expired and the market was flooded with imitators. The stakes were huge: ibuprofen was expected to take 10 to 15 percent of the market within a year of its appearance. Each percentage point being equivalent to sales of $14 million a year, people stood to gain or lose a lot of money.

The members of the Arthritis Advisory Committee worried that people who couldn't tolerate aspirin would be among those most likely to buy a new non-aspirin headache remedy. They also doubted that American Home, the purveyors of Anacin, would be likely to inform thousands of potential buyers that they should avoid ibuprofen. Nonetheless, on May 18, 1984, the FDA compromised, releasing ibuprofen for over-the-counter sale on the condition that Upjohn and American Home "voluntarily" give the FDA the right to monitor their advertising. Unfortunately, the FDA does not have the legal right to regulate advertising for over-the-counter drugs—that power is reserved to the FTC.

Six days after approval Johnson & Johnson spoke up for the FTC by suing the FDA. Piously disclaiming any desire to "interfere with the launch" of the product, the makers of Tylenol argued that the FDA's action, if unchallenged, might open the door to sweeping, illegal regulation of the entire over-the-counter-drug industry. The judge threw the suit out of court in June of 1985.

While the suit was pending, American Home rushed its ibuprofen brand, Advil, to the shelves. At the last minute Upjohn contracted with Bristol-Myers to market what it called Nuprin, but the delay was fatal; advertising heavily, Advil seized the initiative, and Nuprin quickly became a hugely promoted also-ran—the Datril of the 1980s. Johnson & Johnson pressed its attack by inundating the nation's doctors with mailings comparing a judicious selection of the side effects of Tylenol and ibuprofen, of course

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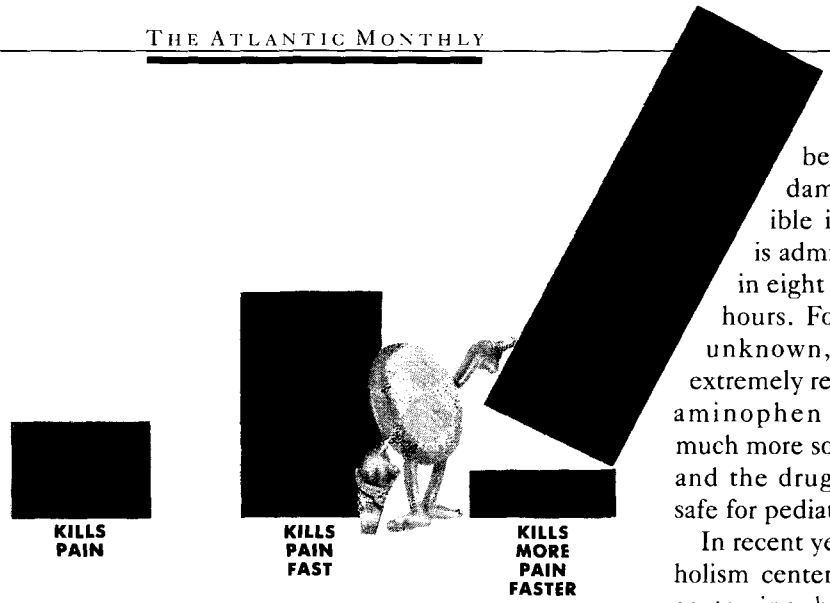
favoring Tylenol. These prompted American Home Products to sue Johnson & Johnson in June of 1985 for false advertising, initiating a new spasm of litigation that has yet to see its end. American Home was further exercised by a Tylenol ad that appeared in medical journals from July to October of 1985. It showed a lush, rosy-cheeked Red Delicious apple. Upon close inspection, however, the apple revealed a flaw: a wormhole surrounded by a dark, icky-looking region. The caption: "Aspirin and Ibuprofen—The Closer You Look . . . Up to 1/3 of newly diagnosed gastric ulcers may be related to aspirin therapy." Although the ulcers were linked only to aspirin, the implication was that ibuprofen could be tarred with the same brush. (It should come as no surprise that the next year Johnson & Johnson began selling its own brand of ibuprofen, Mediprin.)



THE STAKES WERE HUGE: IBUPROFEN WAS EXPECTED TO TAKE 15 PERCENT OF THE MARKET WITHIN A YEAR OF ITS APPEARANCE. PEOPLE STOOD TO GAIN OR LOSE A LOT OF MONEY

Johnson & Johnson countersued, citing a number of American Home advertisements for Anacin, Anacin-3, and Advil. For example, one medical-journal ad claimed that Advil "interacts" (which doctors take to mean interacts unsafely) with fewer drugs than acetaminophen does. Accompanying the claim was a footnote citation: "Data on file, Medical Department, Whitehall Laboratories." Whitehall, as noted, is the subsidiary that makes American Home's analgesics. Upon further investigation at the trial the "data on file" turned out to consist mainly of a few pages in a textbook from Whitehall's library. Unfortunately, as American Home's own expert witness admitted, even these few bits of data failed to support the claim. The trial has come to be known as Tylenol I (except by the Johnson & Johnson lawyers, who prefer to call it "Advil I").

Side Effects

AS ONE MIGHT IMAGINE, MUCH OF TYLENOL I FOCUSED on the safety of aspirin, acetaminophen, and ibuprofen—especially the safety of acetaminophen. Worries about acetaminophen center on its effects on the liver. Whereas aspirin overdose causes vomiting and ringing in the ears, acetaminophen overdose is often initially asymptomatic; the patient doesn't feel bad until the harm has been done. Johnson & Johnson makes an effective and widely available antidote, Mucomyst, and many doctors believe that liver damage is reversible if the antidote is administered within eight to twenty-four hours. For reasons still unknown, children are extremely resistant to acetaminophen poisoning—much more so than adults—and the drug is amazingly safe for pediatric use.

In recent years some alcoholism centers have pulled acetaminophen from their shelves. Toby Litovitz, the chairwoman of the data-collection committee of the American Association of Poison Control Centers, told us, "In the last three to five years concern has focused around chronic alcoholics. There's maybe fifteen million of them, they often have liver disease, and there's been a great deal of controversy in the medical profession about the effects of acetaminophen on alcoholics." The scenario that worries some doctors is that people will fall into the habit of drinking too much, waking up with a hangover, and downing a lot of Tylenol. Because doctors didn't know until relatively recently of the harm that acetaminophen can do to the liver, nobody knows how much alcohol-related liver damage has been exacerbated by acetaminophen.

Analgesic overdoses are common, because analgesics are common: In 1987, according to Litovitz, 14,500 people were treated in hospitals for acetaminophen overdose, and 7,700 were treated for aspirin overdose. (The same year, aspirin caused thirty-five deaths and acetaminophen nineteen, mostly suicides.) Most reports of overdose concerned children, and the higher total for acetaminophen reflects its bigger share of the children's analgesic market. Such overdose data, however, tell little about the relative safety of the drugs for long-term problems like gastric bleeding and liver toxicity. And there is considerably less data on ibuprofen, Litovitz said, "which is part of the reason why they're arguing endlessly about its safety in court."

As Tylenol I dragged on and Judge Conner became better acquainted with the history of the industry, he seemed to worry that he was never going to extricate himself from the clash of the analgesic titans. The Tylenol team and the Anacin and Advil team seemed ready to fight forever, a prospect that the judge described as "dispiriting."

As the claims and counterclaims piled up, Conner trifurcated the trial into what might be called Tylenol I-a, I-b,

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and I-c. Tylenol I-a, the original dispute over advertising, went first; I-b and I-c, which dealt with issues that arose after the suit began, were to follow. The simplest explanation of the long, complex, rather sardonic opinion Conner issued for Tylenol I-a in February of 1987 is that both sides lost—their ads were declared false.

Tylenol I-b centered on Johnson & Johnson's charge that all aspirin labels, including Anacin's, should have carried warnings about Reye syndrome before 1986, when the FDA asked aspirin makers to add them. Reye syndrome is a rare, serious disease that children can develop if they take aspirin when they have flu or chicken pox. After the warning was put on, sales of children's aspirin declined steadily; St. Joseph's, one of the best-known producers, stopped making children's aspirin last February. The switch from children's aspirin was a windfall for Tylenol, but Johnson & Johnson nonetheless demanded $1.1 billion in damages from American Home in Tylenol I-b, because the windfall had not come earlier. The judge ultimately dismissed Johnson & Johnson's suit, in part because that company, as a member of the Proprietary Association, an over-the-counter-drug manufacturers' trade group, had vigorously argued from 1983 to 1985 against precisely the same warnings on the label that it later sued American Home for failing to add. Johnson & Johnson explained that its opposition had been "philosophical."

The damages claim was thrown out with Tylenol I-b, but the floodgates were open. Tylenol I-c concerns damages for Tylenol I-a, and both sides say that they won't back away from the hundreds-of-millions-of-dollars standard of Tylenol I-b. Both sides have not yet informed the court of the exact sums they will seek. Conner's troubles will by no means end with Tylenol I-c. Eight weeks after his final decision on Tylenol I-a, Johnson & Johnson again sued American Home under the Lanham Act, this time for claiming that Advil, "like Tylenol," does not upset the stomach, thus creating Tylenol II. When the overworked Judge Conner granted Tylenol's request for an injunction last December, American Home appealed, losing in May. Meanwhile, the two adversaries embroiled themselves in another Lanham Act suit, Tylenol III, which will be tried when the other suits are out of the way, or after the firms finish adding zeros to their damage figures, or maybe after the next return of Halley's Comet.

Be Still, My Beating Heart

ONCE A MONEY MACHINE, ASPIRIN HAD BECOME AN advertiser's nightmare: an enormously powerful and effective drug that had no aura of glamour or magic; a complex, sophisticated chemical that was associated with the era of black-and-white television sets and non-radial tires. Doctors had for many years known that aspirin could have benefits for the heart, but the drug began a serious comeback only last January, when *The New England Journal of Medicine* released a preliminary study showing that taking an aspirin every other day significantly reduces one's chance of a first heart attack. The press gave the study wide coverage.

Doctors viewed this news as a mixed blessing. One family practitioner, Sam Slonim, told us, "I worry that some people might start taking an aspirin a day and go back to their steak, eggs, and cigarettes. No study has shown that taking aspirin is a *substitute* for attention to the controllable risk factors for heart disease—cholesterol, smoking, and high blood pressure."

Doctors' worries were exacerbated by the reaction of the aspirin manufacturers, who regarded the study as a savior from the plague of acetaminophen and ibuprofen. "If people are going to have aspirin in their medicine cabinets for a heart attack, they'll probably use it for headaches," one Johnson & Johnson representative privately conceded. Within a month a small aspirin brand, Ascriptin, began an advertising campaign based on the study. Bayer and Bufferin, for their part, developed plastic "calendar packs" that would help people remember to take their aspirin.

These campaigns were faithful to the traditions of analgesic marketing. The advertisements failed to mention, for instance, that aspirin did not lower the overall death rate of subjects in the study. (The rate was in any case extremely low, because the study sample consisted of extraordinarily healthy doctors.) Nor did they say that some of the lives spared from heart attack were offset by lives lost to hemorrhagic stroke—that is, blood vessels bursting in the brain. This result fed suspicions that aspirin might increase the likelihood of such strokes. (According to the FDA, people with high blood pressure should be especially wary of regular use of aspirin.) The commercials did not mention that a smaller but longer-term study in England found that aspirin had no such effect on heart attacks, an omission that might be regarded as misleading. According to Gerald Weissmann, a professor of medicine at New York University Medical Center, these ads might also be regarded as misleading because they do not specify dosage and so imply that people need a sizable amount of aspirin for the effect to occur, if it really does occur. "You could almost lick a baby aspirin every other morning," Weissmann told us recently. "That's a little exaggerated, but not much. You certainly don't need a Maximum Strength Anacin every day, or more, which is what they'll try to sell you."

Aspirin, Weissmann said, has three modes of action. In high, prescription doses it relieves inflammation. In moderate, over-the-counter doses it stops headaches. In minute doses it may help certain people avoid certain types of heart attack. "That's pretty simple," he said. "It's troublesome when the drug companies obscure the message."

Although the FDA is not permitted to regulate advertising for over-the-counter drugs, it can pull a product from the shelves if the product's maker encourages customers to use it in ways not covered by the labeling—a threat that frightened manufacturers refer to as the FDA "squeeze play." Learning of the new aspirin ads, the FDA Commissioner, Frank E. Young, summoned aspirin manufacturers

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to a meeting on March 2. There Young explained that aspirin ads about preventing first heart attacks would be considered an act of "misbranding" subject to regulatory action. The firms agreed to "voluntary" restraint on their advertising until the final study was completed.

The FTC, of course, was annoyed. Any bureaucracy is jealous of its privileges, and here the FDA had shut down an advertising campaign, thus encouraging a monopoly on health information by the medical profession, preventing information from reaching consumers, and stepping on FTC toes. "Worse," one FTC economist said, "the FDA wanted this study never to be advertised at all—they thought people would not be able to understand it."

Although the aspirin companies acquiesced to the FDA, they had obvious reasons to be unhappy—or, at least, all but one did. That one was American Home Products, for which the moratorium provided some breathing room while management pondered crucial decisions. Although the firm, as is its wont, refused all comment, people who follow the industry had a good time hooting about Anacin's identity crisis. Having spent a half century boasting of its special formula and secret ingredients, and having wriggled out of an FTC order that would have forced it to reveal that its primary ingredient was aspirin, Anacin was now in danger of becoming a victim of fashion. If aspirin was repositioned as a high-tech heart-attack preventive, would Anacin be forced to come out of the closet? "Watch the box," David Dobbins, one of Johnson & Johnson's lawyers, told us. "Pretty soon you'll see the word *aspirin* in legible type." So far the type size is still small, but the word *aspirin* does come up in commercials for Anacin.

DOBBINS'S PREDICTION PROMPTS REFLECTION. IF American Home ever decided that it was in the company's interest for consumers to know that Anacin was just aspirin and caffeine, the information could be spread with incredible rapidity by one of the most efficient means of communication known to humanity: advertising. Advertising can disseminate information in a wonderfully quick and efficient way—look at Johnson & Johnson's ads in the wake of the Tylenol poisoning incidents, which probably stopped people from buying its own product (for a time) faster than any government action could have. Furthermore, the drug companies whose activities we have chronicled are responsible for many of the significant advances in medicine which have made millions of people's lives better. Research into new drugs in the Western nations is carried out almost exclusively by private industry. American Home, Bristol-Myers, and Johnson & Johnson are consistently among the top ten or so spenders on drug research in the world. (Exact international ranking in such matters is difficult, because currency values change quickly, and because different companies draw different borders between research into drugs and research into cosmetics.) American Home, for example, was one of the first producers of penicillin, and developed Inderal, an important cardiac drug; Bristol-Myers is a leader in anti-cancer treatments; Johnson & Johnson has for decades spurred advances in vital hospital supplies, such as sterile bandages and surgical gloves. Sterling Drug—the only company of the four that did not try to prevent us from speaking to any of its employees—is conducting a series of expensive tests to determine the possibility of engaging entire communities in preventive health programs. In the Eastern bloc, drug research is carried out, of course, by the state, and the Eastern bloc has introduced very few significant new drugs. It also has very little trouble with false advertising. Perhaps this farrago is a necessary consequence of the way we do things here.

But that may change. The activist FTC of the 1970s, the niggling criticism by the networks, the barrage of Lanham Act suits—all have pushed the over-the-counter-drug companies, however grudgingly, in the general direction of telling something like the whole truth, although often in incomprehensible language. Fewer stretchers reach the airwaves these days, although we are fond of a long-running set of ads in which more doctors say they would prefer to take Bayer to a desert island than Tylenol, Extra-Strength Tylenol, or some other brand. Until a "new" survey appeared recently, the combined Tylenol vote was higher than the Bayer vote, as the chart that flashed briefly on the screen made clear.

The good old days of aspirin advertising have been left in the dust of ever-multiplying legal restrictions, and the fun is going out of stretcher-seeking. How can you not miss the clanging sledgehammers in the head, little *a*s and *b*s chasing one another around someone's stomach, strong medicines helping sensitive people evict elderly couples? Most of the new ads feature bland, careful, legalistic people making bland, careful, legalistic claims. Has there ever been a more insipid statement than Tylenol's perpetual cry that the drug does not "irritate your stomach, the way aspirin or even ibuprofen can"? The way aspirin *can—even* ibuprofen—each and every hedge word the product of a lawsuit. Housing Official, where are you?

Still, every now and then we see something that makes us wonder if the old swashbuckling spirit of William Laporte might live on in the corporate heart of Anacin's makers. Those actors dressed like reporters keep popping up on Anacin commercials to ask if we've heard the news about aspirin. As the *Advertising Age* columnist Bob Garfield has pointed out, the "news" about aspirin must refer to the heart-attack study, unless someone just discovered that acetylsalicylic acid can prevent cancer. But the commercials talk about pain relief, and it's hardly news that Anacin's makers would like people to believe that Anacin treats headaches better than plain aspirin does. The inattentive viewer might even get the notion that Anacin somehow does a better job than aspirin of heart-attack prevention. But such bold examples of the art of the stretcher are increasingly rare. Alas, analgesic ads have become much duller since they've been forced to flirt with full disclosure. □

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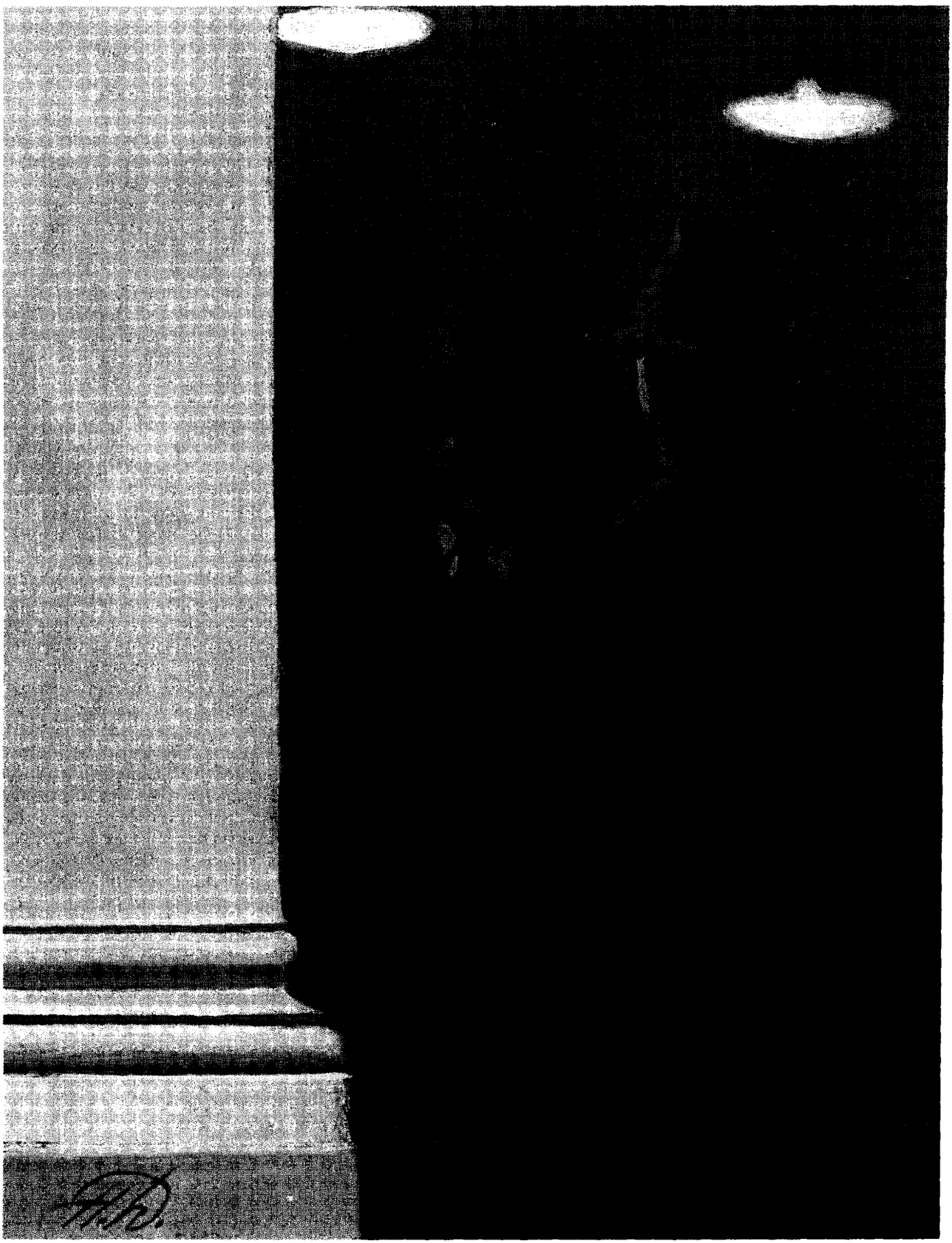

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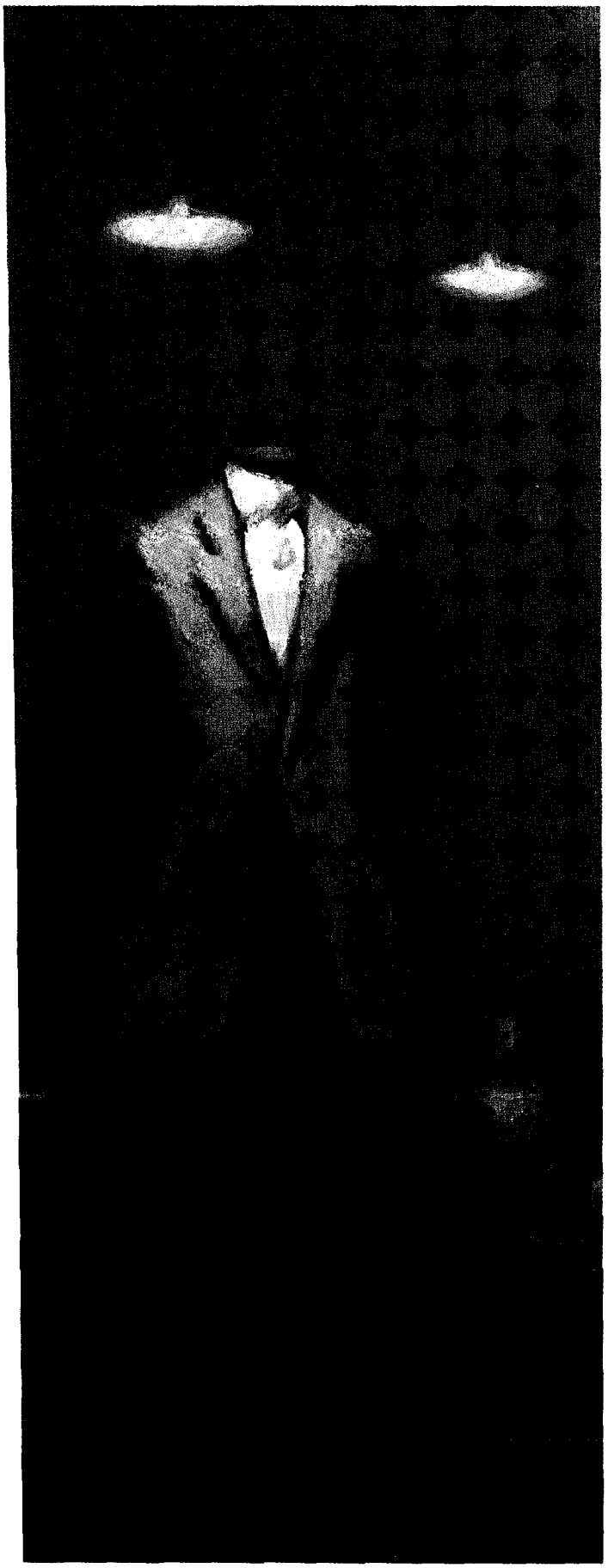

A Short Story

DAVE'S DEPRESSION

BY E. S. GOLDMAN

THE DEPRESSION THAT BEGAN FOR EVERYBODY ELSE with the crash of the stock market came three years earlier to Dave Perleman's family. An honorable mistake—natural for a man who trusted the arithmetic of waiters and called their attention to items omitted from his restaurant checks—opened the door to disaster. His wife, Edith, thought it was a mistake at the time, and soon it was beyond redress.

Edith had the quicker head for figures. When they met, she was on her first job out of business school, and had already been made the manager over two other girls, in the office of Maison Bernard, an importer of pigeon nests, floral arrangements, and other fashionably ornate millinery. Dave described her to his friends as a girl who was "big as a minute and all brains and style," with a spirit of banter that matched his own. He approved her style with particular conviction, as he had been educated to it: he was the fireman with the duty watch at the Alvin Theatre in Pittsburgh, where society passed under his appreciative eye.

The courtship was unpromising: a size-four New York fashion plate and a stalwart fireman from Pittsburgh in Manhattan for a few days' leave between hitches, with an introduction from a family friend. His ambition was to rise to the next civil-service rank; she was an energetic, good-looking girl who had been taken to dinner by buyers and lawyers and could barely imagine living in Pittsburgh as a fireman's wife.

She was very much in love with the man. Pittsburgh was possible, but not if Dave slept over the horses in the enginehouse every night except now and then. Edith observed that Dave was a grand master of friendship; surely something more middle class could be developed from such a talent. Even in New York men came to their restaurant table to say hello to Dave, and she could not walk a city block in Pittsburgh with him without being introduced to a half dozen "very good friends of mine." He could sell insurance. He could sell merchandise for a famous house. He could be a merchant—

Yes, a merchant like the patrons of the wholesale firm of

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Maison Bernard. He could go to his merchant and traveler friends for advice and even backing; friends would become customers. He would be a success. He would come home for dinner. They would live a normal life. She would have children, and cook, and sew for the hospital, and they would spend their evenings with friends who liked theater and movies and dancing and bridge. They would join the temple and send respectable checks.

At anniversaries that went to silver, golden, and beyond, they told each other how well that unpromising marriage had worked out, although occasionally, in the Depression years, Dave reflected that he would have been chief by now, and Edith, who had to find another house and again another, because even this rent could no longer be afforded, had long—very long—thoughts.

For the first few years, before children arrived, he ran a small clothing store and Edith kept the books. Her job was to make something out of transactions that began with Dave's coming toward the office with a coat over his arm and a sales slip in his hand. "We have to open an account for this friend of mine, Big Doggy."

"I can't open an account for a man with a name like that. What is his name?"

"His name is Big Doggy. Nobody calls him anything else."

"Ask him his name. Anybody who expects credit knows you have to give a name and address."

"I can't ask a man I've known all my life what his name is."

"Dave, you have to ask him his name. You have to get a reference. I have to have it for the accountant."

"Tell the accountant he's Little Doggy's brother."

Poor boys with street names from the Hill were becoming the city's merchants, dentists, lawyers, councilmen, bookmakers, bootleggers, physicians, traveling men, theater owners. (Certain roads were not taken. The way to iron and steel was through the scrapyards, where one learned to arbitrage the numbers between telephones at both ears; an extra generation or two was needed to go that roundabout way. The university filled its tenured places with Presbyterians until the GI Bill overwhelmed it with bodies, and faculty to meet the demand had to be recruited from exotic cultures.) Moving ahead in available ways, Dave's peers dispersed to greener neighborhoods in Squirrel Hill and the tributary streets of Schenley and Highland Park. They went to Dave Upstairs, seven years into his second ten-year lease, for a real buy on a suit of clothes.

IN THE COURSE OF ACQUIRING PRIME DOWNTOWN LOCATIONS for its shops, the Federal Cigar Store chain bought the corner of Fifth Avenue and Wood Street in Pittsburgh and sent its agent in to tell Dave that the rent for his clothing store on the second floor would be doubled. The agent blew cigar smoke at Dave and jabbed at his lapel for emphasis.

Regarding the agent as a poor specimen, Dave said he had three more years on his lease to think about it and would talk to the man then.

"No, you won't. We'll rewrite it today or I'll have somebody else in here when you want to renew. This is a valuable salesroom. I have people standing in line for it."

"This room was a storage loft when I got it. I'll talk to you at the right time."

"There won't be another time."

Considerable power remained in the sloping shoulders of the merchant who had played left guard for Fort Hamilton a quarter century before and had gone on to spend five years as a ladderman in Company C. His impulse was to hold the agent's head still with one hand, poke two fingers into his nostrils, and lead him out like a cow. Instead, he told him where he could stick his lease.

His exact words surprised his children when they heard them recollected on the Memory Project tape. They had never heard Dave say anything stronger than *hell* and *damn*. If they had depended on their father, they would have had no vocabulary for the conduct of ordinary business.

He brought the cigar company's rejected proposition home, so that Edith could share his disdain. She heard him out, her angular face drawing in around observant black eyes. The image of embattled wagons circled at a dire time came readily to mind as Edith contemplated Dave embarked on error. Later her arms and body stoutened and her feet overflowed her pumps, but her mind never lost precision. When she realized that Dave's last word had been no, she said, "Why don't you see if you can work something out? The business and the location are perfect for each other."

"I'm not going to do business with a man like that."

"You might have to, Dave. They have the upper hand."

"Maybe, but I'm not going to do business with him. I should have thrown him out."

Sixty years later the ancient man wished the Memory Project to understand that he had not forgiven the miserable agent and his miserable employer, that he regretted the lost opportunity to assault the sorry excuse for a human being who touched his lapel aggressively and blew smoke in his face. The dismissing hand falling back to bone was still handsomely carved and muscular.

"*Eventually I had to go in to see him, because I had to get the lease renewed. It was the hardest thing I ever had to do, and it didn't accomplish a thing. He kept his word. They had another tenant. They brought in a credit outfit to take advantage of the trade I had built up for the location. They went broke. The cigar store failed too. They all had to get out. They cost a lot of people a lot of money. I never cost anybody a dollar.*"

The bond between Dave's business and its location, correctly discerned by Edith, could not easily be replicated. He searched until no time remained, and leased a floor for which the best that could be said was that it had possibilities. *Real possibilities*, he said, with a salesman's indestructible enthusiasm. *If the adjoining showroom could be added.* But despite conversational understandings, it could not

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be, and Dave Upstairs moved into an alley of a room for which narrow tables had to be custom-made and anchored to the floor so that they would not tip over. *If the first-floor entrance could be made more prominent and the stairway less steep*. But the landlord priced these accommodations high, and Dave's savings were running out. He convinced himself that less costly alternatives, with paint and carpentry, were available.

Once more he had to grind his face in the dirt and ask the cigar-store agent for a brief extension of his occupancy while he completed the alterations he would not have had to make if he had stayed put.

The agent looked at him with the disdain with which he had himself been regarded.

"I'll let you know."

Dave had to call, and call again, sweating, before the reprieve was allowed, at a premium above the exalted monthly rate he had refused to pay.

The new arrangement would have worked out all right if customers had come in the same numbers as before, but the address was a block out of the way from the center, the steepness of the stairway could not be wished away, the showroom was uncomfortably tight. After his early success Dave felt he had to apologize for this store—to Edith, to his customers, to manufacturers who had bet on what looked like a winner in Pittsburgh and now were on the phone. "Dave, we've been expecting your check."

The real Depression arrived in 1929 and supplied a generic explanation for being broke. Every man blamed the man above. The customer lived off his savings if he had them and swore at dunning merchants. Merchants knew their manufacturers had a cushion and didn't have to squeeze that hard. Manufacturers lashed out at mills and banks that didn't seem to care how profitable a customer had been. Those higher in the chain directed downward their regret at necessity, their contempt for imprudence, their suspicion of false pleading, their determination to survive and even prosper.

Dave had personal problems as well. He lost Aubey, his oldest son, in a gymnasium accident the year the store closed. Aubey, a boy of unlimited promise, with an appointment to West Point from a congressman Dave had grown up with on the Hill, swung on a pull-up stanchion, rocked to lift its feet from the floor, rocked higher, daring them to lift higher, until the pendulum went beyond the point of return and laid an iron bar across his throat as he fell to the floor. His larynx smashed, Aubey died strangling red, then purple, kicking out, without voice.

Lloyd, Dave's second son, had a tubercular hip and would never go to West Point. He was indolent and—at twelve, the age at which Dave had been taken out of school to be a wage-earner for his family—got around all right but didn't have the will to hold a regular Saturday job. Maxine, his daughter, needed braces on her teeth, needed clothes. At the same time, she was a tomboy and used up shoes. His youngest son had been born with a brain injury after a difficult delivery. Answering the call bell, the head of obstetrics had been seen walking fast toward the delivery room. These were the years before the age of Blue Cross, before doctors one knew well were sued.

The bills filled the cubbyholes in the delicate Louis XVI desk that Edith had bought in their first prosperity. They owed grocers, druggists, doctors, dentists, department stores. They moved in order to owe the landlord less. When he had been poor, Dave had never owed. Edith's family had never owed.

He went to New York to see if the maker of a line he had done well with would back him in another store. He developed an argument so persuasive that he would have bought it in a minute if he were William P. He went over and over it in the sleeper on the way to New York.

"I made a mistake, William, but I showed that I could do business in the right location. I want to pay what I owe you one hundred cents on the dollar, but I can't pay if I don't have a store. With your credit behind me in a good location I can have a well-stocked store. My customers will follow me wherever I go."

William said, "I have always thought well of you, Dave, but I don't handle those things myself anymore. Talk to my credit man. Sam will know what to do."

The credit man, a famous collector who went around to the embattled New York stores every Friday and took what was owed his firm right out of the till, knew who would make it and who would be good money after bad.

"Damn it, Dave," he said, "I can't do business with a man who has his hat in his hand."

Dave went away listening to the sound of his own voice asking for help. He looked in the mirror to see what desperation looked like. He did better on his next call. He said with confidence what he had omitted from the first interviews, thinking William and Sam might find it presumptuous.

"Without me, you have nobody to do business with in Pittsburgh. If you're ready to move fast, we can be in business in two months and have the finest store in the city."

NO LONGER DAVE UPSTAIRS, HE OPENED AN IMPRESSIVE street-level establishment where a lesser merchant had failed and left amenities in place at ten cents on the dollar. The store was stylish in a way that Edith had had in mind from the beginning. The aisles were broad, the carpeting dense, the display cases waxed oak. Banks anchored the street to past and future centuries. The three best jewelers in town could be seen from the door, as well as a tobacconist with a British lion on his window, and office buildings held in the strong hands of Mellon cousins. The old J. MacNail men's store, with a Duquesne Club clientele, was in the next block. The weather forecast was clear—the 1923 recession had blown over in a year, had been followed by good times, and Dave expected more of the same.

However, it was only 1931. Careful men had been able to scramble to an upper floor with their families and goods

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when the first wave of business failures flooded out the usual poor and improvident, but the waters of economic disaster kept rising. They now ran on the better streets and into the lobbies of the better buildings. The best people said the flood waters would abate. But they rose beyond anyone's imagination, collapsing the foundations of well-built houses. The best men clung to roofs, which floated away. Dave hadn't had any money to lose in the stock market, but his partners, trying to recoup on Wall Street their earlier losses, were carried away, had to let go; the new store was unmoored.

Salesmen still traveled the country looking for merchants who could pay their bills. Dave wasn't one of those, but the roadmen were old friends. One came to dinner and stayed with Dave at the table after Edith went into the kitchen to do the dishes.

"You could declare bankruptcy, Dave. Clear the deck. You wouldn't be the only one."

"I'm not interested in that."

He began a long, sliding defense along the ropes with new partners and the credit of new manufacturers in still other stores, and finally he backed into a shabby salesroom to begin again as Dave Upstairs, this time alone except for a part-time tailor. In order to make a bank deposit to cover checks he had already written, he had to lock the door and put up a sign saying that he would be back in ten minutes.

He understood why poor men wanted sons. He had had three. One was dead. One had a game leg and couldn't be made to understand that whatever cards you had you played for every trick in them. President Roosevelt had a game leg—the boy was lazy. His last son, on whom a fortune had been spent in special schools in New York and Philadelphia, was ten years old and couldn't spell his name.

"They aren't doing him any good," Edith said. "I want to bring him home."

"What are you going to do with him all day in this house? You would have to do everything for him. You would have to clean up after him."

"They aren't doing him any good. You can't tell me he couldn't learn to write his name and read the name of a street on a sign. You can't afford to keep him in those expensive places, and they don't do anything for him."

"Don't tell me what I can afford! If I have to steal, Don will have what he needs!"

"If you're going to steal, steal enough to put bread on your table and buy your daughter a pair of shoes! I want my son where I can keep an eye on him."

"If that's what you want, I can get him in the Allegheny School, and you can see him every day."

"My son isn't going to a state institution."

"What do you know about it? Ben Davis has a boy there. He says everything about the place is well run. Go out and take a look at it."

"Donald is not going to a state institution."

No real sons, and a wife who had become a nurse with a short temper.

EDITH MOVED THEM AGAIN AND DIDN'T BOTHER TO put down rugs. She set out to find something better or cheaper the day she moved in. To visit her family she went to New York on the sit-up Pennsylvania Railroad excursion for seven dollars. Dave took the same train after he closed the store Saturday, napped through the calls for Altoona . . . Harrisburg . . . Paoli . . . Manhattan Transfer . . . Newark, and was in New York at dawn, two hours before he could see anybody. He shopped the New York wholesale markets for enough merchandise to carry the store for a month. He wrestled suitcases and cartons of merchandise onto the return train Sunday night and off again Monday morning in time to open the store.

These were not the exertions and sacrifices of a young man on the way up. He was middle-aged, hanging on, losing ground, not certain he could pay next month's rent. Then what? A salesman's job in a department store that wanted his mailing list? Salesmen couldn't pay off the bills of failed stores.

Old friends from the Hill went to jail for arson, and reasonable suspicion lay against others who weren't caught. Puffy Rosener shot himself. Gum Haberman disappeared and was never found. Widows relied on insurance. Douglas Kampreiter stopped him on the street to tell him that he had lost his electric-lighting-fixture business and his daughter was in the hospital. He didn't know where to turn and asked if Dave could help him out.

Dave was able to give him only the money in his pocket. The Kampreiters had lived two houses down Crawford Street from the Perlemans. Dave thought Douglas might kill himself. He wanted to talk about that with somebody, but he didn't find anybody until his son Lloyd happened to be with him in the dark that night, standing on the cement pad in front of the garage. The obscurant night made possible conversation with a boy as though he were a man. On impulse Dave told Lloyd about Douglas Kampreiter.

"Do you know what Douglas said to me? He said that if a man got to a certain point he had a duty—he had a *duty*—to jump out of a window so his family would have the insurance. Do you think that's so?"

Lloyd didn't understand that his father was saying he had been imagining the look of the street below from a high window in the William Penn Hotel. At sixteen, Lloyd had an aptitude for abstract discussion. The question to him was of the order of *Will the Pirates win the pennant? What is ethics? Resolved: Monarchy Is a Better Form of Government Than Democracy.* Eventually he would make a substantial living out of that kind of activity—Lloyd Perleman discussing whether, contrary to Rahv, writer A was of the genus Cowboy rather than Indian, would be a hard-to-get ticket at Yale and Chicago—but he could offer nothing for the moment. He said, "I don't think so."

"How can a man be better dead than alive?" Dave said, brooding. "Don't say anything to your mother about this. It would only disturb her."

The next morning he selected a freshly laundered white-on-white shirt whose collar Edith had turned,

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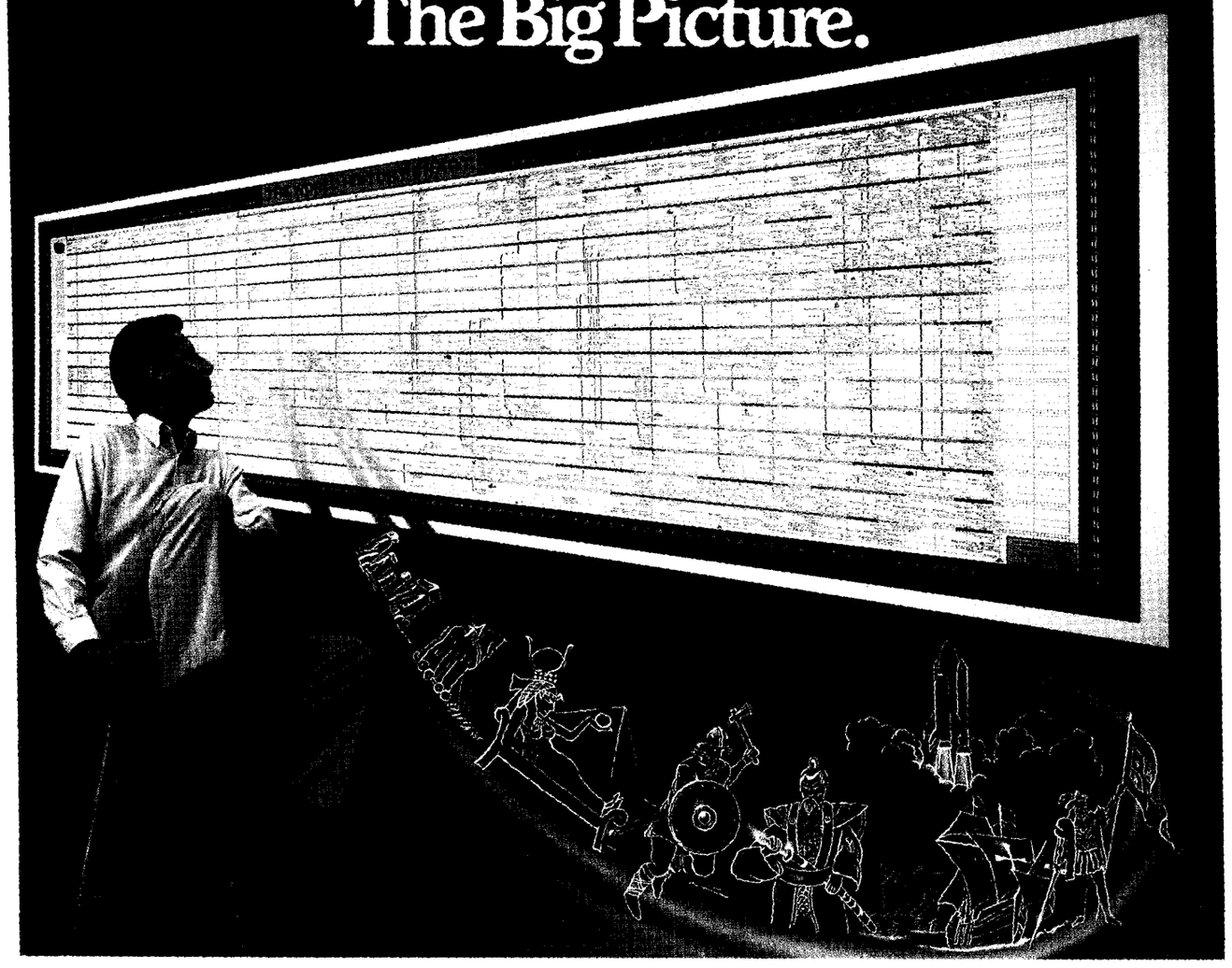

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moved the Spanish-American War veteran's pin from the lapel of the gray sharkskin to the lapel of the blue brushed-worsted, closed his briefcase on last night's paperwork and the wax-papered meatloaf sandwich Edith had prepared for his lunch, and took the streetcar to town. At eight-thirty he mounted Mickey's throne in front of the bank to get a dime-and-a-dime shoeshine, the only extravagance remaining since he had given up barber shaves and lunch at Kramer's.

One reason Douglas Kampreiter had the idea to ask him for help was that Dave always looked like a man who still had resources. Sitting on Mickey's throne, brushes flying and cloth snapping jazz around his ankles, greeting Al and Hunk and Sidney and Aaron walking by on the way to their own stores and offices, Dave appeared to be one of those who had been saved. In the Army he had learned the importance of shined shoes; ever after, at whatever the going rate, he thought that was the best way to spend that amount of money. His thinning gray hair, gone on top but still showing a shadow of color over the ear, seemed always to have been trimmed that morning. The hand that waved the morning *Post* in greeting was strong, lightly haired, the fingers well formed; the nails were thick as buttons, lustrous as a surgeon's. Fortunately—perhaps the instinct of a man who had been poor and thought of the lasting quality of possessions—his taste had always been for conservative apparel that would survive the seasons, and the slight stitch line hardly showed under the arms where his jacket had been let out to its limit. He couldn't afford a new suit even if one of his manufacturers had made it up for the cost of the cloth.

Kampreiter had been lucky to find that his handsome old buddy (one of Edith's friends said he looked like an Irish judge—adding, when Edith looked doubtful of the compliment, "of a higher court"), rolling down the street toward him, favoring the foot broken playing football at Fort Hamilton, had two dollars in his pocket. Dave got to his store with a dime to get him home that night.

SO FAR

Less than an inch long and not I suppose
an hour old but taking what must be
the flapping steps of the first morning
into which it has broken its way alone
from the white shell already beyond

recall it spills its spread fingers still
the color of the rainy daylight
across the dark floor I laid myself in other
years and other weather and scrambles
after its head like a kite tail but

not buoyant and the head besides and its
own tail most gray for a gecko a kind
of being which those yellow eyes fixing
me from the floor perhaps have not seen yet
and only from themselves know what they are

conducting as I see their brown body
of unknown sex and their pale soft limbs upon
a floundering lop-sided journey
as the only way for a newly hatched
gecko dragging its right rear leg after it

leading me to wonder what its chances
can be as it pauses to consider
me with my inches hours definitions
before continuing under the lip
of the square blue pot graven with lines
meant to suggest to my kind a few
leaves of bamboo and in that shadow circling
the sprouting cycad overhead with its
single frond and its ancestry
older than the dinosaurs but now

a species rare if not officially
endangered named for one man Rumphius
who flourished in the Indies a mere three
centuries ago and again the gecko
emerging with its gait like a collapsing

wave under the two-leafed seedling of the lately
discovered species of Pritchardia
that evolved on the crumbling island
of Kauai and I watch the gecko stumbling
out of sight only to sally forth

a moment later with all four of its
hands unfurled and balanced in its dance
darker too and decisive and see before it
another hatchling that looks exactly like it
at least to me and now what are the chances

—*W. S. Merwin*

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ONE OF THE TRIALS OF DAVE UPSTAIRS WAS THE ELEvator operator, who was used to taking patients up to a doctor on the third floor but hadn't before had traffic for the second. Oscar thought the increase in his work load should have been matched by an increment in his pay envelope. Because the landlord was inaccessible, he took his grievance out on the new tenant. If he had a patient for the doctor and a customer for the clothing store he made the delivery on the doctor's floor first and complained on the way down that Dave's customer ought to have walked anyhow.

"A big, strong man like you could manage one flight of stairs," Oscar said to Big Doggy.

Big Doggy told Dave what the elevator operator had said, and then walked around the floor, pulling out sleeves. "You don't seem to have much stock, Dave. I'll be back." He rang for the elevator but tired of waiting and finally walked down.

Dave thought he had been put on earth to induce men like Big Doggy to stop thinking they could visualize what a suit looked like by looking at a sleeve. Salesmen who allowed customers to walk around pulling out sleeves were nothing but *sleeve salesmen!*—a grade below Bolshevik, unfit to call themselves clothing salesmen.

The beginning of all knowledge was to slip on a jacket for size. *We'll find the color and pattern all right, once we get you into something that feels comfortable.* In the mirror the customer—an inch sucked off his waist and added to his chest—saw reflected the movie star or captain of industry or other image he had in mind, while Dave pinched the shoulder up a half inch to show the final miracle his tailor would perform.

"When only the color and pattern are wrong," Dave had told his salesmen, when he could afford salesmen, "you've made the sale. Take your customer to the sample box. Show him fabrics that can be made up in exactly the model he has just told you he likes, and get his deposit. He will be the most satisfied customer in the world."

But none of that could be made to happen while the customer walked around flipping sleeves. Dave had shown his salesmen how to slow the customer down, interrupt him, make him stand still to have the set of his shoulders studied—*A touch high on the right? Not unusual*—and the middle button tugged: *That ought to be eased.* Open the button and walk around the customer, slide the jacket off his shoulders without a by-your-leave. No more sleeve flipping. The customer accepted the service of a man who knew his business. The sale had begun.

But he hadn't been able to slow down even an old customer like Big Doggy, whose size and model he already knew, and lead him to the sample box.

"*Department stores didn't like to sell special orders from swatches. They wanted to sell their inventory. I couldn't afford to hang more than a hundred suits, so the sample box was my store. A salesman has to work with what he has. I sold the idea that no matter how big a store is, you can't find more than one or two suits you like that fit you, but in my store you could find a hundred. My problem was I couldn't afford advertising and I wasn't getting enough traffic. If they came in, I sold more than my share.*"

Dave's view was that Big Doggy had come in to buy a suit of clothes. Edith and her friends could spend an afternoon shopping with no intention of buying anything, but if a man went to the trouble of seeking you out, he wanted to do business with you. Of course the customer had to be in a reasonable frame of mind, could not begin with a chip put on his shoulder by an elevator man.

He had a row with the elevator man—the first time in years he had been in such a row—and as he got deeper into it, he began to feel that he was bullying the man. He walked away, leaving his anger in the air. He thought about taking it up with the landlord in a calm way, but the landlord would have changed the subject, would have asked about the rent's being paid late.

IN THE SCALE OF THE GREAT DEPRESSION, THE TRIAL of the elevator was insignificant, a minor diversion for a warrior beset by the dragons of the times—but it put the name of Andrew MacNail into his head.

Long before Dave Perleman opened his first store, and during his years of feast and famine, there was another men's store in Pittsburgh, a fiscally impregnable institution that in its second generation of management had become a sort of comic-opera enterprise. The founder of the J. MacNail store was a product of the Scotch Presbyterian community that ruled Pittsburgh's business and society. On Wood Street, a half block from the royal court in the Duquesne Club, MacNail's store catered to the apparel interest of his peers, and when it came into the hands of the son, Andrew, it became more a club than a store.

Supported by inherited wealth, MacNail's rendered an occupation for the inheritor and a living for several elderly employees, and it did not lose enough money to concern the estate. A sense of useful function was imparted by an occasional order from a steel baron for a half-dozen custom-measure shirts or a pink coat to wear at Dick Mellon's Rolling Rock Hunt. (Dick—it was a sign of fraternity to raise one's voice slightly to be overheard speaking of Dick. Only newspapers and outsiders spoke of him as Richard.) A sluggish trade went on in dinner jackets, tails, ascots, Irish poplin ties, Swiss linen handkerchiefs, and clocked silk socks. Passing MacNail's on his way to the bank, Dave would glance in the window and marvel at the merchandising. Pink coats! What kind of market existed in Pittsburgh for pink riding coats? He was especially impressed to see the same black pin-striped suit in the window three seasons in a row. "*Not the same style, the same suit. It had a loose thread in the lapel buttonhole.*"

Dave had met MacNail in earlier times. He had looked into MacNail's store to get the sense of it, and MacNail had come in to see what was going on when Dave, backed by the New York manufacturer, had taken over the failed store farther up Wood Street. They saw each other infre-

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quently on the street and said each other's names, although Dave was not sure MacNail knew who he was outside the identifying environment of a store.

More than once Dave had had a fantasy of the wonders he could achieve with access to MacNail's constituency. On this day, on which he felt himself stretched on a rack, he decided to talk to Andrew before going home.

He would have to get going fast—MacNail's closed in a half hour. He hadn't made a sale all day, and at least he might bring home some kind of new hope to tell Edith about. Speaking of a better prospect put off for a day or two the need to find one.

MacNail's store was a shoe-box stack of four high-ceilinged floors, only wide enough for a row of venerable display and stock cases on each side and an aisle down the middle. A short floor had been constructed at the rear between the first and second to accommodate an office with a large interior window, through which the proprietor could observe the traffic entering his store.

The atmosphere was of an institution that had been in place so long that all depreciation schedules had been used up. An acquirer would estimate how extensive the changes must be before the store was suitable for a contemporary business. The drop-globe lighting would have to go, and the cumbersome cases, and the elevator. . . .

The last time Dave had been in the store, he had gone up on what he thought must be the slowest elevator in America. On the trip a customer could forget what he had come for. The closet-sized elevator could accommodate two passengers in addition to the operator, but a third might well back out and say he would wait for the next trip. Dave asked for the office floor.

The operator took him to the second floor and said, "Take the steps down to the office."

Dave boggled at the instruction. He looked closely at the operator, wondering whether he'd see a family resemblance to the elevator operator he had just left.

The man explained, "There's no elevator door on the office floor."

MacNail had one glass eye from a riding accident, and a skittish retina in the other. As a consequence, his face seemed set in permanent wariness. Dave had the impression that Andrew aimed the glass eye at him in an effort to figure out just who he was. He told Edith that night, "I think he sees a little better out of the glass eye." Eventually MacNail said, "Hello, Dave," and, a short time later, "Would you like to sit down?"

Dave accepted the offer and went to the point. "Andrew, I am going to have to give up my business. If you would make room for me here, I have a whole lot to offer you. I have a large personal trade that would follow me, and I know the markets. I don't doubt that I can increase your suit business enormously." He said it with an emphasis and a gesture appropriate to the word. "I am proposing that you let me come in as your clothing buyer. Let me do with the department what I see to do, with your agreement. I don't want a big salary. I want a percentage of the profit. Can we talk about that?"

He said it with no expectation that MacNail would be interested. On his way across town he had foreseen that MacNail not only would reject his proposition but wouldn't even make him a counter-offer to come in as a salesman on commission. In all his life Dave had not required much ethnic space—not in the Army, not in the fire department—and his friendships were so wide that Commissioner Magee, the county Republican leader, had once asked him to consider running for Council, but he knew the Duquesne Club had no Jewish members and that Jews were not employed by firms like the J. MacNail store.

He wouldn't have come to MacNail at all had he taken more time to think about it. The need to do something had driven him emotionally; the closing hour had pushed him to act. He waited for Andrew to respond. He thought Andrew looked bewildered, unable to deal with what had been said to him. His working eye wandered and his other tried to home. He worked his lips, as if words resided there to be got out. This went on so long that Dave thought perhaps the interview was over. Dave was able to match silences with men disposed to such contests, but this silence was outside the rules. MacNail was getting on. Perhaps his head didn't work right anymore or he had a speech affliction. Dave felt compelled to speak.

"I am only telling you what I see. I think your clothing operation can do much better. You will be able to see the difference in one season."

MacNail needed another few seconds to get it out. "Dave, I can't tell you how glad I am you came in. I've often thought of you as somebody who could do something with that department I'm not able to do. Let's come to terms."

HE TOLD THE MEMORY PROJECT, "*WHAT MATTERED to me most at that time was that I had something to bring home to Edith. I didn't know whether the Depression was over for me or not. As it turned out, that was the end of it. In five years Andrew MacNail died and I was able to buy the store from the estate. What I needed that day more than anything else was something to bring home to Edith. Anything. She had been through so much hardship and disappointment. Her hopes in me had not been realized. I wanted to bring her something that would keep her going one more day, and I hadn't made even one sale.*

"*If I'd had a quarter in my pocket, I probably would have changed my mind while I was on the street and bought her a bunch of flowers, and not even gone in to see Andrew. You wouldn't think so, but even in a Depression you can have too much money.*" □

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DIRECTIONS

BY GUY BILLOUT

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Employment is up; inflation is down; and, in what amounts to a transvaluation of values, success as a social ideal now commands prestige. Why repudiate the policies that have brought us to this felicity?

BUSH FOR PRESIDENT

BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

IN SEPTEMBER TWO YEARS AGO I SPENT AN HOUR WITH Anibal Cavaco Silva at his offices in Lisbon. The Prime Minister is young (forty-nine), urbane, slight of build, vaguely intense in manner, in the style of the academic rather than the politician. I was with him in part for social reasons (he had become a friend of our ambassador to Portugal, with whom I was visiting), in part for professional reasons (I am a journalist never entirely off duty). We talked about this and that—he had just returned from an official visit to Washington. But his attention was elsewhere.

He blurted it out halfway through the hour. "Do you realize," he said, "that the tax bill your country passed yesterday means that when 1988 rolls along [Cavaco Silva's English is idiomatic], your highest federal tax rate will be lower than our lowest tax rate?" I didn't quite know what was the appropriate response. I think I said something pleasant about Magellan. He pursued the point, as if engaging in a soliloquy. As a former academic, he is part of a culture trained to think of high incremental taxation as—well, as the correct thing. I reminisced that ten years earlier, when my son and I had toured Denmark, our professional guide had taken us by the Danish Parliament and said to us (in a burst of statistical hyperbole), "Here in Denmark we have the highest tax rate in all Europe! It is ninety-five percent at the highest level. And *next* year we hope to lift that to ninety-nine percent!" He told us this as he might have told us that in the preceding Olympics the Danes had won two gold medals and four silvers but that in the next Olympics they hoped to make that *three* golds and *six* silvers.

Cavaco Silva didn't pause to consider the economic impact of the Reagan tax revolution (it is appropriately called that, I think—that long march taken by the highest tax rate, from 70 percent when Ronald Reagan entered office to 28 percent in 1988). I didn't doubt that he would be giving much thought to the economic consequences of drastically lower marginal tax rates—but not this afternoon. Today he was the dumbfounded graduate of an academic culture that thought of high taxes as a mark of civilized political behavior. That an American President who two years earlier had captured the vote of forty-nine states should have won an overwhelming vote in a Democratic Congress in favor of so large a tax reduction was on the order of waking up during the sixties to discover that Lyndon Johnson had appointed Joan Baez Secretary of Defense, with instructions to end the Vietnam War.

The tax policies of the past decade, beginning with Congress's decision to lower the top capital-gains tax from 49 to 28 percent, add up to a revolution not merely in economic thought but in ethical thought as well. It has been something on the order of a transvaluation: a general understanding that economic prosperity, brought on by success at many levels, is a general tonic for the society as a whole, and that those who bring on a substantial rise in employment and productivity ought not to be thought of as public enemies. When President Jimmy Carter was told in 1978 that the Democratic-controlled Congress was determined to do something so drastic as to cut the tax on capital gains, he reacted as if all the Ten Commandments were being violated at high noon in the Rose Garden. He inveighed with great and holy wrath against this Rich Man's Relief Bill, as did *The Boston Globe*, *The New York*

(Continued on page 70)

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Self-interest, rightly understood, should lead Americans to vote for the party that believes in government, the only instrument through which we can confront an array of emerging national problems

DUKAKIS FOR PRESIDENT

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

WHAT ARE THE ISSUES OF 1988? SOME OBSERVERS search in vain for clear-cut differences between the candidates. Both, they point out, claim undying devotion to fiscal sobriety, legislative moderation, honest government, economical administration, education, environmental protection, a strong defense, arms control, and a freely trading world. But to ascertain the real meaning of such claims, they must be construed in the light of history. Let me, like all respectable commentators on American democracy, take my text from Tocqueville and see how his analysis of the role of self-interest in the American system illuminates the choice we face today.

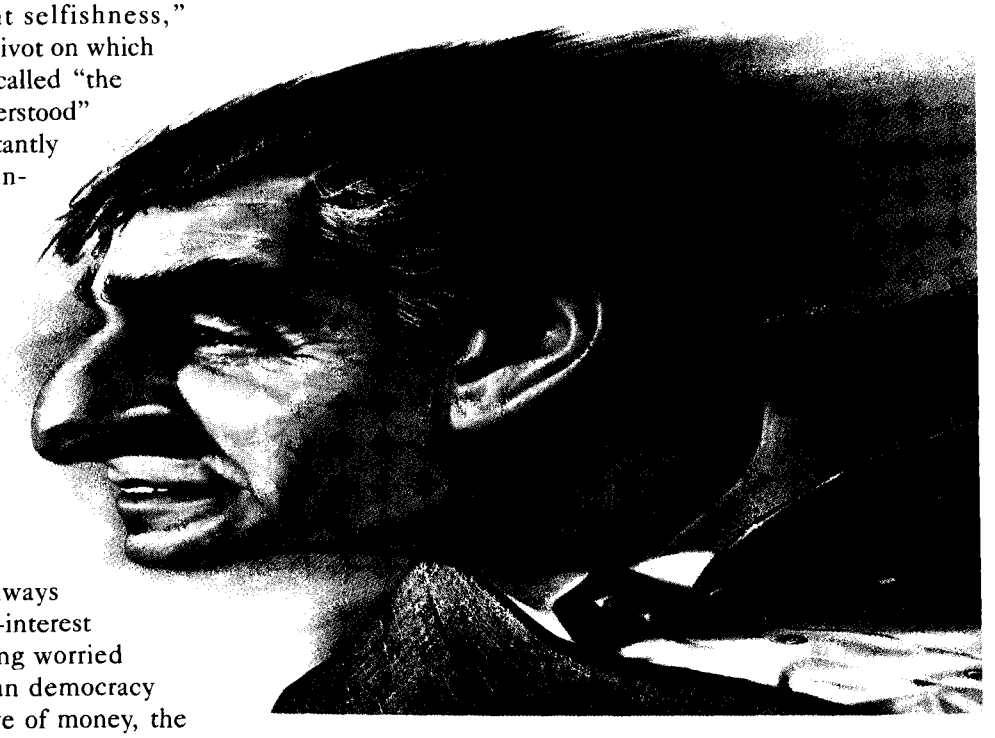
"A sort of refined and intelligent selfishness," Tocqueville wrote, "seems to be the pivot on which the whole machine turns." What he called "the principle of self-interest rightly understood" was the key—the principle that "constantly prompts [Americans] to assist one another and inclines them willingly to sacrifice a portion of their time and property to the welfare of the state." He contrasted this "enlightened" American self-interest with European fashions in selfishness. "Each American knows when to sacrifice some of his private interests to save the rest; we want to save everything, and often we lose it all."

But would American selfishness always be refined and intelligent? Would self-interest always be rightly understood? Nothing worried Tocqueville more about the American democracy than the acquisitive scramble, the love of money, the mania for immediate gratification. "The time will come," he feared,

> when men are carried away and lose all self-restraint at the sight of the new possessions they are about to obtain. In their intense and exclusive anxiety to make a fortune they lose sight of the close connection that exists between the private fortune of each and the prosperity of all.

Such Americans, Tocqueville continued, think they are following the principle of self-interest, "but the idea they entertain of that principle is a very crude one." Self-interest wrongly understood, he thought, would be the bane of American democracy. "I dread, and I confess it," he wrote in a startlingly personal outburst, "lest [the Americans] should at last so entirely give way to a cowardly love of present enjoyment as to lose sight of the interests of their future selves . . . rather than to make, when it is necessary, a strong and sudden effort to a higher purpose."

It may seem pretentious to invoke Tocqueville in a discussion of a rather routine presidential contest between a couple of decent centrist chaps both of whom avow (and mean) the best for the republic. But no one has penetrated the paradoxes of American democracy more deeply than



our French visitor. And the contrast he drew in 1840 between right and wrong understandings of self-interest seems as good a way as any to define the difference between the Democratic and Republican parties in 1988.

The Republican Party under Ronald Reagan has dedicated itself to the celebration of unfettered private enterprise as the universal panacea. The free market becomes not just a useful instrument but a mystical consecration, and the mystique implies that every person best promotes the general welfare by making a fast buck for himself. Private vices, as Mandeville sardonically put it two and a half

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BUSH

(Continued from page 68)

Times, and *The Washington Post*—the three leading daily journals of the Eastern Seaboard establishment.

In due course the Treasury Department released figures quite astonishing to opponents of the lower tax rate. Tax revenues from Americans declaring capital gains were not only higher than they had been at the confiscatory rate, they were very much higher. (By 1985, by which time the rate had been further reduced to 20 percent, the revenue from capital gains was four times larger than it had been at the 49 percent rate.) Already the lowered marginal rates on income have produced increased revenues for the federal government. The whole idea of supply-side economics was being vindicated at an empirical level, and this caused great distress to the egalitarians. Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, who in calling himself a socialist makes one of the few noncontroversial statements of a talkative lifetime, spoke from deep in the bowels of the egalitarian ethos when he said in my presence at a public debate at Harvard (and he has written to the same effect) that the lowered rates deeply disturb an important ethic in America—namely, the shared satisfaction of the public in knowing that the affluent are being taxed, well, punitively. Cavaco Silva and Galbraith and the leftist intelligentsia worldwide have been hit by the full fury of a kind of cultural dislocation.

The amplitude of the revolution is evident in the reluctance (at this writing) of Michael Dukakis to endorse what the adamant left within his party have demanded: higher taxation of the affluent and of corporations. Jesse Jackson has clung to his insistence on higher taxation (and even he has proposed for individuals a maximum rate of only 38 percent), but Dukakis has satisfied himself to say only that in a situation of great stress he would not exclude this alternative.

BUT ANY REFORM, BEFORE IT CAN BE SAID FULLY TO engage the acquiescence of a society, needs a period of consolidation. There was little residual resistance to the Reform Bills in Great Britain, after their meaning had coursed through the minds (and hearts) of the thinking class of Great Britain. No more could it be said that the survival of the civil-rights revolution in the United States is problematic. Any return to Jim Crow is as inconceivable as a return to slavery. And a reduced tax, together with the indexation of the tax, is a solid floor under representative government. F. A. Hayek, in his seminal *The Constitution of Liberty*, wrote that the progressive income tax is "not only the chief source of irresponsibility of democratic action but the crucial issue on which the whole character of future society will depend." The history of this century emphasizes private property as the ultimate brake on omnipotent government. Socialism, it has been written, operates by making property perpetually insecure. The flight of capital from the Third World is a reflection not so much of better opportunities elsewhere as of better sanctuaries. The Reagan revolution appears to be spreading to other countries (the incremental rates of taxation in India, Canada, France, Japan, Sweden, and Australia have been lowered). If at the turn of the century it is said that the momentum of socialism has been stopped (its analytical pretensions are intellectually dead), it will be largely on account of the restabilization of property. The Reagan revolution is a challenge to the presumption incorporated in the Phillips curve that employment cannot substantially increase without generating inflation.

Other matters of public contention have by no means been settled in any way that might be called permanent. Caution is perhaps necessary here, in that no social change can be called permanent if the historical perspective is too long-range. (From such perspectives one questions the stability of the British monarchy, or of the Bill of Rights.) But there are what one might call unsettled questions before the house.

Among these, for example, is the question of whether abortion should be acknowledged as a routine means available to any woman who desires to undo the human alchemy that results from the fertilization of a human egg. It cannot be thought of as entirely settled that any movie house or bookstore is free under the First Amendment to exhibit any movie or to sell any book. For much of this century high taxation has been viewed as a fitting Calvinistic rebuke to entrepreneurial success or inherited good fortune. This perception is no longer secure, as the mind, and the heart, turn to the beneficial social results of economic success, and to the question of the right of the individual to succeed, if he can.

A re-perception of the reasonable and just limits on taxation is much more likely to result from the victory in November of George Bush, Reaganite Republican, over Michael Dukakis, technocratic Democrat. For one thing, Dukakis has a great deal to worry about from the militant left in his party, without whose forbearance he could not have triumphed in the presidential primaries. And although the instructions in Atlanta were to go easy on the matter of taxation, he has never spoken of confiscatory taxation as morally wrong or empirically unproductive. In contrast, George Bush can be said to have been born again on the subject.

Now, George Bush is correctly viewed as something less than (or other than, if you prefer) an evangelist. He is not William Wilberforce or John Brown or Theodore Roosevelt or Franklin Roosevelt. He is a consolidator. Those who support his election with varying enthusiasm do not think of him as a tocsin-sounder for social remobilization and reform. They think of him as a man of intelligence and common sense, a public man of conservative temperament. He is comfortable in a political party disposed to believe that the multifarious problems we face are better

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coped with by allowing a freer rein to the private sector—in contrast to the Democratic Party's disposition to seek Utopia, by act of Congress, the executive, or (if all else fails) the judiciary. George Bush would probably tell us that the major problems Americans face at home aren't problems the government is competent to solve (illegitimate children, for instance, or lousy education). Yes, there are problems that only the government can address. And many of *these* are problems made, or exacerbated, by government. It was not the Chamber of Commerce that crafted the public policies that have resulted in a $26 billion annual subvention to the farmers. If anything progressive is to be done to head toward a solution to that problem (there are at least 10 to 20 percent more people engaged in agricultural production than the market will sustain), it will need to be done by the government. And a President Bush would forever be reminded, I'd guess, that it was President Reagan who boasted in Iowa in 1986 during the congressional re-election campaign that his Administration had in one year paid out to the farmers more money than any preceding Administration had paid out in four years. (Voodoo farm policies.) Yes, government will need to tackle the farm problem. And tackle, also, the problem of our failing savings-and-loan enterprises. Only government can write public policy concerning the problems of illegal immigration, or mobilize fully such statist resources as are necessary to contain AIDS, or concentrate action to appease the ozone layer.

The tax policies of the Reagan-Bush years add up to a revolution: an understanding that economic prosperity, brought on by success at many levels, is a general tonic for the society as a whole.

But it isn't only government that can handle the sundry other problems that clutter the horizon. The problem of day care, for instance, for working mothers with children: ought we to think of that as a problem that goes away when the government steps in to subsidize day-care centers? What is the fallout from government day care? Is George Gilder on to something when he warns of the effects of the depersonalization of care at so early an age? And since when did baby-sitting become a federal responsibility (though it appears that Bush now thinks it that)? And what about health care? Should the federal government adopt the Dukakis precedent, which has required Massachusetts enterprise to subsidize medical costs to an extent that in days gone by would have been classified as socialized medicine?

George Bush has not (again, as of this writing) endorsed creative alternatives to the preemption of private energy to cope with these problems, and it is a universally honored presumption in the non-socialist world that private solutions tend to work better than public solutions (consider the example of the telephone system over against that of the post office). But few will deny that the presumption of engagement by the private sector is Republican, not Democratic. The most searching recent inquiry into the problems of public health was made by a hard-thinking Democrat, Joseph Califano, a former Secretary of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, in his book *America's Health Care Revolution*. He argued there for health-maintenance programs initiated and supervised by the private sector. However, his recommendations, based on his Cabinet experience, have not influenced Democratic activists who instead are calling for—what one would expect: more-substantial intervention in public health by the public sector.

In America we are suddenly face-to-face with a political problem that crystallized while we were all looking elsewhere. It is this: the House of Representatives has become a permanently Democratic institution. It has recently been calculated that the turnover in its membership is less than that of the House of Lords. More than 98 percent of its incumbents were re-elected in 1986. And this year estimates are that one hundred seats in the House will not even be contested. (Why bother?) We have a great big bloated Democratic parliamentary dynasty. How to tame it is a question for another day—but a serious question, which calls for national attention at the time of the 1990 census, attention only a Republican President is likely to insist upon. Meanwhile, those who are concerned about the implications of our House of Lords for enlightened self-rule must welcome that resilience in the Constitution which gives to the President a veto power over legislation. Who is likelier to use that veto power against a Democratic monolith, George Bush or Michael Dukakis?

THE HEAVY RHETORIC AT THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION, to the extent that it became specific, focused on the budget deficit. My conclusion is that most cool observers now realize that the deficit is a problem not curable by any means as easy as voting for one or another presidential candidate. Two weeks before the Democratic Convention met, Michael Dukakis was confronted with a $450 million deficit in the state whose affairs he has governed with such ostentatious flair as to earn him his party's nomination. The Duke, it was promised by his backers, would do for America what he has done for Massachusetts. That is exactly what we have to fear.

It is always a little sad to dismember something into the construction of which so much architectural talent has been put, but a few paragraphs need to be devoted to deflating Dukakis's claims to extraordinary executive skills.

—The "Massachusetts miracle," for which Dukakis is

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widely given credit, appears to have ended in 1984, a year after he took back the governorship from Edward King. From June of that year until January of this, the state lost 89,600 manufacturing jobs. That's a decline of 13.2 percent, at a time when manufacturing decline nationally was only 3.4 percent. During this period more than 200 plants in the state of Massachusetts closed their doors.

In the past year manufacturing in the United States has rebounded; exports are up, and so is manufacturing employment. But not in Massachusetts. From January, 1987, to January, 1988, while the nation was adding 499,000 new manufacturing jobs, the state was losing 15,500. The only reason it didn't lose more is that per capita, Massachusetts is the beneficiary of defense-procurement spending that is nearly three times the national average.

Nor is the state's relatively low unemployment rate anything that Saint Francis would have recognized as a miracle: it is not difficult to have an unemployment rate slightly lower than the national average when the growth in your labor force is one sixth the national average.

—Since the beginning of Dukakis's second term, in 1983, the number of employees on the state payroll in Massachusetts has increased by 12 percent. (Eight thousand six hundred workers were added to the state payroll, for a total of 80,000.) A comparable increase in federal workers would have meant 345,000 more federal employees. Dukakis's fiscal 1989 state budget of $11.6 billion represents an increase of 68 percent over the 1983 budget. Assuming constant dollars, that comes to 38 percent more state spending than in 1983. The federal equivalent of this would be $257 billion more federal spending than is currently budgeted for next year.

—The threatened fiscal crisis in Massachusetts has hardly slowed Dukakis's appetite for increases in state obligations. He prides himself on having godfathered the first state universal-health-care plan. Estimates of the annual cost vary greatly but run as high as $2 billion. Moreover, he proudly proclaims the Massachusetts health-care system as the model the federal government would imitate under a Dukakis presidency. The $2 billion overhead in Massachusetts is the equivalent of $83 billion nationally.

George Bush doesn't have a record of fiscal tightness to defend, and he correctly shares the blame for the deficit with the Democratic Congress. But it is plausibly assumed that the substantial increases in military spending during the first six Reagan years have generated counter-tendencies to look for opportunities to contract unnecessary spending. These economies may never be achieved by President Bush. They would not stand a chance under President Dukakis.

OH, YES, THE MILITARY. WHY THE MILITARY? IF THE "evil empire" was dissolved at the June summit of 1988, in Moscow, there is left the problem of the old evil empire's surviving 12,000 strategic nuclear warheads, more than 7,000 tactical aircraft, 53,000 tanks, and more than 1,700 warships. Since these have not been turned into plowshares, it is always possible that the Soviet Union will resume what in fact it has never quite stopped doing—sowing the seeds of revolution and watering the harvest wherever it can do so and gain net satisfaction from the exercise (yes, Nicaragua; no, Afghanistan), and promoting disinformation and confusion wherever it can. In 1985 (alongside such as Jesse Jackson, George McGovern, and Ronald Dellums) Dukakis joined the advisory board of something called Jobs With Peace, which called for $70 billion in defense cuts. Dukakis favored a nuclear freeze when that was the cause du jour among liberals. If his wish had been made policy, then the Soviet missiles in Eastern Europe would be frozen there in perpetuity, monuments to faddism masquerading as foreign policy, instead of being removed, as they will be under the terms of the intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF) treaty. He now opposes aid to the contras and is pledged to outlawing South Africa as a terrorist state. The Democratic platform calls South Africa "a uniquely repressive regime." There is a sense of intellectual and moral disorder there. In an age of gulag, Pol Pot, the Cultural Revolution, Vietnam, and Kim

THE ABANDONMENT

Climbing on top of him and breathing
into his mouth this way she could be showing her
desire except that when she draws back
from him to make her little cries
she is turning to her small son just
coming into the room to find his father my brother
on the bed with his eyes closed and the slightest
smile on his lips as if when they
both beat on his chest as they do now
he will come back from the dream he is enjoying
so much he cannot hear her calling his name
louder and louder and the son saying get up
get up discovering both of them discovering
for the first time that all along
he has lived in this body this thing
with shut lids dangling its arms
that have nothing to do with him and everything
they can ever know the wife listening weeping
at his chest and the mute son who will never
forget how she takes the face into her hands now
as if there were nothing in the world
but the face and breathes oh
breathes into the mouth which does not breathe back.

—*Wesley McNair*

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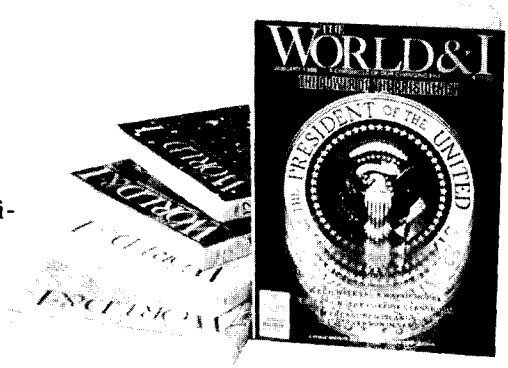

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Il Sung, serious men do not refer to South Africa as a uniquely repressive state.

George Bush in matters of foreign policy has a more convincing sense of priorities. It may sound glib to plead the need to gain access to the mineral resources of South Africa, but in a pinch this would be a grave responsibility. But few liberals, exercised by the tragedy of Vietnam, are prepared to challenge Senator J. William Fulbright's statement that the United States government has no proper quarrel with a government, no matter how odious its domestic policies, so long as it does not seek to export them. If it is generally contemplated that we revive the Wilsonian mandate to mobilize in order to make the world safe for democracy, Dukakis had better begin by asking for a universal draft and a trebling of the defense budget.

If the vote were to hang on a division of opinion over a single matter, I would be tempted to vote for the man who sought seriously to explore the possibilities of the Strategic Defense Initiative. On this matter the division is absolutely clear: Dukakis opposes Star Wars, and Bush favors a space shield. Bush seeks to move in a different direction from offensive dominance in nuclear weaponry. A question to Dukakis: "Governor, today what happened to the *Vincennes* could happen to the country. There could be a suspicious something on our radar screens, heading right for midtown Manhattan. How do you propose to defend us against such a threat?"

He would have no answer. Would he intone the word *deterrence*? That means merely that we could fire back a missile at the party that fired at us; New York, meanwhile, has been incinerated. Under even a rudimentary version of SDI there would be a chance of saving New York from a Soviet missile, launched accidentally or otherwise, or from one fired by a terrorist Third World regime into whose hands the march of technology is bound, sooner or later, to put the necessary competence.

Since the figures are now public, I publicly recall a lunch with George Bush in the summer of 1987, when he told me that intelligence estimates were that the Soviet Union is spending $25 billion a year in hectic pursuit of anti-missile technology. The George C. Marshall Institute reports that more than 10,000 Soviet scientists are engaged in a project that attracts the economic and scientific resources of the Soviet Union as fully as our determination to land on the moon once mobilized us, twenty years ago. George Bush has a feel for this challenge, understands its humanitarian implications and the SDI's decisive potential for ending forever any temptation to a first strike or any possibility of diplomatic ultimatum based on first-strike confidence. Michael Dukakis gives no evidence of having any sense of the dimensions of the question. He conveys the impression that in matters of foreign policy he is the creature of regnant liberal clichés: on spending, on the MX, on SDI, on the contras, on Namibia, whatever. Bush grew up with the Cold War. He would, as would we all, welcome its demise, while insisting absolutely that its demise should not threaten the demise of the republic.

IT WOULD BE BAD JOURNALISTIC MANNERS TO CONCEAL a personal knowledge of the candidate I favor. He graduated from my college two years or so before I did. That he was a war hero made no difference on campus—there is no place more blasé about such things than a college campus two thirds of whose matriculating freshmen are veterans of a war. But his impact there was palpable. This was so because of his quite unusual social manner. College students are merciless toward cant or affectation. George Bush in his early twenties was always a center of the admiring and affectionate attention of his peers, as a modest, bright, engaging man, thoughtful and considerate, tough and competitive. I saw him frequently during the sixties and seventies, as occasions brought us together, and I have seen and judged his reactions in myriad situations. I saw him mad as hell at Ronald Reagan. (Reagan's managers had backed the opponent of Bush's son in a primary—with the sole motive of defeating, in Texas, someone called George Bush. Why? Because *the* George Bush was himself running for President.) I liked that quiet anger, at Reagan's violation of his own pledge not to interfere in a Republican primary contest. But a few days later I saw him together with Reagan, and observed with fascination the professionalization of the personal problem: pique and hurt and resentment had been subsumed into competitive energy and loyalty to the common enterprise.

George Bush on television does not display his best qualities, any more than did Harry Truman, or Dwight Eisenhower. At some point we will, I think, need to focus on the question Do we insist on a telegenic President? Bush has, in the phrase of one observer, filled about half the jobs there are in government. A defective character would by now be public knowledge. Those who have worked with him (which I have not done) agree that he has been tested by more varied experience of national government than any other applicant for the presidency in this century. Bush knows in his bones what a President Dukakis could learn only by an arduous tutelage of high potential cost.

One way to put the case for George Bush is that his reactions are as one would wish them to be in the leader of the free world. His historical opportunity is to bring good nature, intelligence, and an abiding faith in high standards to serve a country that has been oscillating over a period of years between an undifferentiated flirtation with angst and a tumescent heartburn for the victims of a robust society. The way out, we reason, is a re-identification with the ancient ideals of a free society. George Bush cares deeply for the success of the American proposition. To turn him down is to turn our backs on the policies that have brought us peace and prosperity these past seven years. It is to revisit the spiritual turmoil that has given us so very little opportunity, in our search for justice and mercy, to pursue our dream for an inventive and secure republic—in which the children of George Bush and of Michael Dukakis will meet the challenge of those awful odds against a nation of the people and for the people, keeping bright for America the prospects for the next century. □

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DUKAKIS

(Continued from page 69)

centuries ago, yield public benefits. This is, of course, traditional Republican doctrine in heightened and ideological form, seeking to save everything at the risk of losing it all—the self-destructive passion that compelled Franklin Roosevelt half a century ago to rescue capitalism from the capitalists. In Tocquevillean terms, Reaganism is selfishness European style: a clear case of the "love of present enjoyment" at the expense of the future, of the sacrifice of long-term interests to short-run gratification, of the glorification of a "very crude" idea of self-interest.

The restraint of self-interest, in the Reagan world view, actually injures the general welfare. "Government is not the solution to our problem," Reagan opined in his first inaugural address. "Government is the problem." Reaganism, in short, rests on two propositions: that government is the root of evil; and that once government is "off the people's backs," our problems will solve themselves. This is the line to which the Republican Party, and perforce the Republican candidate, stand committed.

No doubt the Reagan counterrevolution against big government has had its utility. Sometimes government intervenes too much. Its regulations become pointlessly intrusive. Its programs miscarry. From time to time it must be cut down to size. But after seven years of deregulation, retrenchment, and denunciation we surely have enjoyed whatever benefits the Reagan crusade may confer. And we must now calculate the costs.

In seven years the Reaganite faith in free markets has tripled the national debt, transformed the United States from the world's largest creditor into the world's largest debtor, produced the largest peacetime deficits in our history, hastened the export of American jobs to foreign shores, speeded a transfer of income from the poor to the rich, increased disparities of power and opportunity in our society, and multiplied the number of Americans living in poverty.

Whatever prosperity some parts of the nation have enjoyed has been the consequence not of supply-side, trickle-down economics but of good old Keynesian demand-side stimulus through deficit spending. And employment gains have been predominantly in ill-paid jobs in the service sector. Our economic buoyancy is the consequence too of the influx of foreign capital—a trillion dollars of it—into the American economy. Americans have been living beyond their means, remittance men for foreign investors. Our present affluence rests on bubbles. Bubbles will eventually burst.

The economic consequences of Reaganism are grave indeed. And where his eminent predecessor and fellow ideologue Herbert Hoover only inherited a bad economic situation, Reagan singlehandedly created one, through his 1981 tax cuts, his reckless defense budgets, and his sanctification of greed. He will bequeath us an exceedingly vulnerable economy. The standard of living has declined since the disdained 1970s. So have the rate of savings, the rate of domestic investment, and the rate of growth in national output. But stock speculation, mergers, takeovers, and leveraged buyouts have grown very fast indeed, making a precarious economy more rickety than ever. And dependence on foreign capital leaves the American economy as never before in our history at the mercy of decisions taken by foreigners.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH WILL COME VERY EARLY IN the next Administration. The credibility of the United States in the eyes of the world's chancelleries will depend on the readiness of the new President to take action on the budget deficit. Both candidates as of this writing have been notably circumspect on the question of deficit reduction. But George Bush has sworn up and down that he will never, never raise taxes, and his Reagan inheritance commits him to high levels of military spending. Michael Dukakis has been more cagey on taxes and more skeptical on military spending. He is plainly unenthusiastic about the Administration's practice of ladling the taxpayers' money out to defense contractors and their associated crooks.

Moreover, Democrats, always less enamored than Republicans of bankers and bondholders, are more likely to lower interest rates and thereby reduce servicing costs on the national debt—14 percent off the top and now approaching $150 billion a year. And just as Republicans, the professionally anti-Communist party, were in a better political position to embrace Mao Zedong and Mikhail Gorbachev, so Democrats, because of their historic concern for the poor and dispossessed, may be in a better position to deal with social entitlements. A party devoted to social programs can perhaps cap them more persuasively than a party owned by the rich and the Pentagon. Democrats have an additional incentive: the faster they can get the budget under control, the faster they can renew the social programs they rightly consider essential to equity and opportunity.

Republicans have come to like deficits as a means of blocking social spending (and may indeed have contrived them for this purpose). George Bush, when younger and perhaps wiser, spoke presciently of "voodoo economics." Alas, as the man in the iron mask, an eight-year prisoner of the most hopeless office in the land, the Vice President has fallen under the curse himself. The Republican Party in 1988 stands foursquare for voodooism. If you want to put our fiscal house in order before the bubbles burst, vote Democratic.

Despite Reaganite incantations about the innate depravity of government and the therapeutic magic of free markets, national problems, far from solving themselves, have grown in urgency and intensity during the era of Reaganite neglect. Let me list a few: the need for education that will equip Americans for a high-technology era and restore American competitiveness in world markets; the

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need to retrain workers dispossessed by the flight of industry to the Third World; the need to rebuild the nation's decaying infrastructure, that network of highways, waterways, railroads, bridges, tunnels, dams, harbors, airports, sewage systems, on which our quality of life depends; the need to resume the struggle for racial justice, to bring education and employment into the ghettos and to salvage the underclass; the need to improve health care for all Americans; the need to protect the planet against acid rain, the depletion of the ozone layer, the greenhouse effect, and other environmental scourges; the need to stop the spread of drugs, AIDS, crime, and senseless violence; the need to reform our casino economy and to subject stock-exchange chicanery and unbridled speculation to effective regulation.

These are all needs the republic must meet if we are to halt the national decline. Look at the list again. There is not a single problem on it that the Reaganite laissez-faire, devil-take-the-hindmost dogma can solve. The continuation of the gospel of greed will only make every problem worse. Even Adam Smith wrote, "All for ourselves, and nothing for other people, seems, in every age of the world, to have been the vile maxim of the masters of mankind."

The time has come for a renewal of Tocqueville's "strong and sudden effort to a higher purpose." Only the party of affirmative government can set in motion the necessary project of national renovation. Only the party of Roosevelt and Truman, of Kennedy and Johnson, is dedicated by tradition and historic function to give the excluded and powerless a break in American society and to help people to help themselves. Social responsibility has been neither the tradition nor the historic function of the party of Coolidge and Hoover, Nixon and Reagan. Democrats are prepared to resume their historic role as the party of social protection and of economic growth. To get the country moving again, to strengthen individual dignity and opportunity, they will call on techniques already tested by state governments: public-private partnerships, development banks, increased investment in education, research subsidies, worker-training programs, labor-management councils, "skills corporations," export promotion, the allocation of state pension funds for venture-capital purposes.

Democrats do not, contrary to Republican mythology, plan to abolish free markets. This is a phony issue. Even Communists these days are for free markets. And of course there is no such thing as a perfectly free market. Every market must operate according to specified (and very often legislated) rules of the game. Not even the Reaganites dare propose the restoration of a market so free that capitalists can once again make their profits by working children from dawn to dusk in mills or by herding immigrants into sweatshops or by selling fraudulent securities.

The operative question is the character of the rules. Where Republicans want rules that maximize profits, Democrats want rules that protect the worker, the consumer, and the public interest. A good 1988 example was Reagan's agitation over an innocuous bill requiring companies to give sixty days' notice before closing plants or ordering mass layoffs. This requirement, Republicans solemnly said (before the President reluctantly allowed it to become law), was the entering wedge for government control of the economy.

The Republicans will continue to attack public initiatives, but one surmises hidden motives in their assault on affirmative government. For, as Theodore Roosevelt perfectly understood at the turn of the century, taking government off the people's backs means putting business on the people's backs. It is Pistol's old question: Under which king, Bezonian? "Only the national government," TR said in his last State of the Union message, can exercise the "needed control" over the barons of business.

> This does not represent centralization. It represents merely the acknowledgment of the patent fact that centralization has already come in business. If this irresponsible outside power is to be controlled in the interest of the general public, it can be controlled in only one way—by giving adequate power of control to the one sovereignty capable of exercising such power—the National Government.

(Four years later TR abandoned the Republican Party. It has been downhill ever since.)

Weakening the national authority releases the energies of greed. Putting business on the people's backs confirms the culture of greed. "The clarion call" of the Reagan Administration, as *Time* noted last year in a discussion of what it rather belatedly called "the mindless materialism of the '80s," has been "Enrich thyself." The predictable result of self-interest wrongly understood has been the parade of scandals and scoundrels in both public and private sectors. "President Reagan," said *The New York Times*, "presides over one of the most corrupt administrations ever." (The Administration must at least be credited with adding the word *sleaze* to the political vocabulary. *Sleaze* is not to be found in the 1978 edition of that indispensable work *Safire's Political Dictionary*.)

Now, Vice President Bush, an honorable man, surely looks on this aspect of the Reagan record with dismay and gloom. Still, the question is not just one of bad apples mysteriously turning up in the barrel. There is no mystery. Someone put them there. The White House scandals, the Pentagon scandals, the Department of Justice scandals, the inside-trader scandals in Wall Street, the spread of white-collar crime, all have been encouraged by national leadership that gives the pursuit of self-interest moral priority and cripples the machinery of regulation in the public interest. Self-interest wrongly understood is not a reliable moral guide. As long as our national leadership is committed to the ethos of Reaganism, then graft, corruption, and scandal will be the result.

Democrats, heaven knows, are not immune to corruption, especially in local politics. But they have a far better record than Republicans in the national government. They are not the party of business and consequently are a

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good deal less reverential toward entrepreneurial hustlers and financial speculators and a good deal more dubious about the social virtue of the scramble for a fast buck. Moreover, people who believe in government are likely to treat it with respect. "People who despise government," George Will has well said, "should not be entrusted with it." If we want to clean up the national government, the only sure way to do it in 1988 is to bring in a Democratic Administration under an executive of the demonstrated honesty and competence of Governor Dukakis.

Perhaps even more important for the national future is the makeup of the federal judiciary. President Reagan may already have attained his conservative majority on the Supreme Court. The Court's recent 5–4 decision granting military contractors broad immunity against liability for deaths or injuries caused by negligently designed equipment supplied to hapless servicemen may portend a reversion to an ancient judicial preference for property over people. Still, Court majorities are unpredictable. Three members of the present Court will be over eighty at the next inauguration and unlikely to last another presidential term. Voters must consider whether they want a Republican or a Democrat to appoint those justices' successors.

Despite Reaganite incantations about the depravity of government and the magic of free markets, national problems have grown in urgency and intensity during the era of Reaganite neglect.

AND MOST VITAL OF ALL FOR THE NATIONAL future—indeed, for the future of civilization—are the conduct of foreign policy and the question of ending the nuclear-arms race. Here one must give full credit to Ronald Reagan for moving on from denunciations of the "evil empire" to endorsements of Gorbachev and a treaty on intermediate-range nuclear forces. His gallant mission to Moscow, by the way, has surely eliminated a favorite Republican theme—denouncing Democrats as soft on communism—as a factor in the campaign.

Some argue that the $2 trillion military buildup, for all its attendant waste and corruption, did at least force the Russians to the bargaining table and make the INF treaty possible. But Gorbachev needed an international respite for his own reasons—in order to transfer resources, scientists, and engineers from military production to his prime objective, the modernization of the Soviet economy. This need would most probably have decided the course of Soviet policy whether or not the United States had thrown $2 trillion at the Pentagon.

Democrats join (most) Republicans in saluting the INF treaty. Thereafter differences emerge. The Gorbachev respite holds out more hope than ever before for the liquidation of the Cold War. It is not an opportunity to be spurned. But progress toward the supreme goal of controlling strategic nuclear weapons remains unlikely so long as any American government regards Star Wars as non-negotiable. A new Republican Administration would be pledged to Reagan's science-fiction fantasy of an impenetrable shield enveloping the republic like an astrodome. Most Democrats (and most scientists) agree with the former undersecretary of state George Ball in dismissing Star Wars as not only a fantasy but a fraud. A Democratic Administration will strive for an agreement on strategic weapons and move at the same time for the restoration of conventional military strength and for a more equitable sharing of defense burdens with allies.

The abiding issue between Republicans and Democrats in foreign policy, however, is essentially the contemporary version of the historical American quarrel between isolationism and internationalism. Classical isolationism in the old sense of American repudiation of the world survives today only in eccentric enclaves. In superpower America the "America First" impulse takes the form of what, in the absence of a more felicitous word, must be called unilateralism—the determination to act in world affairs without much regard for alliances, for international institutions, or for international law. The Reagan Administration, in George Ball's words, "has repeatedly flouted established international principles and abused America's privileged position in the United Nations."

The Reagan version of unilateralism is driven by the messianic delusion that the United States is the redeemer nation, commissioned by the Almighty to save unregenerate lesser breeds, an end deemed to sanctify all means: covert action, intrigue, conspiracy, subversion, sneak military attacks, John Poindexter, and Oliver North. This messianic meddling has shaped Republican policy in Lebanon and Nicaragua and the Persian Gulf, in Grenada and Libya: barging ahead with un-thought-through military action, assuming that allies will have no choice but to approve, and landing us, as the shooting-down of the Iranian civilian Airbus shows, in messy situations where disaster lies in ambush.

The unilateralist fallacy is that the United States knows the interests of other nations better than they know their own interests. The collapse of Reagan's Central American policy on every front—El Salvador, Nicaragua, Honduras, Panama—proves the malign consequences of this fallacy. Most Latin American governments feel that Reagan's unilateral military remedies in Central America are far more likely to promote than to impede the progress of Marxist revolution. But the Reagan Administration ignored Latin American counsel and subsequently disparaged and sabotaged the Latin American quest for a political solution.

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The Administration's incompetent unilateral effort to rid Panama of General Manuel Noriega first derailed a promising Latin American effort to persuade this obnoxious figure to depart and finally converted him from a leader despised by his Latin colleagues into a champion of Latin sovereignty against the colossus of the North.

The Reagan doctrine asserts a unilateral American right to intervene in support of "freedom fighters" everywhere. When the Soviet Union claimed a similar right of global intervention in support of "wars of national liberation," Americans vigorously objected. Under Reagan the United States now vies with the Soviet Union in proclaiming its right to act as a law unto itself on a global scale. Reagan's theory, writes Sir Michael Howard, the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford and a notable military historian, is that the United States "should imitate the Soviet Union in rejecting all the constraints on international behavior that had been so painfully built up within the international community over the last three hundred years."

As Professor Howard's comment suggests, the Administration's course of global unilateralism has not evoked great enthusiasm even among our best friends abroad—especially when joined, as in the Iran-contra affair and in the Panamanian fiasco, with a naive faith in CIA covert action and an astonishing display of sheer professional incoherence and incompetence. To adapt Tocqueville's terms, we have here the national interest wrongly understood. Do voters really want four more such years of unilateralism, ineptitude, messianic meddling, and CIA hocus-pocus in the conduct of foreign affairs?

Now, there may be emergencies that leave no alternative to unilateral action. But even during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 the Kennedy Administration enlisted the support of the Organization of American States—a body to which the Reagan Administration won't even pay the full U.S. dues. The historic Democratic predisposition has been to work with allies, not out of sentimental attachment but out of the mordant understanding that the United States simply lacks the power to achieve vital international objectives by going it alone. Democrats further believe, as Governor Dukakis is making emphatically clear in his campaign, that, in the words of Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, "it is in our *interest* to advance the cause of law in world affairs." This, Tocqueville might have said, is the national interest rightly understood.

Meanwhile, the rushing world continues to change. The Cold War in its old form is dragging to an end. Threats to national security acquire unfamiliar shapes. New challenges arise, requiring new analysis and new response. Our vulnerability in the years ahead promises to be more economic than military. Remedy lies not in military build-up but in national renovation. The situation calls not for dismal repetition by tired men of defunct ideas but for the play of fresh minds on the novel and intricate questions lying in wait for the republic in the 1990s.

The foreign-policy choice in the coming election is between the unilateralist convictions long beloved by the Republican Party and messianically applied by the Reagan Administration and a responsible internationalism resting on a realistic understanding of both the limits of American power and interest, and the need for new approaches to a drastically changing world.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS DO NOT ORDINARILY provide detailed programmatic alternatives. Rather, they indicate the direction in which each candidate wants to move the country—and they test character. We have had a reasonable trial of Reaganism both at home and abroad, and we will have the opportunity in November to decide whether we want to stumble for four more years down that twisting road. Self-interest wrongly understood and national interest wrongly understood hardly seem the right stuff for the demanding 1990s.

Yet peace, prosperity, incumbency, are all Republican advantages. Though the thirty-year political cycle is turning, the liberal tide will not be in full flood till the 1990s. The 1988 election promises to be a squeaker: as if Kennedy had run against Nixon in 1958 rather than in 1960. Still, many voters seek not a rerun but a new vision. Perhaps George Bush, an honest and intelligent man, can alter the Republican direction. But to do so he will have to reject the ethos of the Administration he has so faithfully served and to abandon the historic traditions of his party in both domestic and foreign policy.

Michael Dukakis is a clear-headed, responsible, efficient man of fine intelligence, impeccable integrity, and high ideals. He is articulate and well integrated, internally secure, not easily rattled or thrown off course, with a strong sense of his own identity. He is an optimist who denies the thesis of inevitable decline and affirms that the United States still has the scientific and technological dynamism, the political and economic resilience, the diverse and resourceful population, the robust national ideals, that, when joined to creative statecraft, can make America a world leader for decades to come. He is the candidate of an unprecedentedly unified and purposeful party. He offers the best opportunity for fresh departures in a world of darkling change where the republic is in important ways beleaguered, dependent, and vulnerable.

"America," Woodrow Wilson wrote a century ago,

> is now sauntering through her resources and through the mazes of her politics with easy nonchalance; but presently there will come a time when she will be surprised to find herself grown old,—a country crowded, strained, perplexed,—when she will be obliged . . . to pull herself together, adopt a new regimen of life, husband her resources, concentrate her strength, steady her methods, sober her views, restrict her vagaries, trust her best, not her average, members. That will be the time of change.

The time foreseen by Wilson is now upon us. The choice in 1988 is which party, which candidate, best understands the necessity to match change with change. □

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SILLY SPORTS

BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

MICRO-FISHING Women tired of their husbands' going away on long fishing trips are giving them micro-fishing kits for Christmas this year. Now their men can have all the thrills and excitement of fishing right at home at the kitchen table. Each kit contains a microscope, a full line of tiny tackle, bait, and a drop of stagnant water. (Inset: an angler's-eye view of the action shows a paramecium about to strike at a tasty bit of bacterium. The specimen at the extreme left is undersized and, if caught, would have to be thrown back.)

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TRAVEL

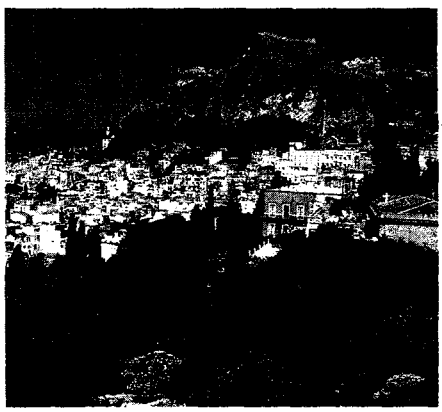
LOW-SEASON HIGH

Taormina is enchanting, especially after everyone else is gone

BY CASKIE STINNETT

BEFORE I FIRST went to Taormina, on Sicily, I thought it would look like other cities of that island—scorched and noisy, filled with dust and clutter—but it didn't. The landmarks were all there: the brilliant blue of the Ionian Sea, the terraced hillsides flaming with magenta bougainvillea, and Mount Etna looming in the background, even higher than I had imagined. But when I saw it in the afterglow of a spring afternoon, with the almond trees in bloom yet half of Mount Etna still covered with snow, it was so much more magnificent than I had expected that I had difficulty exchanging my impression of the dreariness of Sicily for the reality of Taormina. My first discovery was that one's thoughts about this city keep taking unexpected turns, which is not a bad thing. Here, if nowhere else in Sicily, nature has been left unhurt and ungrudging.

Goethe, who traveled widely in his lifetime, declared that Taormina offered the visitor the most astounding view in all of Europe, and though Goethe's opinions were often extreme, there are many travelers who agree with him. The ancient Greeks, who were uncanny in their selection of awesome sites, built a theater on a Taormina hillside, and its ruins, still used for dramatic productions, are one of the few theaters in the world where the play is in constant competition with the site for the audience's attention. I suspect that it was among the ruins of this theater, carved out of the rocky hillside in the third century B.C., that Goethe stood when he made his pronouncement, for here the eye can sweep across the rising tiers of stone benches, across the sea, far below, gleaming through the open arches of the stage, across the shrubs and wild flowers growing out of the rocky face of the cliff, and settle, finally, off to the right, on the brooding peak of Mount Etna, at 11,000 feet the highest volcano in Europe.



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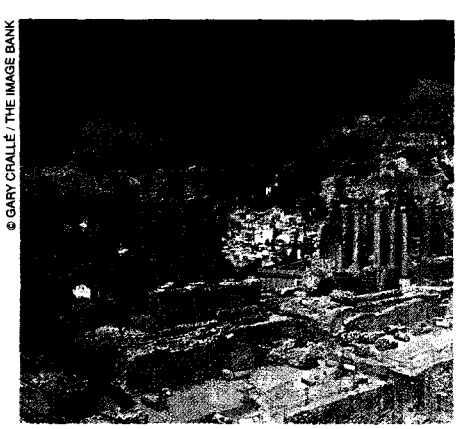
In the distance, Mount Etna

Taormina, with its luxurious hotels, its international holiday crowds, its flowers, its yachts, its fine restaurants, and its beautiful beaches, has always been different from the rest of Sicily. Travelers come to Taormina now by plane, by boat, and even by train, in coaches that cross the Strait of Messina on ferries, and in midsummer the city is almost swallowed up by visitors. The best time to see Taormina, I have discovered from a half-dozen visits, is either in the fall, when there is a scattering of leaves in the piazzas and the tiny lizards doze in the golden sunlight, or in early March, when the almond trees blossom with the announcement that *primavera* has arrived. Then one sees the little city at its best, when the street cafés are uncrowded, when one can linger over a cup of cappuccino, or wander through the deserted shops, or—even more miraculous!—find a place to park a car. In the fall the flowers linger on and mottled sunlight lights up small street cafés that the dense foliage of summer had kept in shadows.

I left Taormina once in the rain, a warm rain whose drops bounced on the awning under which I waited for a car to come, and I left once on a sunny day in October when there was a sting of autumn in the air, and each time I was as reluctant as ever to go. Taormina is nice in the rain; the streets are usually deserted, and the public garden of the Città da Taormina, thick with olive and cypress trees and flaming red canna lilies, has a number of gazebos in which a walker can take shelter. And under a clear sky the delirium of a full moon making a path of gold on the surface of the Ionian Sea—this is something that must be seen and not only read about.

I THINK OF Taormina almost as a Grecian city, which is not far-fetched, because the sea there is the same sea that washes the shore of the Peloponnese, and because Syracuse, a few miles to the south, in its day rivaled Athens as the major city of the Greek world. The light of Taormina—the strong, piercing sunlight—brings memories of Greece, as do the exotic gardens of olives, lemons, fig trees, and flowering shrubs that one normally would associate with Greece or Corfu or the islands of the Aegean. Taormina's people, though, possess many of the outward character traits of the Sicilians. They are not Sicilian in the way of the heartland, where secrets are stored, where the Mafia was born. The late Prince Giuseppe di Lampedusa, in his novel *The Leopard*, described the people of Sicily this way: "The Sicilians never want to improve for the simple reason that they think themselves perfect; their vanity is stronger than their misery. . . ."

Sicily, of course, is governed from



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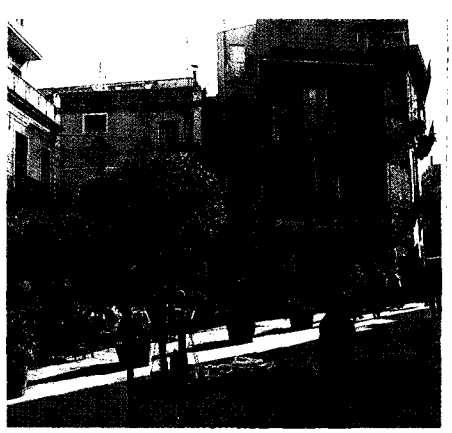
The Greco-Roman theater



Corso Umberto

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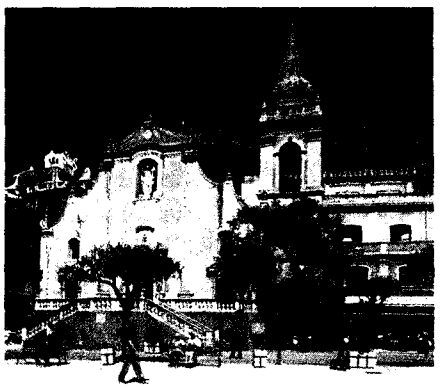

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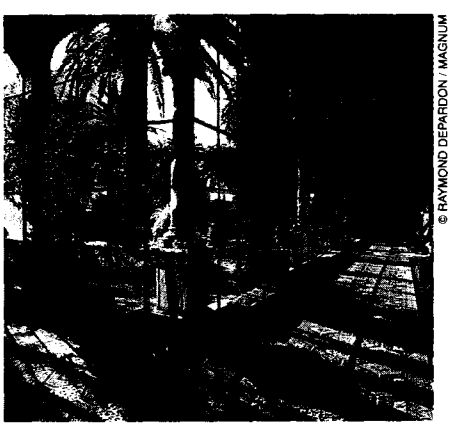
Piazza IX Aprile

Rome, and its laws, language, culture, and customs are all Italian. Yet the overlays of other civilizations—of the Greeks and the Carthaginians, the Romans and the Byzantines, the Arabs and the Normans, the Swabians and the Angevins, the Aragonese and the French—have combined to produce an essential spirit of their own, especially in the way that ordinary people go about their lives. Over a glass of vermouth one day in Taormina, an acquaintance who lives there sought to explain to me this cauldron of mixed cultures. "It is true that Taormina is different from the rest of Sicily," he said, "and it is also true that Sicily is different from the rest of Italy, which we Sicilians often think of as our eternal opponent. Accept those facts, because they are true. In the United States you have one Independence Day. In Taormina we have three hundred sixty-five Independence Days, one for every country we've been liberated from. The last was Germany, only forty years ago. What and when will be the next?"

The visitor who comes to Taormina to spend a few days on the beaches or who wishes to loiter in the cafés and relax is likely to depart with memories of a beautiful Italian city and with little regard for or knowledge of the complicated society that inhabits it. What I know of Taormina I like very much. I like its warmth. I like its Greekness, its closed courtyards in which tiny fountains toss minute streams of water into the air. I like its churches, its pastel houses clinging to the terraces, its tropical gardens, the expensive yachts moored in the harbor. I like its strong tradition of geniality to strangers. I once left a package in a shop near the post office and en route back to my hotel took a morning cappuccino at a café on Corso Umberto, the main street of the city. A young man rushed up with my package and breathlessly placed it on the table. He had seen me in the shop and thought he could recognize me if he managed to overtake me. When I reached for my pocket, he dismissed the gesture emphatically. We shook hands, and he smiled broadly and rushed back to the shop. Our picture of Italians—we get it from their opera and popular music—is associated with heartbreak, with ingratitude, with quicksilver emotions. Yet this gesture, too, was Italian; the drama that Italians live possesses a strong theme of substance and reality.

Walking the streets of Taormina at night, and coming into the small squares where the residents gather, is a lot like witnessing a play or an opera. There is laughter in the piazzas, sometimes the voice of a singer rises above the hum of conversation, matches flare up to light cigarettes (Sicilians are heavy smokers), and an easy familiarity prevails; above all one senses the love of these people for their city. I suspect that it takes a long time for a visitor to become more than a spectator of this show, to be a part of it.



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Former cloister, San Domenico Palace

ONE DAY A TAORMINA acquaintance invited me to have lunch with him at Castel Mola, a village at the top of Mount Tauro, overlooking the city, and I wasted no time in accepting. The food of Taormina is rich and oily, and visitors are wise to eat it sparingly, substituting simple things, like omelettes, until their stomachs are adjusted. This is true of all food in Sicily, where everything seems to taste more highly flavored than on the Italian mainland: tomatoes are tangier, lemons sourer, the wine more fruity, and the cheese sharper. Lunch was at an undistinguished-looking restaurant called Il Faro, of which the interior was quite

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Capo Taormina Hotel

charming and the proprietor so solicitous of our welfare that I wondered if his life depended upon his capacity for pleasing us. Introductions were made, excessive tributes were exchanged, wine was opened with great ceremony, and menus were fetched. An antipasto of cheese, pickled onions, salami, and sun-dried tomatoes in oil arrived, after which I had a first course of spaghetti and ground beef, followed by roast lamb and potatoes. I declined the pastry tray in favor of an orange whose juice was the color of blood, and had a cup of thick espresso. I had eaten seafood for several days—especially *fritto misto del mare*, which contains the very essence of the octopus and other fruits of the sea—and I found Il Faro's menu a delightful change. There are fine little cafés scattered all over Taormina, some having only three or four tables. The formal and expensive restaurants are usually found in the larger hotels.

There are a variety of places to stay in Taormina. The Capo Taormina Hotel is excellent, but perhaps the *grande dame* of Taormina hotels is still the San Domenico Palace, an ancient monastery that was converted a number of years ago into a deluxe hotel. During my most recent visit I stayed at the Jolly Hotel, one of a chain of moderately priced hotels that are found in the principal cities of Italy, and I was agreeably surprised. The Jolly is located within easy walking distance of Corso Umberto and the Piazza del Duomo, and the view of the sea and Mount Etna from my balcony was breathtaking.

As for what there is to do: They like to show you the Greco-Roman theater of which I have spoken; the fifteenth-century battlemented Palazzo Corvaia; the cathedral, whose interior is divided into a nave and two aisles by rows of ancient

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columns; and the Palazzo Santo Stefano, also dating back to the fifteenth century. I suppose they are all worth a visit. My own taste is to wander aimlessly along the sleepy dead-end streets and eventually wind up at the Little Bar, in the Piazza del Duomo, or to sit on a bench in the Piazza IX Aprile and read the *International Herald Tribune*. The most popular bathing beaches are the Lido Mazzaro (where the luxurious Mazzaro Sea Palace Hotel is situated) and the Lido Spisone. A funicular takes people from the Via Pirandello, near the Anglican church, to the Lido Mazzaro. In Taormina they also like to tell you that because the winters are mild, one can swim all year round, but this advice should be met with skepticism. I went swimming at Lido Spisone on a sunny day in February, and quite a crowd gathered to see if the crazy American would survive the experience. He did, but barely.

And, of course, there is Etna, which is one of the grandest things to see in the Mediterranean world, especially when it is active and scarlet lava pours from its crest or from one of the many side vents onto the snowy slopes—at once a frightening and beautiful sight. They say there are 120 different craters at the crest of the volcano, and it is my feeling that it would take that many cones to produce all the lava that has seeped into the commercial life of Taormina. Jewelry is made of it; furniture, streets, and steps are made of it; crushed lava is the foundation of much construction; and I am suspicious of some Taormina statuary that looks darker than any marble I have ever seen.

Sicily is a tormented and incinerated land, yet Taormina is a green oasis with a defiant calmness. There is an air of luxury here, in this hillside city facing an emerald sea. The Prince of Lampedusa said the island possessed a landscape "which is never petty, never ordinary, never relaxed, as a country made for rational beings to live in should be," but few visitors remain in Taormina long enough to recognize that the city is as complex as an abstract painting. To them it is a sun-splashed resort, a Capri less corroded by mass tourism, whose enchantment lies in the continual surprise created by the primary elements of earth, fire, air, and water—and by the passage of time and the simplicity of people who over the years have grown rich in the knowledge of living. □

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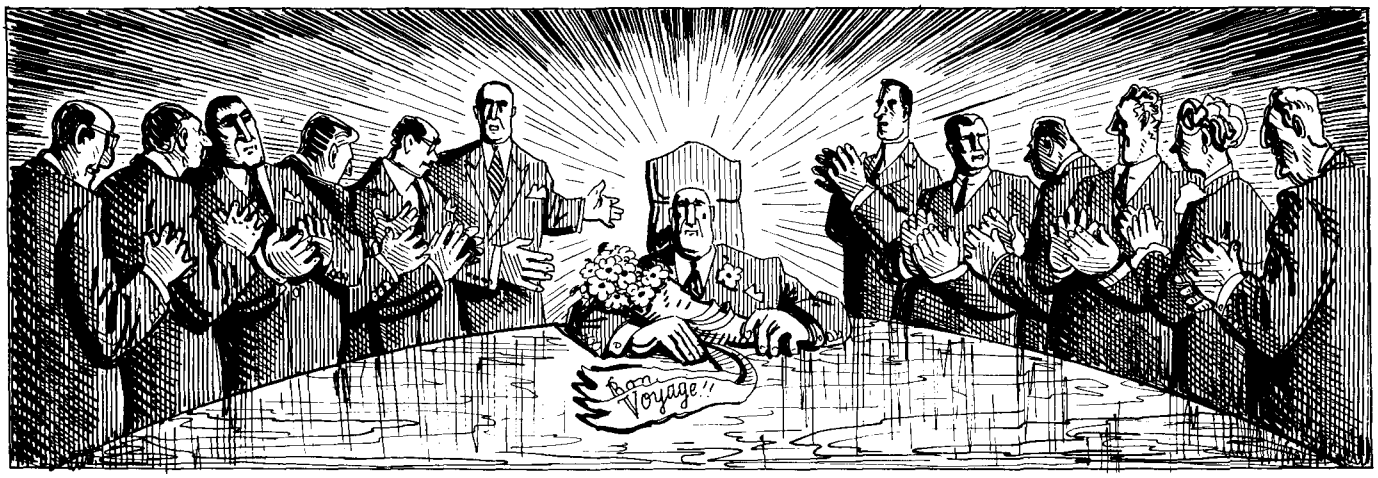

THE CEO STEPS DOWN

BY JAMES K. GLASSMAN

THE HERO'S FAREWELL
by Jeffrey Sonnenfeld.
Oxford University Press, $22.95.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN corporation is about as democratic as Iraq or Paraguay or North Korea, and it suffers from one of the same problems: how to replace the ruler. In most cases primogeniture is out (although IBM has done well with the Watsons, and Corning with the Houghtons), and without a clear-cut succession process, companies tend just to muddle through. In fact the way that companies choose their new leaders is often a function of the personality of the retiring chief executive. Royal Little retired from Textron gracefully, whereas Lew Wasserman, if he ever retires at all, will have to be dragged kicking and screaming from the stage of MCA.

The Hero's Farewell is a clever, thoughtful exposition on the retirement patterns of CEOs—an issue of no mean importance in a country where the 435 leading corporate chieftains are more powerful than the 435 members of the House of Representatives. And what the author, Jeffrey Sonnenfeld, an associate professor of business at the Harvard Business School, tells us about retirement applies as well to politicians and celebrities as it does to CEOs. Besides, Sonnenfeld has created an entertaining game of identifying useful stereotypes; once you learn them, you can apply them to every leader you know.

Sonnenfeld's thesis is that the key to understanding the transition from one CEO to another is understanding the "heroic self-concept of the departing leader." He writes,

> Society has come to recognize the leaders of modern corporations, among many others, as heroes. As men and women take high corporate office today, they are expected to play a kind of heroic role in guiding the destinies of their firms.

Not only does the outside world see them as heroes; they see themselves that way. And it is not easy for a hero to quit. "Leaving offices means a loss of heroic stature, a plunge into the abyss of insignificance, a kind of mortality."

Some leaders manage to overcome this heroic fantasy. Others hang on to their jobs as if to dear life. Sonnenfeld's idea is that the way a corporate leader retires (his "departure style") is determined by the degree to which he is smitten by the fantasy. Departing leaders, he says, come in four categories: monarchs, generals, ambassadors, and governors.

Monarchs do not actually retire; they die or they are deposed. The political archetypes are Franklin D. Roosevelt and J. Edgar Hoover; the business archetypes are Armand Hammer, of Occidental Petroleum, now eighty-nine ("I have no intentions of retiring"), and Juan Trippe, of Pan Am, who presided over the rise and fall of the great airline and who, when forced to choose a successor, selected a man who he knew was dying of cancer.

A general leaves reluctantly and spends his retirement plotting a triumphant return: think of Napoleon, Patton, Montgomery, De Gaulle, MacArthur, even Haig. Sonnenfeld considers William Paley, the founder of CBS, a general. After hiring a series of replacements whom he dominated, Paley made a glorious comeback as chairman at age eighty-five, when Laurence Tisch took control of the company, in September of 1986. Another general is Robert Woodruff, who ran Coca-Cola off and on, returning to solve periodic crises, from 1923 until his death, in 1985, at the age of ninety-five. The management of the company, it would seem, had to wait until he died before introducing the new Coke. No CEO would have had the nerve.

"Ambassadors," Sonnenfeld writes, "also remain within their firms after retirement. Unlike generals, however, the ambassadors do not seek to return to top office positions. They work to support rather than to subvert their successors." Also unlike generals, and monarchs, they seem to have overcome the barrier of the heroic self-image. They realize, at the very least, that it's time for someone else to be a hero. Richard Nixon can best be characterized as a general, but Dwight Eisenhower, a real-life general, was a Sonnenfeldian ambassador, offering his successor, John F. Kennedy, advice during the transition period. Thomas Watson, Jr., the son of the founder of IBM, ran the company himself, retired gracefully, kept his ties to the company as a board member, and became an actual ambassador (to the Soviet Union, under President Jimmy Carter). Another of Sonnenfeld's ambassadors is Winthrop

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Knowlton, the former CEO of Harper & Row: "Most people do not know when to leave," Knowlton says.

> "I felt, in my case, that I just had used up all my good ideas and that I was emotionally out to lunch. I felt that I was giving less of myself than I had given previously. My signals came from inside me. I just knew I did not want to do it anymore. A lot of people do not let themselves face up to it. They just can't admit it; it's scary to them."

These are not the words of a man bedazzled by heroic fantasy.

GOVERNORS RUN their companies and then move on to new challenges, in either the private or the public sector. John Swearingen, for example, guided Standard Oil of Indiana, one of the best-run corporations in America, for twenty-three years; carefully groomed his successor, Richard Morrow; made a clean break with the company; and a year later became the CEO of the ailing Continental Illinois Corporation, a $12 billion bank. David Rockefeller, against all odds, passed the family bank, Chase Manhattan, on to Willard Butcher.

"Governors have worked hard and long toward a goal," Sonnenfeld writes. "Once they reach this goal, they may be either satisfied or depressed, but they do not fight for more time to change anything within their institution." Most governors head very large corporations with strong traditions, a good deal of management depth, and clear direction. Governors don't have to fret about their heroic legacy, because the institution itself is so strong. And their talents are portable: "They . . . carry their heroic stature in their briefcase from office to office." One likely example is Lee Iacocca, of Chrysler, who is as strong-willed as any monarch but whose heroic self-image is almost certainly not bound to that company alone. My prediction is that Iacocca, who appears in the book only as the nemesis of Henry Ford (an ambassador), will move on gracefully.

Most of Sonnenfeld's book is devoted to placing corporate leaders in categories. The reader can't help playing the game too. I've decided, for instance, that nearly all members of the House are monarchs, while senators tend to be ambassadors. Nixon, as I said, is a general, but Ford and Mondale are ambassadors or governors. I suspect that Carter may be a secret general. Henry Kissinger is an obvious general, as is A. M. Rosenthal, the former editor of *The New York Times*. Benjamin Bradlee, the executive editor of *The Washington Post*, is a monarch. Walter Cronkite is an ambassador.

Sonnenfeld gives us brief biographies and corporate histories. We learn, for example, why Bill Rosenberg started Dunkin' Donuts; how the leadership style of Donald Graham, the publisher of *The Washington Post*, differs from that of his mother, Katherine; and why Amory Houghton, Jr., of Corning, decided to give up the glass business and run for Congress. These are good stories, told through original interviews as well as through assembling magazine clippings. There are spectacular conversations with Edwin Land, of Polaroid, and Harry Gray, of United Technologies. Gray is even gripping:

> "All I remember about my early childhood is watching them bury my mother, which I think was a very serious mistake. I didn't know she was sick. The next thing I know, I'm watching them lower her into the ground. Not a very smart thing to do to a six-year-old. I don't know who thought of that one. I've never tried to find it out, because I probably don't want to find it out. . . ."

This is a book of sociology, and Sonnenfeld is only briefly prescriptive: he tells corporate boards how to cope with each type of departing leader. Of course, the coping is easiest when the departing leader is a governor.

He does not suggest specific methods of transferring power, but he does tell the story of how Reginald Jones, the chairman of General Electric from 1972 to 1981 and one of the heroes of the corporate pantheon, chose his successor.

Jones narrowed the competition down to seven or eight candidates, all within GE. He then called each into his office for a surprise meeting. "Well, look now Bill [or whoever]," Jones would say "You and I are flying in one of the company planes, and this plane crashes Who should be chairman of the General Electric Company?" Jones repeated this tactic, with variations, over the course of several months. After four sets of these gruesome plane-crash interviews, Jones chose the winner, Jack Welch. Jones in retirement, according to Sonnenfeld was a governor. It seems to me, though that he had the monarch's style down perfectly. □

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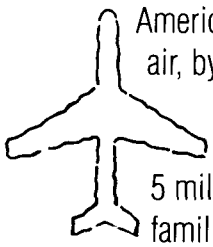

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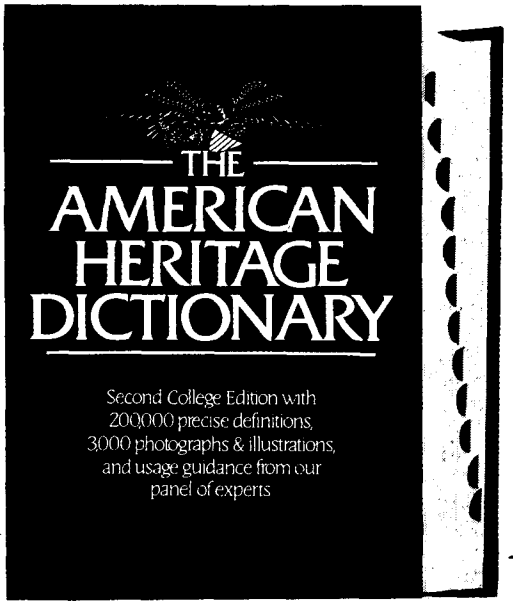

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FDR IN 1941

BY WILLIAM E. LEUCHTENBURG

THRESHOLD OF WAR:
Franklin D. Roosevelt and
American Entry Into World War II
by Waldo Heinrichs.
Oxford University Press, $19.95.

A SHORT TIME AGO I lectured in Tucson on the legacy of Franklin D. Roosevelt—the many innovations of his New Deal, his accomplishments in foreign affairs, his enduring influence on the institution of the presidency—and the entire audience, which included many who remembered the age of FDR, appeared to hold a decidedly positive view of Roosevelt. But at the end of the talk a man walked up to me and said, biting off each word as he spoke, "The legacy of Franklin Roosevelt is the two thousand American boys lying at the bottom of Honolulu harbor."

As the man stalked away, I reflected on how many people, including not a few historians, continue to hold Roosevelt responsible for America's participation in the Second World War. He has been accused of winning a third term by an insincere pledge to stay out of war and then carrying on a policy of duplicity over the next thirteen months to trick the country into war. It has even been asserted that the President, denied the conflict he sought in the Atlantic, connived to leave the Japanese with no choice but to attack, and then abandoned Pearl Harbor to them so that he would have the incident he needed.

Other critics, however, have made just the opposite point—that Roosevelt was remiss in not leading the nation into war sooner. Even at the time, a number of his advisers—Henry Stimson, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Admiral William Leahy—were exasperated by FDR's insistence on catering to public opinion and taking one step at a time, for only with a declaration of war could the country be fully mobilized. In the years since then a number of historians have seconded their opinion. "Roosevelt surrendered the decision for war to Tojo and Hitler," Robert Divine has written, and this "sterile and bankrupt" policy "very nearly permitted the Axis powers to win the war." Similarly, in a polemic published earlier this year, Frederick W. Marks III has revived allegations that

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FDR was an appeaser and has charged that he "accumulated the largest overseas credibility gap of any president on record."

IN *THRESHOLD OF WAR*, Waldo Heinrichs, a professor of history at Temple University and the biographer of Joseph C. Grew, the U.S. ambassador to Japan at the time of Pearl Harbor, re-examines the course of events from March of 1941, when Congress enacted the vast Lend-Lease program of aid to the Allies, to that December day nine months later when the Japanese rained bombs on Hawaii. His publishers call the book "the first comprehensive treatment of the American entry into World War II to appear in over thirty-five years"—a claim so extravagant that it does the author no favor. William L. Langer and S. Everett Gleason's monumental *The Challenge to Isolation* (1952–1953) ran nearly two thousand pages, whereas Heinrichs's volume goes barely beyond two hundred. Furthermore, the writer almost never joins directly in the many controversies about FDR's performance. One looks in vain, for example, for a word of discussion about whether the Roosevelt Administration was, as one historiographic school suggests, primarily motivated by economic considerations.

Yet to dismiss the book summarily would be ill advised. If Heinrichs's study is short, it is a model of condensation. Moreover, he has not stinted on research. Based primarily on material from government archives in Washington, *Threshold of War* also draws upon a trove of private papers; official records in London; German U-boat messages to which, thanks to British ingenuity in cracking the Nazi code, the Roosevelt Administration had access; and MAGIC, translations of Japanese diplomatic dispatches, which, since our own cryptographers had broken Tokyo's code, the Administration was reading throughout this period. Furthermore, the narrative is so well paced that it often reads like a thriller.

Though Heinrichs relies on thick description far more than on explicit statements, there is an implicit interpretive theme running throughout the book, and in the preface that theme is articulated. Roosevelt, "this most elusive and dissembling of presidents," Heinrichs writes, "has impressed me as an active and purposeful maker of foreign policy, the only figure with all the threads in his hands. He also had a keen sensitivity for relations among the nations and grasp of

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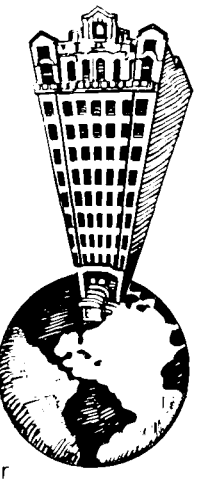

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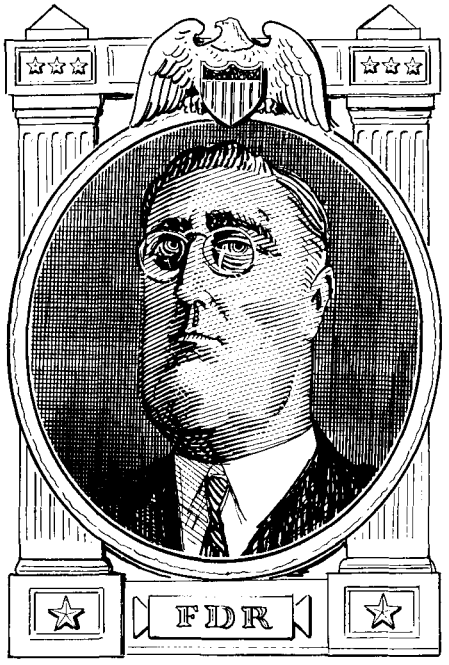
great power politics. He took a comprehensive view." In sum, then, this is a book that, however obliquely, does join issue with FDR's critics.

Heinrichs invites the reader to go along with his judgment not by developing a sustained argument but by painstakingly reconstructing the political universe of 1941. He demonstrates that one cannot understand the coming of the war simply by focusing, as many authors have done, on the deteriorating relations between the United States and Japan, for Roosevelt had to devise policies appropriate to changes in the configuration of power all over the globe. Viewed from the White House, foreign affairs were infinitely more complex than some historians have made them out to be. The President could rarely find a consensus among his advisers on what the Germans or the Japanese were likely to do next, and hence it was never possible to devise a risk-free policy. If every possibility had been prepared for, resources would have been so diffused that no policy could have succeeded.

THOSE READERS WHO think that Roosevelt should have kept the United States out of the war because it was in no peril in 1941 may be shaken by Heinrichs's contrary evidence. As early as the spring of 1940 the Nazi blitzkrieg had brought to an end what C. Vann Woodward has called the era of "free security," for the Atlantic, Heinrichs writes, "was no longer a friendly ocean" once Hitler controlled its Continental shore. With France overrun and Britain fighting desperately for survival, "a very real possibility existed that the Americas would find themselves an island in a world dominated by the Axis." In 1941 the situation became graver still. By March, when Heinrichs's tale properly begins, the Nazis were sinking British vessels at the rate of more than half a million tons a month, and so devastating was the German bombing that of 12,000 homes in Clydebank, near Glasgow, only seven escaped damage or destruction. In May, German bombs razed the House of Commons. That spring Hitler's conquest of Europe came to seem inevitable. The chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir John Dill, thought that nothing could "prevent the Germans from going anywhere they wish on the Continent," and the State Department believed that Nazi seizure of the Suez Canal was "just under the horizon."

Dangerous as the situation appeared in May, it grew more alarming still in June, with the German invasion of Russia. Before striking, the Germans massed 3.3 million men, the biggest concentration ever assembled on a single front, on a thousand-mile line from the Baltic to the Black Sea. They employed no fewer than 625,000 horses for transport. The invaders immediately scored such stunning successes that the Russians were expected to survive for no more than eight weeks, quite possibly less. With the vast resources of Russia added to its store, Germany could anticipate little difficulty in overwhelming the Mediterranean and compelling Britain to surrender. The Germans then



could be expected to drive eastward toward India, where they might link up with their Axis partner, the Japanese, slashing through Southeast Asia. In a season the United States would be alone in a totalitarian sea.

Though most historians have concentrated on the Battle of the Atlantic or the crisis in the Pacific in explicating FDR's foreign policy, Heinrichs contends, in an arresting argument, that "maintaining a Russian front against Hitler became the centerpiece of his world strategy." So insistent was the President that aid to the Soviet Union be expedited that on one occasion when matters were not proceeding quickly enough, he lost his temper—a rare occurrence. The decision to become an arsenal for the USSR was a grave risk to take, for it meant depriving U.S. soldiers and sailors of arms and giving them to a foreign government that millions of Americans loathed. Roosevelt did not act as he did because he held illusions about Stalin's brutish regime. Nor were he and his aides beguiled by the Soviet representatives—the churlish Ambassador Oumansky or the sullen Molotov. Rather, he was motivated by, in Heinrichs's words, "the conviction that the survival of the Soviet Union was essential for the defeat of Germany and that the defeat of Germany was essential for American security."

Yet vital though Russian survival was, Roosevelt could not consider Soviet needs alone. Every ton of supplies he sent the USSR was one less that could go to beleaguered Britain, which wanted fully one half of American tank production for the Libyan campaign, or to China, engaged in a desperate struggle with Japan. Moreover, he had to bear in mind the needs of America's own armed forces. In the spring of 1941, Heinrichs observes, "the United States had not enough troops for an expeditionary force of any importance, not enough transports to send them in, and not enough warships to protect them." Only a single Army division was combat-ready.

Roosevelt, while operating on a global scale, never lost sight of national interests, and he always moved with caution, Heinrichs observes, "choosing his way with great care among the terrible uncertainties and incapacities he faced." He was, to be sure, an internationalist who was willing to take bold steps to join America's fortunes with those of the Allies. By early June, Heinrichs relates, the President had, to sustain the British "extended the sphere of American vital interest beyond territorial waters, beyond neutrality limits, beyond the midpoint of the North Atlantic, to the verges of Europe." But Roosevelt insisted on maintaining freedom of action for the United States. Not London but Washington would decide on the strategy toward Japan. Not Churchill but he would determine where U.S. vessels would be sent in the Atlantic, and they would be under American, not British command. He could not ignore the unwelcome possibility that Britain might go under, and he knew that by turning U.S. naval vessels over to the British he would leave America defenseless if Hitler seized England and the Spanish isles in the western reaches of the Atlantic.

Nor, despite the entreaties of his advisers, would he be stampeded into premature engagements, for he wanted to be certain he had the country with him

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By March of 1941 the nation had assumed the role of arming a belligerent even at the risk of war, but, Heinrichs declares, "it was impossible to say how far down the road that risked war the American people were prepared to go." In April a Gallup poll found that 83 percent of Americans wanted to stay out of the war, and two Cabinet officials returned from the West Coast to report that "lethargy and ignorance prevailed" there. If Roosevelt acted abruptly, he would give the diehard isolationists an opportunity to recoup, and if war did come, the nation would be disunited. Public opinion, Heinrichs states, "required education, subtle reinforcement, nurturing—in short, time."

THE COUNTRY GAVE Roosevelt more leeway in formulating policy toward Japan than toward Europe, but his actions there, too, had to be taken with due consideration for their consequences on the rest of the world. Far from being bent on precipitating war with Japan, Roosevelt recognized that Germany was a much greater threat, and he sought to avoid fighting a two-ocean war that would siphon away resources from the Atlantic theater. Hence, to the dismay of the war hawks, he continued for a long time to permit American oil to flow to Japan, even though it fueled the war against China. Yet as Tokyo's belligerose intentions became more evident, he had to devise ways to dissuade the Japanese from new foreign ventures; thus he stepped up economic sanctions.

A number of historians have dealt harshly with FDR's refusal to work out a peaceful arrangement with Prime Minister Konoe, but Heinrichs points out that the Japanese terms were stiff and grew more so as the months went by. The Japanese insisted on maintaining their membership in the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis but demanded that the United States promise not to enter into any alliance to defend another nation. The United States would even have had to discontinue Lend-Lease to Britain. Japan demanded also that the United States accept its right to station troops in China permanently and to exercise economic hegemony there. From decoded messages Roosevelt learned that the Japanese were discussing stirring up a revolt in Guatemala to distract the United States and were looking into employing American blacks as spies. Of Konoe, perceived by some writers to be the Savanger of peace, Heinrichs writes:

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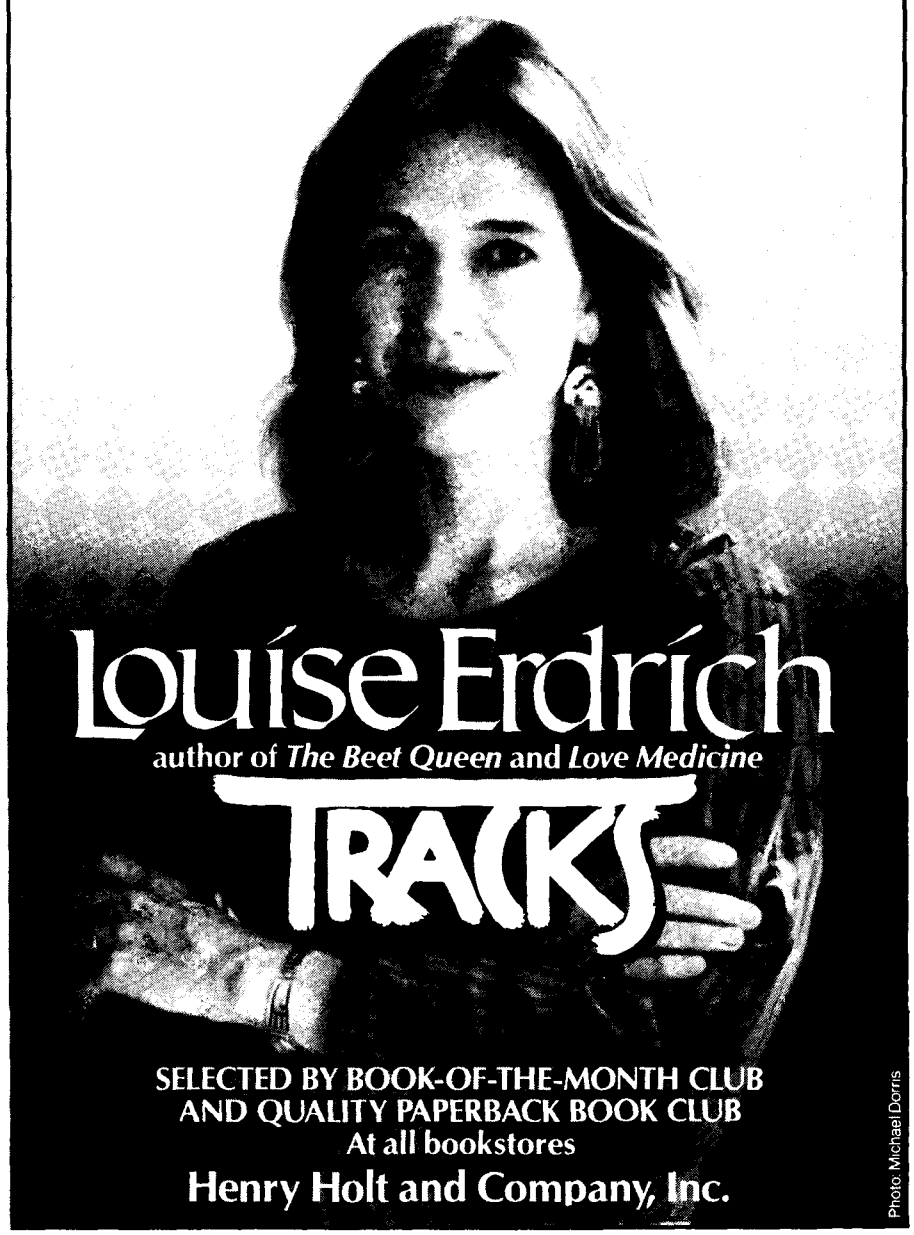

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This melancholy nobleman, on whom the emperor and the court had lavished such high hopes for wise leadership, had already proven to be a weak reed for peace. His first and second cabinets had led Japan into the war in China, the Axis alliance, and the southward advance—in short, into the predicament it now faced. Disdainful of Western liberalism and much taken by the expansionist notions of the thirties, he was ambivalent about power and flaccid in its use.

In one of his most compelling paragraphs Heinrichs delineates the choices that lay before Roosevelt. If he took the "passive route" and did nothing to antagonize Japan, so that he could focus his attention on Germany, he would be adopting a course that "not only left the resources of Southeast Asia and Britain's connections to Australia and New Zealand at Japan's mercy but also offered no discouragement to a Japanese attack against the Soviet rear." If he made the "soft choice" of working out some kind of modus vivendi with Japan with respect to the China war, he not only would damage the reputation of the United States as a nation opposed to rewarding aggression but would also free Japan, its worries in China over, to attack Vladivostok, thereby diminishing the likelihood that Russia could continue to oppose Hitler effectively. Hence a "hard policy" actually involved the least risk, because if it did lead to war, it would at least turn Tokyo southward and permit the USSR to continue resisting the Nazis.

But even on the eve of Pearl Harbor Heinrichs maintains, Roosevelt did not want war with Japan—at least not that soon. In November the American vice chief of naval operations cautioned that this was no time "to get brash." The Pacific Fleet was no match for the Japanese fleet even when the U.S. flotilla was at full strength, and much of it was being repaired or was on convoy duty. The United States not only would be waging war with overextended lines of communication but would also have to divert ships from the more important European front, with the prospect that the Battle of the Atlantic would be lost. In particular, military preparations in the Philippines were not far enough advanced. On December 7, 1941, America did not choose war; instead, "war pounced on the United States."

Still, Roosevelt got a far better result in December than seemed possible in

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March, Heinrichs implies, and he makes an impressive case, even if it has to be teased out of his narrative. In a masterly fashion the President had taken the steps that assured victory in the Battle of the Atlantic, had done his best to save Britain and keep Russia in the war against the Nazis, had gone a considerable way toward rebuilding the U.S. armed forces, and had bought invaluable time in the Far East. By keeping abreast of American opinion he was able to fight the war that did ensue with the nation united behind him. To be sure, there were considerable costs, not least the American dead at Pearl Harbor, and one wishes that Heinrichs had scrutinized the questionable aspects of FDR's behavior more closely. One wishes, too, that he had offered more direct judgments, for when he does venture them, they are shrewd. Yet Heinrichs by this account not only advances the debate over U.S. intervention in the Second World War but also helps us to understand why the historical profession, despite all of the bitter criticism that has been leveled at him, persists in ranking Franklin D. Roosevelt as the greatest American President save Lincoln. □

THE LIFE FORCE

BY ANTHONY BURGESS

BERNARD SHAW 1856–1898:
The Search for Love
by Michael Holroyd.
Random House, $24.95.

ON THE STRENGTH of this first volume it seems possible to predict that after the second and third, Michael Holroyd will have completed one of the three great literary biographies of the century, the other two being the late Richard Ellmann's lives of James Joyce and Oscar Wilde. It is perhaps not curious that all three should have Irishmen as subjects. Bernard Shaw predicted, in *Back to Methuselah*, that with the extinction of the Irish race, and also the Jewish, the life of the world would become unendurably dull. We await biographies of Marx, Freud, and one other great Jew to match the Hibernian achievement.

Let us forget the Jews for the moment and the Shavian aphorism that, rightly, implies that two races have taught the others everything worth knowing. Shakespeare, as *O'Flaherty, V.C.* re-

You deserve to know the facts about. . .

Mubarak Awad

Was Israel justified in expelling him?

For the last few months, there have been almost daily stories about Mubarak Awad, an American citizen of Arab-Palestinian heritage. The Israeli government expelled Awad and returned him to his adopted country—the United States. Our government has taken interest in the case and has expressed its concern to Israel about this matter. It's easy to get confused.

What are the facts?

■ Mubarak Awad is an Arab, born in the eastern sector of Jerusalem. In 1969, Awad emigrated to the United States and became an American citizen by naturalization. Israeli law stipulates that a non-citizen resident who lives outside the area for seven years loses his resident status. Availing himself of his U.S. citizenship, Awad started making periodic visits to Israel. During his sojourns as a "tourist" and under the cover of his U.S. citizenship, Awad organized the "Palestine Center for the Study of Non-Violence." That organization promotes general civil rebellion of the Arab population of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza.

■ Having exhausted the forbearance of the Israeli authorities, the government of Israel decided to expel him and to send him back to the United States, of which he is a citizen. One basic attribute of sovereignty is that a nation can determine which foreigners may or may not reside in its country. It's a sovereign country's prerogative to expel anybody whom they consider undesirable; and they, of course, have to be the judges as to who is and who is not undesirable. The United States routinely refuses entry into the country to those whose political activities we think of as being contrary to our interests. Until recently, we even barred those whose sexual orientation did not conform to the norm. And we routinely expel those who are here illegally, or who are engaged in activities that are contrary to the interests of our country.

■ How then can the Israeli government possibly be faulted for expelling Awad? They would have been quite within their rights not to allow him to enter the country in the first place. But they allowed him to stay and expelled him ultimately only after he emerged as one of the top leaders of the current Arab uprising against Israeli authority.

■ Those who are determined to bestow the mantle of martyrdom on Mubarak Awad call him an "apostle of non-violence" and compare him to Gandhi and Martin Luther King. But the reality is quite different. Dr. King deeply loved America and tried to strengthen it through his campaign of non-violence. By explicitly supporting the terrorist PLO, by declaring violence to be a legitimate means of advancing Palestinian political goals, by viewing non-violence as a tactical complement to violence in the Palestinian uprising, and by subscribing to the PLO's concept of "armed struggle" and to the ultimate liquidation of Israel, he revealed himself as what he really is: a revolutionary to whom "non-violence" is only one of many revolutionary weapons.

■ As Americans we must be particularly concerned about Awad's misuse of his American citizenship. In becoming an American citizen, he took an oath to forswear all foreign allegiances and to reside permanently in the United States. He clearly broke his oath on at least those two counts. Before the Israeli Supreme Court, he declared that he had used his "American citizenship and passport solely for bureaucratic reasons of convenience, without attaching any importance and weight whatsoever," and that he "viewed Jerusalem as his place of residence, always." He made statements to the same effect on the MacNeil/Lehrer Report of Tuesday, June 14. Mubarak Awad treated the priceless gift of American citizenship with disdain and cynically used it for his political purposes and his foreign entanglements. How fortunate for Awad that we Americans are such good-natured, forgiving and patient people! Any other country would at the very least have stripped him of the citizenship that he had acquired by swearing falsely and with the obligations of which he never intended to comply.

It is clear that Israel was totally within its rights to expel Mubarak Awad, a rabble-rouser who used the cover of his U.S. citizenship to foment revolution in Israel and in the territories administered by Israel. Israel would have been fully justified in expelling him summarily. But they gave him every legal opportunity to have the expulsion order rescinded. Awad's assumed role as a latter-day Gandhi or Martin Luther King is a sham. Disregarding all other aspects of this case, his true personality is revealed in his cynical misuse of his American citizenship.

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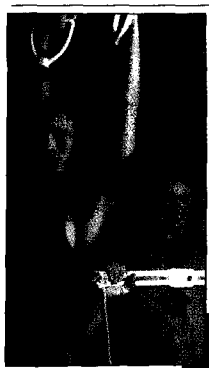

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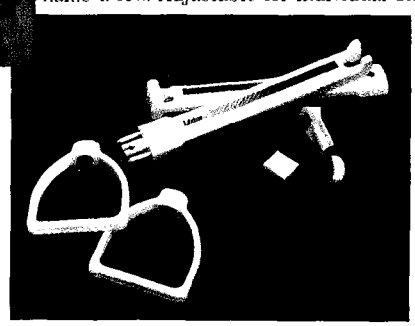

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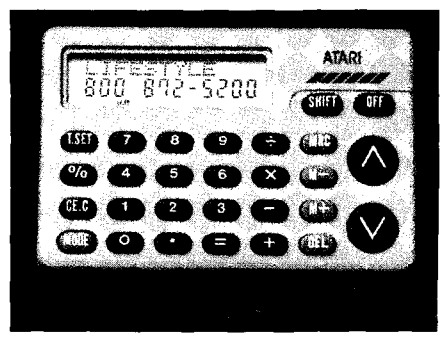

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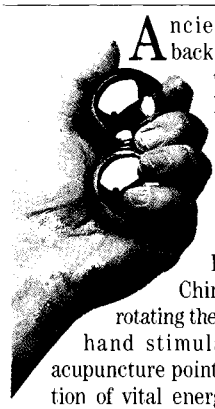

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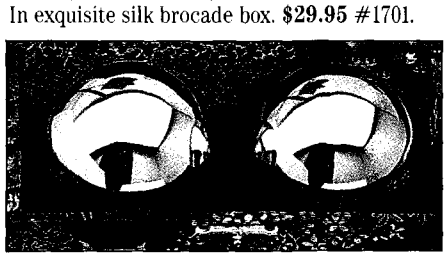

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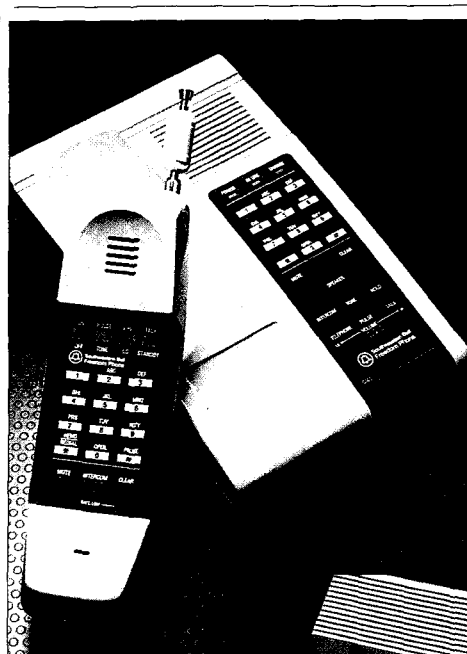

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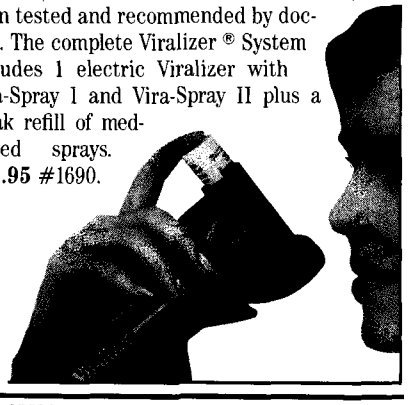

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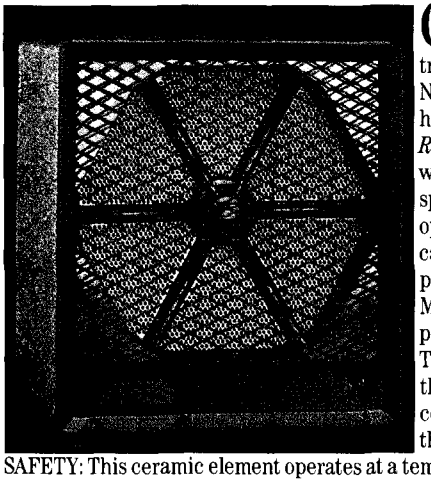

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minds us, was born in Cork). It might be dangerous to suggest that the genius of Bernard Shaw was a specifically Irish endowment. He himself felt closer to Voltaire than to any of his literary countrymen and, in *John Bull's Other Island*, lambasted the Irish furiously for watery romanticism, shiftlessness, impotent vindictiveness, and a life-denying poetic imagination fed by poteen. No Irishman could do anything if he stayed in Ireland except blow people to pieces and then laugh like a horse about it. Joyce, Wilde, and Shaw all got out. Shaw's loathing of alcohol was a reaction against a drunken father and drunken uncles, most of them shiftless, and his other abstinences—from tobacco, beefsteaks, unclean textiles, and the easy declaration of love—may be regarded as a life-long declaration of revulsion at Irish squalor. Holroyd's subtitle reminds us that love was what Shaw was after during his first forty-two years, but it was not the kind of love that either his father or his mother would have understood.

Of course, it is possible to interpret Shaw's puritanism as an Irish Protestant quality (one to be found in Beckett, though not in Wilde), just as Shaw arrived at his interpretation of the nature of love as a result of living in a loveless Dublin household. His mother did not seem to know what love was: it was certainly not a property to be wasted on her husband. She, like her son, opted for the emotions of art rather than the slobber of a Dublin bedroom. She became a singer and followed her vocal instructor, the great George Lee, to London. Shaw learned music from Lee, but from his schooling nothing at all. The love of music was something he got from the Dublin adoration of the voice, as Joyce was to get it later. It is important, as Holroyd makes clear, to take Shaw seriously when he speaks of the importance of the operatic in his plays. His prose owes more to the ear than the eye.

Socrates may have learned dialectic from his shrewish wife, just as he learned from his midwife mother how to bring thoughts into the world. Still, from Holroyd's account of the early life of Sonny, as Shaw was called (he detested the name George), his peculiar genius was neither genetically transmitted nor nurtured in the home. He was a lonely, reading boy. When he followed his mother to London, he disclosed a talent that nobody wanted. It was made up of a passion for sound and a reformist anger,

which only in his late thirties fused into highly entertaining works of theatrical didacticism. Before he was a playwright, he was a failed novelist and then a highly successful music and drama critic. Success had nothing to do with money—of which, up to middle age, he never had much; he was, ironically, becoming moderately prosperous by his own efforts when he married the millionairess Charlotte Payne-Townshend. His passion was to reform British society and, along with it, British artistic taste. The youth who had never been properly taught became a great teacher.

The reformist anger belonged to Shaw. The amusing eccentricities, the capacity to entertain, the relentless optimism springing from a belief in a Life Force that, if human stupidity permitted, would in time produce supermen and superwomen, were the properties of an invention called GBS—which, Holroyd might have pointed out, is the opening chord of *Das Rheingold* (in German notation). He acknowledged certain masters: Ibsen (as Joyce did), Samuel Butler, Wagner. Indeed, he originated few ideas. His task was to disseminate and make acceptable, chiefly through paradox and laughter, the revolutionary notions that were coming out of Europe. As the great self-taught orator of the Fabian Society, he relied on the sedulous researches of Sidney and Beatrice Webb. If he invented nothing except himself, he had at least the capacity to combine passions that looked disparate into a kind of holistic philosophy. Thus, if creative evolution was at work in the biosphere, it ought also to apply to politics—hence his Fabianism. Sidney Webb coined the phrase "the inevitability of gradualness," and Shaw was the greatest of the gradualists. Still, though the Life Force knew what it was doing, it had to be helped—strenuously. This volume is, as the others will be, a record of almost unbelievable hard work. It was work on behalf of humanity. The monster egoist was a farcical mask. Shaw was one of the great altruists of all time.

He was not well understood by his contemporaries, and he is not much better understood today. He was overweening only to shock. When he said that he despised Shakespeare, this was meant as a whip for the thoughtless bardolators. It is the great virtue of Holroyd's biography that it uncovers the serious man, the doubter, the sufferer, unafraid to look absurd since absurdity was a door to self understanding and even intellectual progress. And if GBS was heartless, Bernard Shaw wept for the wrongs and fatuities of the world.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, having seen *Arms and the Man*, had a nightmare in which GBS appeared as a sewing machine, shining and rattling and smiling perpetually. Too many have seen this cold and mechanical side of Shaw, believing the man to be bloodless (not enough beefsteaks) and even sexually impotent. Holroyd gives us what facts he can about the erotic life, which was tolerably intense. Shaw was something of a sex object, despite the thinness, the pallor, the red beard (grown to hide a smallpox scar), and the anaphrodisiacal Jaeger woolens. Jenny Patterson fell heavily, and when she espied the flirtatious and philandering side of him (this may have been an Irish endowment: its best expression was in Thomas Moore) grew boringly jealous. Shaw had wet dreams, like other frustrated males. Given the chance to copulate, he did not much care for condoms ("French letters . . . . extraordinarily revolted me"). He recognized the Life Force at work in the female, where its end was not the pleasures of sex but the duty of breeding the superman. His own fertility was never in doubt: he seems to have been responsible for one pregnancy that miscarried. The handsome women of the Fabian Society are presented to us in some detail. Shaw eventually preferred to fall for actresses—Florence Farr, Ellen Terry, and in the next volume Mrs. Patrick Campbell

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ɔell—but romance in powerful love let-
:ers, not French, was better than the
:ank sweat of an enseamed bed. Sex was
rrelevant to the human personality. His
narriage to Charlotte was not intended
:o have much sex in it. He knew the
ɔower of sex and what it was all about:
ıow let us get on with some work.

It is, of course, only comparatively
ate in this volume that Shaw the drama-
:urge emerges. His early plays failed not
ɔecause they were unintelligible but be-
:ause they were all too intelligible in
heir nagging at aspects of the human
:ondition—slum landlordism, prostitu-
ion, the folly of war, and above all the
ıypocrisy of the middle class. He swore
o abandon the theater but, to the glory
ɔf the stage, did not. *The Devil's Disciple*
lid well in the United States and permits this volume to close with a more than philosophical optimism. At the close, too, Shaw gets married seemingly in a fit of absentmindedness—that, of course, is GBS talking.

This is an admirable biography—terse, witty, very informative. I am puzzled by only one thing. The Shelley Society put on *The Cenci* in Islington in 1892, and Holroyd depicts Robert Browning as having been present. But Browning died in 1889. Perhaps this evidence of posthumous life is fitting in a book on a man who refuses to die. Shaw was in a Disney film and on the sleeve of the first record of *My Fair Lady*. Instantly recognizable in dress, features, and brogue, he is always with us. How much we owe to him this first volume already makes clear. □

BRIEF REVIEWS

'AMPIRES, BURIAL, AND DEATH *by Paul 'arber. Yale, $25.00.* Books about things ıat go bump in the night usually turn p around Halloween. Mr. Barber's 'ork arrives ahead of schedule, probbly because it is a scholarly examinaon of the vampire of folklore, which—r who—is very different from Dracula nd his literary kin. The author argues ıat although vampires do not exist, ıany of the physical characteristics atibuted to them are based on accurate bservations by people whose reasoning ı regard to cause and effect was nonɔientific. In support of the case, he ombines official records of vampire exumations with the opinions and experinces of modern pathologists. The reult is frequently grisly but shows a omprehensive pattern in the kind of ıinking that produced belief in vamires and that no doubt underlies many ther superstitions.

'OOLS' GOLD *by Richard Wiley. Knopf, 18.95.* Mr. Wiley's novel, set in Nome uring the Alaskan gold rush, is devoid f all the clichés of the genre. No cabin ever, no barroom brawls, no claimımpers, no golden-hearted prostitutes. 'he tale is concerned with the variety of eople in and around Nome and the 'ays in which they do, or do not, learn ɔ get along with one another. An Irishman and an Eskimo, holed up with the Japanese proprietor of a claim, listen respectfully to what they believe are their host's lengthy prayers for his dead partner, while the speaker is much gratified by their serious attention to Japanese history, on which he is lecturing in detail. The story is not without violence, but it is, on the whole, quietly centered on the building of community spirit among people whose assorted backgrounds and languages give them little foundation for mutual understanding.

THE HOLLYWOOD HISTORY OF THE WORLD *by George MacDonald Fraser. Beech Tree-Morrow, $24.95.* Mr. Fraser was the kind of lad who went to the flickers on Saturday afternoon and was hauled from the theater by his exasperated parents at half past nine on Saturday evening. He has been a film reviewer and an occasional writer of film scripts, and is the author of the Flashman novels, which, for all their gaudy irreverence, have sound historical underpinnings. He is the ideal author for a text presenting "Film Stills From the Kobal Collection," for he remains an unregenerate movie buff with a quick eye for minor merits in otherwise dreary costume extravaganzas and a shameless admiration for cinematic derring-do. He conducts the reader on a witty, discur-

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Answers to the September Puzzles

"LEFT, RIGHT, & CENTER"

Across. 1. GALORE (anag.); M(ISLE)AD 5. NUCLEI (anag.); A(BA)LONE 6. MOLES-T; DEPOSED (anag.) 7. E(MIG)RE; I-RELAND 8. TRI-(B)AL; SINATRA (anag.) 10. NOW-HERE; GNAR-L-S (rev.) 11. BED-LAM(e); RAGTAGS (anag. minus *w*) 13. ATH(WAR)T (*that* anag.); T-ANGLE 14. U-PHIL-L; PIVOTER (anag.) 15. HO(A)RSE; I-S(O)LATE 16. S-NAKED; PEN-ANCE (*cane* anag.) *Down.* 1. I-NE(R)T; G-AMES 2. SUPERWEAPON (anag. minus *r*); A-BOM(b)-I-NATION 3. ELSA (hidden); OLEG (hidden) 4. D-I(D)DLE (*I led* anag.); (c)ENTERS 9. A(R-TWO)RK; B-ELGIAN (*b* + anag.) 10. OBTUSE (anag.); GRAPHS (anag.) 12. ME-LEE; G-REED

G	A	L	O	R	E	M	I	S	L	E	A	D
A	B	A	L	O	N	E	N	U	C	L	E	I
M	O	L	E	S	T	D	E	P	O	S	E	D
E	M	I	G	R	E	I	R	E	L	A	N	D
S	I	N	A	T	R	A	T	R	I	B	A	L
G	N	A	R	L	S	N	O	W	H	E	R	E
R	A	G	T	A	G	S	B	E	D	L	A	M
A	T	H	W	A	R	T	T	A	N	G	L	E
P	I	V	O	T	E	R	U	P	H	I	L	L
H	O	A	R	S	E	I	S	O	L	A	T	E
S	N	A	K	E	D	P	E	N	A	N	C	E

ACROSTIC NO. 38

"Why do otherwise rational people . . . turn soft in the head about 'Kubla Khan'? Why is this creepy-crawly, misty, overlandscaped, striving-after-beautiful-effect, water-colorish little portentous poem one of the most . . . powerful poems in English?"

—(Annie) Dillard, *Living by Fiction*

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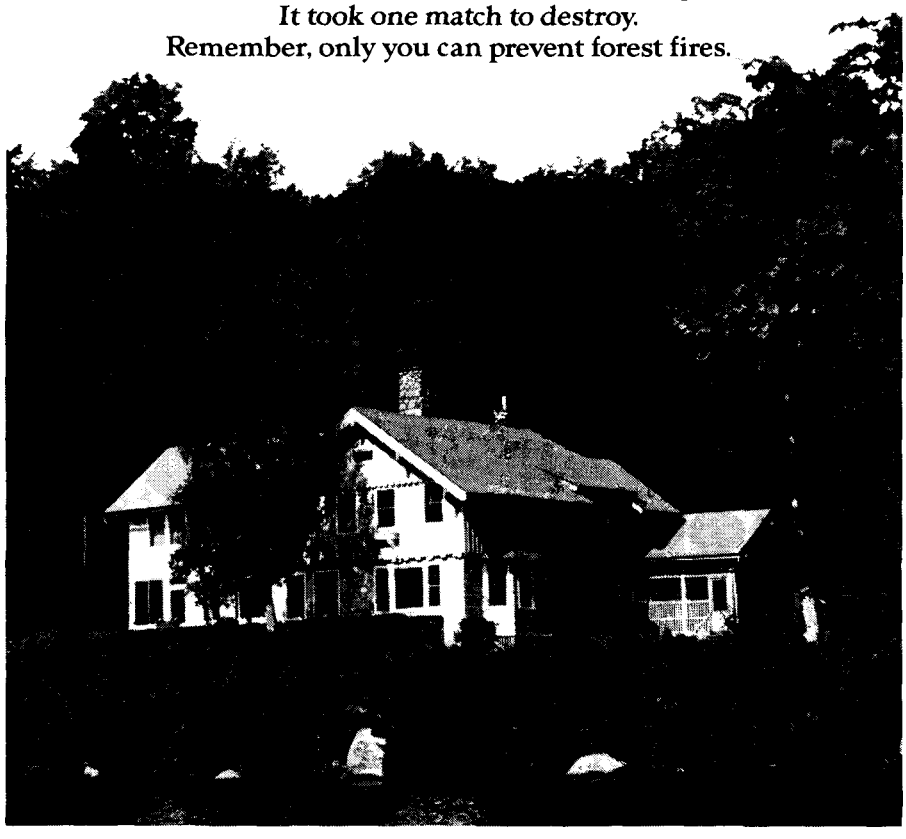

sive, opinionated ramble through history as seen on the screen, and the trip is fun all the way.

THE SYKAOS PAPERS *by E. P. Thompson. Pantheon, $19.95.* To present a total outsider's view of society is not a new satirical device, but Mr. Thompson starts it off in an amusingly double-edged way. The extraterrestrials camped on the moon send to Earth, on a preliminary observation scout, a poet named Oi Paz. Even allowing for loss in translation he is a pretty bad poet, but still, he is officially a poet, and there has to be something amiss with Oitarian thinking. Oi Paz hangs his spacecraft up in a tree. Once grounded, he remains complacently contemptuous of the bestial natives, and his collisions with British police, psychiatrists, military intelligence, the theatrical world, and above all the English language are mordantly funny. When the author turns to more serious matters, the novel grows wearisome because it becomes redundant. We do not need a versifier from outer space to warn us of the dangers of nuclear war.

THE SUPERNOVA STORY *by Laurence A. Marschall. Plenum, $22.95.* Dr. Marschall includes antique astronomic records as well as current methods and theories in this lucid, informative explanation of how stars form, develop, and die. Some die quietly. A supernova goes off with a bang. The effects of the bang can be observed and studied. Even readers with no previous curiosity about celestial explosions should find the story exciting.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN *by Stephen W. Sears. Ticknor & Fields, $25.00.* McClellan may not have been absolutely the worst of all Federal commanders in the Civil War, but he surely ranks high in that class. With numbers, supplies, and resources heavily in his favor, the Young Napoleon, as the Army of the Potomac (or was it really the press?) inexplicably called him, managed to lose every major engagement he ever fought. Mr. Sears's well-researched and well-written biography covers both the awkward character traits that led to McClellan's incompetence and the battlefield actions that he regularly bungled. In addition to its merit as Civil War history, the book is of great interest as the portrait of an intelligent man working at what he failed to realize was the wrong profession.

—*Phoebe-Lou Adams*

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ACROSTIC NO. 39

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.

					1 D	2 F	3 U	4 V	5 B	6 T	7 W	8 H	9 A	10 S	11 I	12 L	13 E		14 A	15 U	16 F		17 W	18 N
19 P		20 K	21 G	22 R	23 P	24 N		25 H	26 I	27 R		28 T	29 J	30 E	31 O	32 V	33 P	34 Q		35 M	36 W	37 F	38 C
39 A	40 I	41 K		42 H	43 D	44 P	45 E	46 N	47 I	48 C		49 V	50 H	51 W	52 G	53 P	54 K	55 D		56 J	57 E	58 S	59 V
60 N	61 Q	62 T	63 G	64 L		65 K	66 J	67 U	68 G	69 L		70 N	71 B	72 C	73 U		74 D	75 M		76 L	77 Q		78 T
79 C	80 W	81 M	82 S		83 G	84 E	85 I	86 D		87 B	88 H	89 V	90 K	91 E		92 A	93 R	94 M	95 J		96 U	97 V	98 D
99 P	100 I	101 C		102 N	103 L	104 K		105 E	106 H	107 S	108 Q	109 C		110 P	111 G	112 E	113 T		114 L	115 H	116 B	117 J	118 M
119 G	120 C	121 R		122 K	123 N		124 P	125 O	126 S	127 M		128 R	129 F	130 Q	131 P	132 B		133 E		134 S	135 Q	136 T	137 G
	138 W	139 A	140 V	141 P	142 I	143 J	144 G	145 S		146 O	147 P	148 A	149 R	150 M	151 H	152 Q	153 U	154 E		155 L	156 M	157 O	
158 S	159 R		160 H	161 P	162 K		163 I	164 S	165 J	166 M		167 A	168 K		169 E	170 U	171 Q		172 N	173 A		174 M	175 V
176 O		177 T	178 E	179 L	180 W		181 H	182 J	183 P	184 A		185 B	186 O		187 F	188 G	189 H	190 N					

The solution to Acrostic No. 38 appears on page 96.

A. Vigorous; ready for combat (hyph.) — 173 92 139 14 39 148 167 9 184

B. The scientific study of smells — 185 132 116 71 5 87

C. Entertainer who said, "I *invented* censorship" (2 wds.) — 48 79 109 38 120 101 72

D. Knocked on the noggin — 43 1 74 55 86 98

E. India's most populous state (2 wds.) — 169 105 91 45 112 57 30 133 154 84 13 178

F. Mountain ash — 16 37 187 129 2

G. Writer of 1932's *Words and Music* (2 wds.) — 63 21 111 68 52 188 83 144 119 137

H. Member of a power structure — 25 8 88 115 189 42 160 151 106 50 181

I. American League West squad — 163 47 85 11 40 100 26 142

J. Exaggerated sense of strength — 117 66 165 95 182 56 143 29

K. Alternative health practice using eye inspection — 122 65 90 104 162 54 168 41 20

L. Force into service — 69 114 12 103 64 155 76 179

M. Live (3 wds.) — 156 75 94 127 150 174 81 118 35 166

N. Whippoorwill's relative — 123 172 24 18 60 46 102 70 190

O. Wheel inventor — 186 31 146 176 125 157

P. Welsh hero of 1400 (2 wds.) — 53 110 33 183 99 131 147 23 141 161 124 19 44

Q. Nero Wolfe's creator (2 wds.) — 34 171 77 108 61 135 130 152

R. Emotionally unstable (hyph.) — 128 93 159 27 121 22 149

S. Psychedelic drug also called PCP (2 wds.) — 158 145 134 107 58 10 164 82 126

T. Leafy ornament — 177 78 113 28 136 62 6

U. Where Lutzes and Salchows may be seen (2 wds.) — 67 3 153 170 73 15 96

V. Character invented by Elzie Segar (2 wds.) — 175 49 59 32 97 140 4 89

W. Newscaster's transitional phrase (2 wds.) — 51 7 138 17 36 80 180

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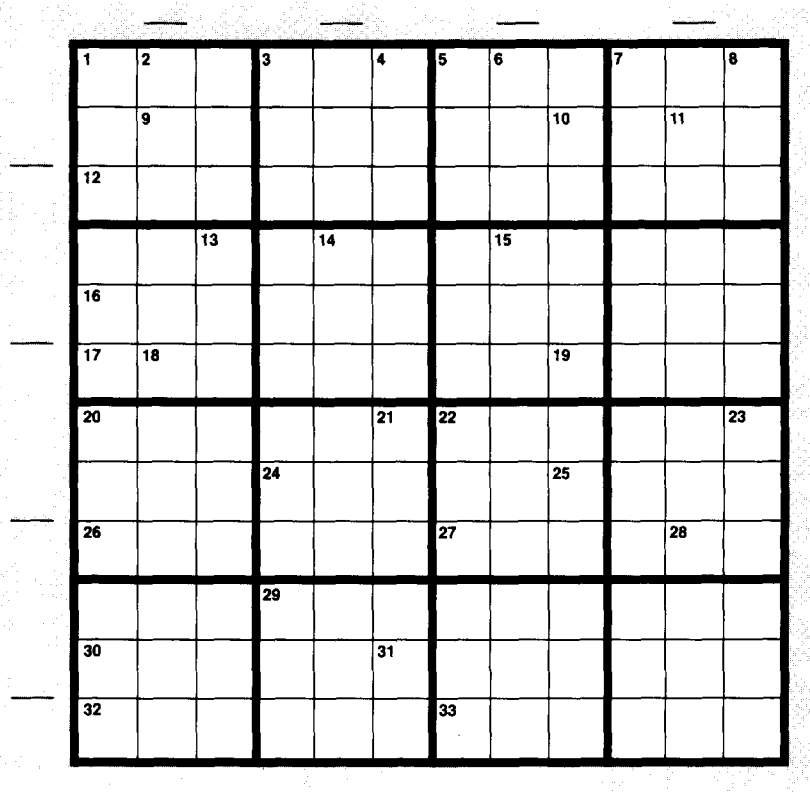
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

COMMONERS

This puzzle's heavy bars do not indicate where words begin and end; they divide the diagram into four rows and four columns of four sections each. Clue answers are to be entered without regard to the heavy bars, but otherwise normally. When all answers have been entered, the four sections in each row will be found to have one letter in common, as will the four sections in each column. When these common letters have been placed in the corresponding blanks above the columns and beside the rows, they will be seen to spell something appropriate. Answers to clues include one proper noun.



The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 96.

ACROSS

1. Common article in strip (6)
5. Crabs Eastern found in luggage (6)
9. Route from a trial locale (6)
0. Get bent out of shape in struggle with piano (4)
2. Final fury may become brutish (9)
5. Clay's party riding in Lincoln (5)
6. Abuses drink right before food (9)
7. Most important ally goes across border (6)
9. Alcohol's benefit (4)
0. Nitrogen in swamp making resonant sound (4)
2. Sleuth digs around lake (6)
4. Self-assurance about playing "Nola" for dance (9)
26. Convict making most of "No Left Turn" (5)
29. Doctor links hose with depressions (9)
30. Impress the bum, earning $100 (4)
31. Assassin of king not feeling so well (6)
32. Softball teams accepting fine souvenirs (6)
33. Hunter lacks head for gossip (6)

DOWN

1. Conserve currency around start of month (6)
2. Draw room for hearing (4)
3. Again supply judge with object (5)
4. Returned acclaim twofold (4)
5. Kind of ale-gin mixture (6)
6. Provisions covering railroad dealings (9)
7. General hysteria about October crash (9)
8. Measure of acidity in dry field (6)
11. Admonish secessionist instrument (6)
13. Crowd around fuzz with gun (9)
14. Cruel prankster backed over Scotsman (9)
18. Small mammal's lair in state of decay (6)
20. Rain blows on meal (6)
21. Pens for college course (6)
23. Device that detects one who withholds information in speech (6)
25. A price for island (5)
27. Runner has time for play (4)
28. Some researchers going about bare (4)

ote: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an dressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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WORD HISTORIES

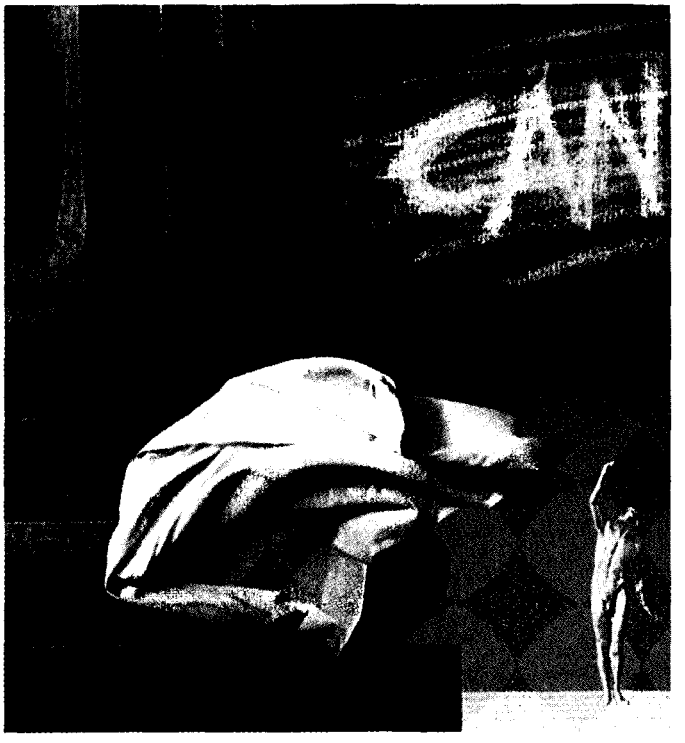
BY CRAIG M. CARVER

candidate: For obvious reasons the usage in print of the word *candidate* reaches a quadrennial high this month. The origins of the word lie in ancient Rome. A Roman office-seeker paraded about in a toga whose whiteness was intensified by rubbing chalk into it, the color being symbolic of the unsullied integrity of the wearer. The Latin *candidatus*, meaning "clothed in white," from *candidus* (white), came to refer to the person seeking office. In the seventeenth century English adopted it as *candidate*. By then it had lost the overtones of the color symbolism—fairness, forthrightness, honesty—which are still implicit in the related terms *candor* and *candid*.

Because the white-clad candidate went about soliciting votes in public, the Latin noun *ambitio*, from the verb *ambio*, "to go about," developed the extended meaning "going about to canvass for votes." Inevitably such vote-seeking became a blatant effort to curry favor and soon gave the noun a third, broader sense: "eager desire for advancement, rank, or power." It is this sense that English adopted when *ambition* and the adjective *ambitious*, through French, entered the language in the fourteenth century. Today a candidate is expected to have *ambition*, or he would not be a candidate at all. But in early usage *ambition* was akin to the pride that goeth before a fall: "Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition, By that sinne fell the Angels" (*Henry VIII*).

broker: There was a lot of talk earlier this year about the possibility of a *brokered* Democratic convention. The first *brokers*, in the fourteenth century, were tapsters or tavern keepers. At root is the Old French verb *brokier* or *broquier*, which meant "to broach or tap (a cask of wine)," and which is also the root for the English verb *broach*, "to pierce; to tap (a cask)." A *brokour*, or *broker*, then, retailed wine "from the tap," buying it cheaply in quantity and selling it at a profit. This meaning was extended to include any retail dealer who bought goods to sell over again or who, buying for someone else, acted as a middleman or agent. Initially this making money with money, as opposed to earning money from one's labors, was considered immoral, like usury. Thus *broker* had derogatory implications, making it a natural term for a procurer or pimp, the female version being sometimes referred to as a *brokeress*. *Marriage brokers*, however, were quite legitimate. The *pawnbroker* came later, probably sometime in the seventeenth century, though *pawning* (giving something as security for a debt) was an old practice.

The latest incarnations of *broker*, in the American political domain, appeared in the 1960s: *broker* used as a verb (as in "to *broker* a nominating convention"), and *power broker* (coined by Theodore H. White in *The Making of the President 1960*, to refer to a behind-the-scenes person who wields political power and influence).



jackleg: A March editorial in *The Nation* used the southern dialect word *jackleg*, which means "unprofessional, incompetent, or disreputable": "The Reverend Gorman, apparently out for revenge and knowledgeable in the ways of the *jackleg* clergy, reportedly stationed a photographer outside a motel, waiting for Jimmy Swaggart to turn up." Although the word usually refers to preachers, it is also used for lawyers, doctors, carpenters, and members of virtually any other profession who might be accused of incompetence or disrepute. It can also refer to anything done in a shoddy manner, as in "He did a *jackleg* job repairing the table." And it can be used as a noun: "He has been told many a time how the born-and-trained novelist works; won't he let me round and complete his knowledge by telling him how the *jack-leg* does it?" (Mark Twain, *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, 1894).

Because it is a very common name, *Jack*, the nickname for *John*, came to mean in Elizabethan English "a lower-class man, a commoner or knave": "A mad-cap ruffian and a swear ing *Iacke*" (*The Taming of th Shrew*). It has this basic mean ing in numerous terms, includ ing *every man jack of them* ("ev eryone"), *jack-tar* ("a commo seaman"), *jack-fool*, *jackanape* ("an impudent or conceited fel low"), and the name for th knave in playing cards. The ex pression *jack of all trades*, wit the rest of the phrase, *and mas ter of none*, usually left unsaid, i closest in meaning and perhap derivation to *jackleg*. The *le* that it stands on is related to th one in *blackleg* ("a racetrac gambler, swindler"), which wa sometimes reduced to just *leg* "He was a horse chaunter [a de ceitful horse dealer]: he's a *l* now" (Charles Dickens, *Pick wick Papers*, 1837).

glasnost: It is virtually im possible these days to avoid th Russian buzz word *glasnos. Glasnost* is made up of the roo *golos* (voice) and the nour forming suffix *-nost* or *-os.* which works much like our su fix *-ness* (as in "openness" Thus *glasnost* means literall "giving voice to something," "making something public. The press usually takes a min liberty with the word by ex tending it to mean "opennes frankness" or even "fre speech": "When calling for th continued flowering of art an culture under his policy of *gla nost*, or openness, Gorbache warned against excessive lite ary and journalistic criticisms Soviet history" (*Time*). A Ru sian-speaker would probabl have used *otkrovennost* (oper ness, frankness) instead. *Gla nost* and its Russian root *gol* are distant relatives of the En lish words *call* and *clatter*. A have their origin in the Ind European root *gal* (to soun out; to call, shout), which als gave Latin *gallus* (cock—th is, "the calling bird").

The etymologies here are derived fro the files of The Dictionary American Regional English. *Wo Histories and Word Watch will alte nate on this page.*

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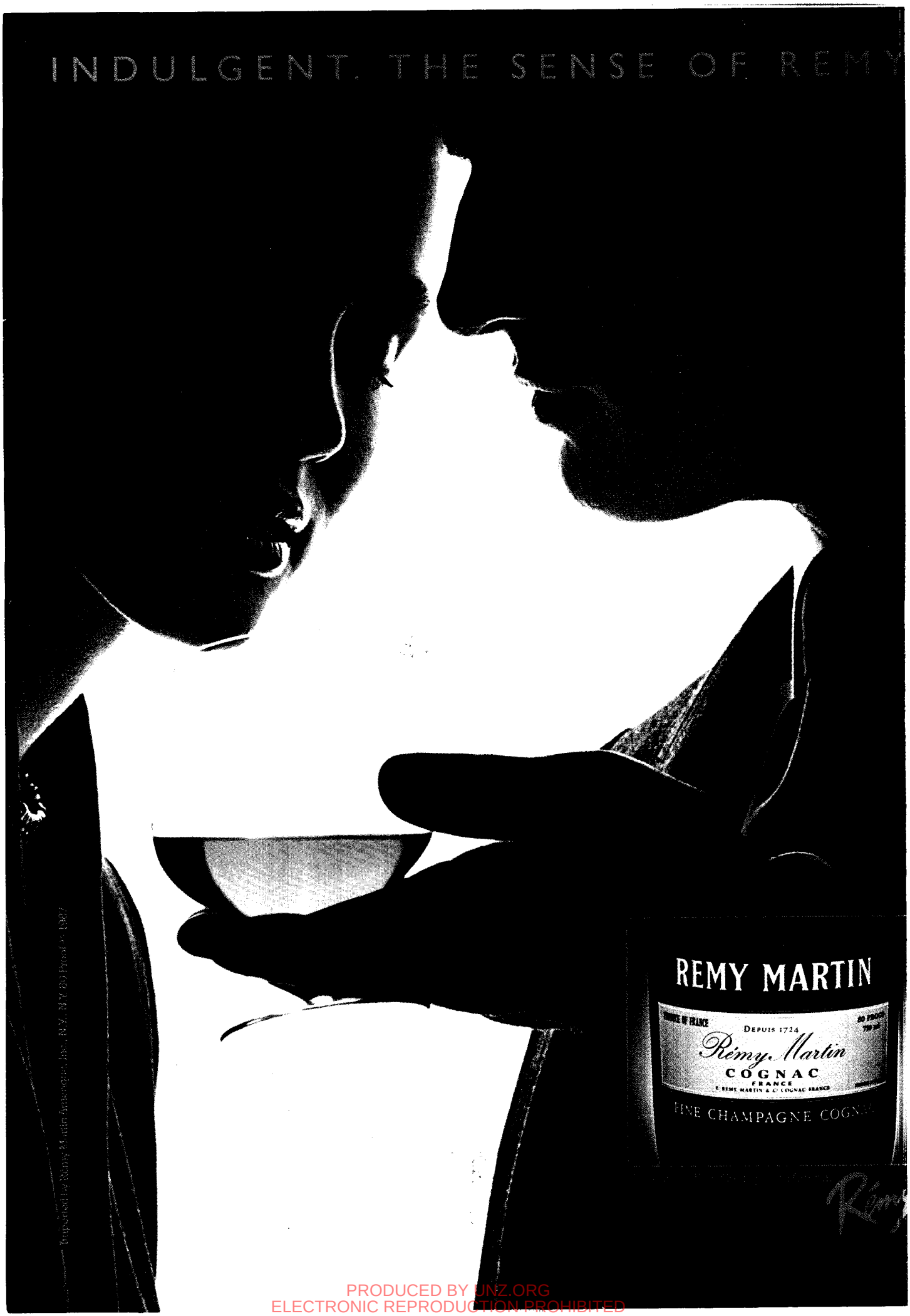

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